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LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

by LEO CHERNE

MR. PRESIDENT:—

The American people should know where you are going and how you intend to get there.

Men who are shrewd in the manipulation of votes tell us that you are one of the ablest political strategists in American history. Your appraisal of public sentiment in the remaining weeks of this campaign may suggest the tactical advantages of silence; a single-minded devotion to military victory may lead you to direct your full energies to the prosecution of the war. Such a course, Mr. President, might well win the election for you, but it would at the same time defeat the very purpose for which you seek re-election.

In few periods of our history has the need for debate and decision been so great as it is now—in this evening of war and dawning of peace. To abandon debate would be to destroy decision and erase meaning from the democratic process. Your re-election would be a mere resumption of office without any mandate from the people to move in any specific direction.

During two thirds of your twelve-year term, you were identified with a specific social and economic philosophy which came to be known as the New Deal. Both your partisans and your opponents

knew the target of that social philosophy, despite its occasional ambiguities and contradictions. Your intent was clear not only from your words and acts but from the character of those who surrounded you. Today those ranks have been disbanded; it is said that you now consider that program an accomplished fact, no longer a fact in motion.

Even within your own immediate group of advisers, there have been indications of concern over the men and the directions toward which you have most recently leaned. Only you can tell the nation whether the mild liberalism of a Donald Nelson or the untouched conservatism of a Charles Wilson represents your future course. Neither a resignation nor a journey abroad supplies your answer, nor does "A plague o' both your houses!" identify your position.

The next administration will face the most grueling responsibilities in history. You alone know whom you would summon to the tasks. Mr. President, your present cabinet members are wearing out. Who will replace them? Who will provide the fresh spirit? We are living in an age when one year is ten. Unwinding a war and launching a peace require contemporary minds, capable of understanding the nature of this age. Is Frances Perkins your fourth-term Secretary of Labor? Will Jesse Jones so use his offices as to bring about the maximum use of our war-expanded capacity? Cordell Hull's achievements have been notable in the past, but do you believe him equipped for America's unprecedented

Director of the Research Institute of America, an economist whose recent book, *The Rest of Your Life*, is being widely discussed, LEO CHERNE addresses to the President questions which many a businessman would like to have answered before this election.

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role in a totally unprecedented world? The future will not be rescued by men who invoke the shibboleths of the past, nor even the radical phrases of a decade ago. Yesterday's liberalism is always today's conservatism, yesterday's conservatism today's reaction. Where is the fountain of renewal?

History will appraise your twelve years as a period in which great leadership faced two of the most fundamental problems that dog the fate of nations — acute depression and international aggression. If you leave the White House next January, you will not have completed your solutions to either problem. Solutions are, of course, no more complete than history itself. But your decision to seek a fourth term places on you the burden of presenting convincing evidence that yours is the best available leadership toward solution.

In doing so, you must answer certain fundamental questions, with the greatest possible detail, before November 7. There are two reasons: first, because you have the duty to act as the instrument of American opinion; and second, because you have a responsibility to shape that opinion. The people seek neither a leader to obey nor a leader to reflect the distortions of uninformed mass opinion. Ours is not the choice between a monarch and a tally clerk of a public opinion poll.

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THE nature of this moment focuses the spotlight most sharply on America's relationship to the outer world. The conference at Dumbarton Oaks, even before it opened, helped to dispel the fear that America would once again be led down isolationist ways. It revealed that insurmountable differences among the major powers need not wreck the peace. But there were questions left unanswered. Your articulation of the Four Freedoms and your conception of the Atlantic Charter with Mr. Churchill did much to bring meaning and hope in the midst of the world's havoc. So too did Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Now we are waiting to hear from you how those noble objectives are to be translated into functioning machinery. "Enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world" is a bright promise of a more permanently peaceful day. But students of international problems are quick to point out the difficulties of foreign trade, the power of the undisciplined cartel, the accidents and inequities of geography, the barriers of continuing nationalisms, the economic fears re-

flected in tariffs, embargoes, blocked currencies, dumped goods, and hoarded strategic reserves.

It is too much to ask of any man that he completely resolve these difficulties. But the American people are confident that the job can be begun and ultimately be done. We shall expect to hear from you, as we hope to hear from your opponent, how to approach the realization of the ideal which you expressed and which Mr. Dewey must share. In this, Mr. President, your responsibility is the greater. Your failure to map the road ahead would bring greater despair, for you have been the most eloquent spokesman in urging that we make the journey.

The people wait, with eagerness made keener by recent disappointments, to hear you speak. Every advance of our military forces has revealed that we are better prepared to achieve victory than to use it. Will the deals with the peripheral fascists come to an end once American lives are no longer at stake? Victory is not the end; it is only the beginning — but of what, precisely?

It took a war to teach the American people something of the culture of Japan — its religion, its military, its Mikado. What is to be the role of that Mikado tomorrow? We are aware that military requirements in the Pacific may not permit a pre-election answer. But there are comparable questions concerning our German enemy which must be raised now. The answers merely begin with the phrase "unconditional surrender." The questions are not settled by it, nor are they inconsistent with it.

What is to be done with the industrial hub of Europe that we know as Germany? Even the most rabid exterminationists will not eliminate the German people as a whole. What is to become of them? In what way can the dignity of their life be restored, yet a renewal of the pain they have brought the world be permanently avoided? Appraisal of the origins of Nazism will, in a calmer moment, place responsibility not only on the Germans but on the economic, social, and political environment of which they also were victims. And some of the causes lie outside the Reich. How do you propose that we begin the eradication of the economic and social forces which lead to retrogression and ultimately to war?

On such questions the future of the world depends. Failure to answer them may sacrifice us once again to the cycle which brought on the last war, led us to this one, and may carry us on to new wars. In respect to some of these, the answer of America must be halting, experimental, perhaps even groping. But as a candidate for the Presidency during these next four years, you must have an approach,

an attitude, a sense of direction in the handling of these problems. That is what the American people want to hear from you, a veteran of international conferences.

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HARDLY removed from the war itself are the home problems of the American people. So important is our internal health to all the world that it is nonsense even to speak of it as a domestic matter. Back in 1937 Winston Churchill said: "There is one way above all others in which the United States can aid the European democracies. Let her regain and maintain her normal prosperity. A prosperous United States exerts, directly and indirectly, an immense beneficent force upon world affairs. A United States thrown into financial and economic collapse spreads evil far and wide, and weakens France and England just at the time when they have most need to be strong."

Mr. Churchill's words are even truer today. The devastation of Europe and Asia in the course of battle underscores our own well-being. The world will depend more than before on our war-strengthened industrial muscles.

The Republican candidate for the Presidency in his acceptance address asked a basic question which both of you must answer: "Must we have a war to end unemployment?" Whoever is President must help release the dynamic forces which will produce an annual national peacetime income of at least 140 billion dollars. Without it, we cannot re-employ our returning veterans and put our workers in useful activity. By what process do you intend to make up the additional 50 billion dollars of national income, over and above the level of our best peacetime year, 1940? Doing as well as we did then is too modest a goal; with our increased population and war-improved technology, it would leave us with at least 11 million unemployed.

There is no dispute as to our domestic goal. The issues revolve around the *means* of achieving full employment — as Congressional debate on reconversion legislation clearly demonstrates.

As this letter is written, the shadows are closing in on Germany. But with European victory at hand, we find within our own country no readiness to approach the new challenge. On the contrary, each step towards armistice brings greater insecurity. With the global war far from won, war workers are already abandoning their posts in the scramble for permanent peacetime safety. Yet Congress falters, preparing for the end of the war but not for the beginning of an expanding peace.

No bill has come to your desk which can honestly be described as an approach, however faulty, to the question: What do we do to maintain a continuous level of high employment?

We are fortunate that we can recognize the problem in advance, that we know something of its size; we are unfortunate if we must wait for depression, unemployment, and hardship before we prepare an adequate program of action. Should the country depend on strong centralized action for full employment? Should it look to the states to carry the burden? Shall the government act in any capacity other than that of custodian or auctioneer for the plants and facilities it has acquired to prosecute the war? Is it to be a government concern that those plants be used to provide maximum employment? To prevent post-war unemployment do you intend to apply the program you used in the 1930's — or have you another program?

The issues should not revolve around the kind of *cushions* that will be provided for an inevitable unemployment. They must center on how we can avert unemployment — avert the need for cushions altogether. Yet the emphasis of your present administrative family, Mr. President, just as in Congress, has been on the former. The only optimists on the national scene are apparently those who rely least on government planning or action. They insist that the industrial structure of America, allowed to ride on its own momentum, can automatically do the job. In this connection, there are two questions that only you can answer: —

First, if the conservative program is likely to be more fruitful, does it not follow, Mr. President, that, as between an unquestioned conservative and a candidate newly become conservative, the former would be more desirable?

Second, should we not be assured of greater stability in pursuing the agreed conservative course if Governor Dewey were to take office? For the Congress, controlled in any event by a combination of conservatives in both parties, would then be of one mind and one temperament with the Executive.

An expanding America, a free-enterprise America that has become conscious of social responsibilities, demands that the great industrial equipment of the nation be harnessed to provide more jobs, more little competitive businesses, more production, more consumption, more comforts for more families than we have ever had before. If ever in American history these objectives were within grasp, the moment is now. How, Mr. President, do you propose to help us reach them?

Respectfully,

LEO CHERNE

ON THE BEACHES

The Pacific

by LIEUTENANT CORD MEYER, JR., U.S.M.C.R.

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Feb. 24, 1944

DEAR MOTHER AND DAD: —

By now you must have discovered that this regiment has been in action, so you will probably be relieved to hear that I remain sound in wind and limb. There is absolutely nothing the matter with me except a profound weariness that will make this letter pretty short. You see, we just got back aboard ship today and I have neither eaten nor slept for nearly three days and two nights.

We arrived here [Eniwetok] and assaulted the main island of the group. I, with my MG platoon, was in the second wave of assault troops, landing three minutes after the first wave. There was some fire on the beach but we moved inland quickly until we came to an edge of blasted coconut grove. I was in the front line with my runner, looking for possible machine-gun positions, and had the guns some fifty yards back.

We were hard hit there, and with terrible clarity the reality of the event came home to me. I had crawled forward to ask a Marine where the Japs were — pretty excited really and enjoying it almost like a game. I crawled up beside him but he wouldn't answer. Then I saw the ever widening pool of dark blood by his head and knew that he was dying or dead. So it came over me what this war was, and after that it wasn't fun or exciting, but something that had to be done.

Fortune smiled on me that day, or the hand of a divine Providence was over me, or I was just plain lucky. We killed many of them in fighting that lasted to nightfall. We cornered fifty or so Imperial Marines on the end of the island, where they at-

tempted a banzai charge, but we cut them down like overripe wheat, and they lay like tired children with their faces in the sand.

That night was unbelievably terrible. There were many of them left and they all had one fanatical notion, and that was to take one of us with them. We dug in with orders to kill anything that moved. I kept watch in a foxhole with my sergeant and we both stayed awake all night with a knife in one hand and a grenade in the other. They crept in among us, and every bush or rock took on sinister proportions. They got some of us, but in the morning they all lay about, some with their riddled bodies actually inside our foxholes. With daylight, it was easy for us and we finished them off. Never have I been so glad to see the blessed sun.

So we left that place and went back aboard ship, where we stayed a day and a night desperately trying to get our gear into shape. Then the following morning we attacked another island, which was much more heavily defended. The beach was swept with machine-gun fire and they had heavy mortars ranged in on us. I was again very lucky to get through there and proceeded across the ruined, shell-blasted soil rocked by the continual mortar bursts. The captain to whose company we were attached suddenly pointed, and above the brush line I saw 150 or so men bending forward, moving steadily parallel to us. We were fifty yards from them and waved at them, thinking they must be Marines. They paid little attention to us and seemed to be setting up machine guns, and we suddenly realized they were Japs.

We had just half a platoon of men and two MG's. We set the guns up and started firing at them. One gun wouldn't work, so we buried the parts in the sand, because we thought they would charge us and we knew we couldn't stop them. We didn't want them to get the gun. For some reason, they didn't attack, so we moved in against them. We threw

A graduate of St. Paul's and of Yale, Class of 1943, LIEUTENANT CORD MEYER, JR., six feet one and now in his twenty-fourth year, distinguished himself as the leader of a machine-gun platoon in the Marine Corps during our capture of Eniwetok and Guam. Some of these letters originally appeared in the *St. Paul's Horae Scholasticae*, with whose kind permission we reproduce them.

grenades back and forth for a couple of hours and many were killed on both sides. Finally we threw a whole volley of grenades and charged in and got to the beach. Down it we could see a whole group of them. So the twelve of us, standing, kneeling, or lying prone, fired our rifles and carbines. They fell like ducks in a shooting gallery and the exhilaration of battle rose in us. They closed in on us and we had to back out.

But we got some tanks and reinforcements some half hour later and moved through them in skirmish line, which brings this tale to the most extraordinary incident of all. I was following some ten yards behind the tanks, when a Jap officer came out of a hole pointing his pistol at me; so instinctively I shot my carbine from the hip and hit him full in the face. I walked forward and looked into the trench and saw another with his arm cocked to throw a grenade. He didn't see me. I was only six feet away. I pulled the trigger but the weapon was jammed with sand. I had to do something, so I took my carbine by the barrel and hit him with all my might at the base of the neck. It broke his neck and my carbine.

Finally we killed them all. They never surrender. Again the night was a bad one, but with the dawn came complete victory, and those of us who still walked without a wound looked in amazement at our whole bodies. There was not much jubilation. We just sat and stared at the sand, and most of us thought of those who were gone — those whom I shall remember as always young, smiling, and graceful, and I shall try to forget how they looked at the end, beyond all recognition.

I am sorry for this disjointed letter. I don't think I shall talk of these things again. Put your mind at rest. I shall be in no more danger for a long time to come. I assure you I am in no way hurt in body or mind. Somehow such an experience either makes or breaks one, and I really feel myself to be a stronger if not better man for it. I have no regrets over killing them. They are or seem inhuman. We kill them with as little feeling one way or another as one might kill mad dogs.

I close with much love to you both, and like to think of sitting under the apple trees on a summer's afternoon with all of us together and this time a distant and unreal dream. Do not doubt that the good time will come again. I remain ever more certain that with peace I shall devote every energy to the prevention of these things.

March 6.— Many of your fine letters have arrived since my last letter. Their full news of another way of life came like long-awaited rain and filled up the dry places. It seems that very early you guessed

our whereabouts and I hope you were not caused too much anxiety. There is no need now for worry for some little time. We are firmly ensconced on a small island of an unpronounceable name that censorship would not allow me to tell you anyway. When we arrived only the weird birds made us welcome, and the sand crabs and the ants. So again it was the old primeval struggle of cutting back the jungle, constructing shelters of every imaginable variety, of digging latrines, building roads, and in the meanwhile eating that damned K ration, which is really very ingenious but always the same.

After our battle experiences, the boys fell to with a willing hand, for we all know that we are the fortunate ones, and life even under these rigorous circumstances seems full and good. I know I look with an affectionate eye on the commonplaces of the day and night, on the blue of the lagoon and the long sandy beach, because I came too close to losing all to undervalue even the littlest thing. All in all, the Marine Corps has the best psychology. Take men out of the mental quicksands of the assault and put them to work building themselves a home out of nothing but their own ingenuity and you will have no psychoses. There simply is not time for it. One is too busy getting shelter for one's body, and food for one's stomach, to think of what was. There is a comforting materiality about the selecting of campsites and the building of shelters that banishes the demons of those fantastic days when my life rested like a feather on the back of my hand. As I said before, the immediate effect of it all was negligible. The sight of the first one of my men that died hardened me to all things, and we killed without rancor and died without regret.

I don't think I praised my men properly in the last letter. They obeyed with an unquestioning courage. One of my section leaders was hit by a bullet in his arm. It spun him clear around and set him down on his behind. A little dazed, he sat there for a second and then jumped up with the remark, "The little bastards will have to hit me with more than that." I had to order him back to the dressing station an hour later. He was weak with loss of blood but actually pleaded to stay.

My runner was knocked down right beside me with three bullet holes in him and blood all over his face. Stupidly I said, "Are you hit, boy?" He was crying a little, being just a kid of eighteen, and said, "I'm sorry, sir. I guess I'm just a sissy." I damn near cried myself at that. I'm trying to get him a citation because he was a very brave boy and never delivered a false message or failed to do what I told him. He will live, thanks to our good doctors.

So it goes — *ad infinitum*. There is no room to

tell it all. As one of my boys wrote home, "We done good."

As to the real significance of the events, it will only come home to me with time, but this much I do know. As we buried our dead, I swore to myself that if it was within my power I should see to it that these deaths would not be forgotten or valued lightly. I felt more strongly than ever the wrongness of so many things. Their motionless young bodies, their inarticulate lips, seemed a monumental reproach to us the living, seeming to say, "Well, we did all you asked. We gave up everything, all we might have been and done, all love, all hope, all laughter, all tomorrows. What are you going to do now? Is it going to be any different, any better now? If *you* don't do what you can, at least you will never forget us. We will trouble your midnight and your noon's repose with the specter of our speechless gaze. Certainly we can do no more. The rest lies all with you." So, remembering them, I find heart for the long road and the many battles and determination for the peaceful time. If there be a God, may He give us all the strength and the vision that we so badly need.

The swimming is first-rate, but I'd trade it for the rocks and cold Atlantic of Little Boar's Head.

March 31. — There is nothing like absence to make the heart grow fonder, and right now the lack of mail for some three weeks has made letters seem an indispensable joy.

Just as I finished that paragraph, "attention to colors" sounded and the quick cry, "Colors!" rang through the camp. Everyone sprang to attention; some were swimming and stood naked at the water's edge at strict attention until the flag was lowered. In its accustomed glory, the sun sinks beneath the lagoon and I sit out here in the quick-fading light with my writing pad balanced on my knee. When it's dark I shall have to end this letter.

After nightfall we merely sit and talk quietly of this and that. The dark seems to provoke reminiscence, and each talks of what was dear to him in the days before the war. One officer with us knows that his wife has already had his child and he waits now for the letter that will bring him the answer to his hopes and prayers. He tells us unabashedly of how he said good-bye to her and how she wept. Then the talk drifts to those of us whom we left on that beach, and we speak of their many virtues and of what they might have been. It almost seems now that it was the best who did not return and I remember Donne's verse: —

And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones and soul's delivery!

We talk of the happy times when we danced, or drank with old friends, and life stretched gayly and full of promise before us. Then the conversation slowly dies away, and each man comforts himself with his own private memories. One lives in a suspended state of animation out here, continuing in the performance of one's duties from day to day, but living in a past that ironically enough is irretrievable.

But I paint a dark picture when in reality at the present time, though our life is circumscribed by the limits of this small island and its primitive gifts of shade and water, we are well off. At 6.30, we get up and wash in our helmets, which is the neatest trick of the week. It takes a canny Scotchman to shave, brush his teeth, and wash his face and hands with about a quart of water. Then breakfast follows; and as there is now no officers' mess, we eat at the end of the mess line — an unwritten law in the Marine Corps. Then troop and inspection is held, the one time in the day when the men have to be fully equipped and clothed from helmets to cartridge belts.

The formation is strictly by the book, which comforts the German quarter of my soul, and the rifles crack sharply open as I walk down the ranks. I take an occasional weapon to make sure they are well kept. Then we hold a short school to review those things which are easily forgotten. Then those men who cannot swim splash happily about in the water and I vainly try to teach them how to swim. The day's work is concluded by a march of about two miles to the end of the island and back — this last a strange idea of the powers that be who feel that a daily hike has a mysterious and salutary effect on body and soul.

I should greatly appreciate any books you can discover on the Far East; that is, on the history of China and Japan, their present political and economic setup, and so on. If you could ask someone well acquainted with such things as to what books are best, I should very much appreciate it. I am trying to understand these people we fight, and to discover what force, heredity, tradition, belief, or environment drives them to such desperate extremes. I really think, if possible, I should like to make a life's work of doing what little I can in the problem of international coöperation. No matter how small a contribution I should happen to make, it would be in the right direction. We cannot continue to make a shambles of this world, and already a blind man can see the shortsighted decisions that point inevitably to that ultimate Armageddon, World War III.

The newspapers which at one and the same time preach against optimism and then paint the news

in the rosiest hues do nothing to help. From my own experience, I can assure you that though the papers do not actually falsify, they do underplay the difficulties of operations and play to the limit the final success. Actually, we have only begun out here, as no one can see more clearly than we ourselves. Ahead of us lie the limitless distances of this colossal ocean, the bitterly defended fortresses that the Japs have made of their islands, the almost impenetrable jungles where operations must necessarily move at a snail's pace; and finally, when we have won through to the China coast, the problem of conquering 200 well-trained Jap divisions operating on interior lines of supply. I would not dare to foretell the end of such a venture; it is certainly years away.

We who have to do the fighting do not doubt our ability to win and are prepared for all endurance; we are proud of being young and strong enough to do it. But we do not like to look back and see a people divided against itself and unwilling to put the war first and their personal interests second. I know how strongly you both feel on this, and only wish all felt the same. The dark days are only beginning, and the country had better pull itself together to face them.

I did not mean this letter to be a political harangue, and apologize; but I do presume that, once in the war, we are in it to win it with the least expenditure of men and time. Anyone guilty of needlessly prolonging this to his own personal gain is guilty of far more than he will ever comprehend — which he would quickly realize if he found himself in the assault waves some sunny, tropic morning. That position gives one a perspective and an understanding nothing else can give. I hope I am wrong about the impression I gain from magazines and papers. Enough of that.

By the time this reaches you, it will be the middle of April, with the Park beginning to become green, and the baby carriages standing by the benches in the sun, and the old men blinking in the slow warmth of another spring. I just remembered that it will soon be Easter, so a very happy Easter to you both. I wish I could find a string and follow it to find Home and you at the end of it as I found that shiny bicycle so long ago. Do you remember? Well, the day will come; do not fear for that.

2

FOLLOWING the capture of Eniwetok, Lieutenant Meyer's regiment was evacuated to other islands in the Pacific, where after a rest the men went into rehearsal for the attacks on Saipan and Guam: —

U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL. *August 2.* — I have already written one letter, but I doubt if it was mailed, so I shall repeat what I said there.

I was wounded [on Guam] at 0300 the morning of July 22. The Japs counterattacked; and though we beat them back, one of them managed to throw two grenades into my foxhole. The first one, I was able to throw back at him, but the second went off in my face. My sergeant, who shared the hole with me, was killed. I lost my left eye and three front teeth, ruptured both eardrums, and suffered burns and shrapnel wounds of my face and hands. They found me at dawn and evacuated me in a hurry to the ships and flew me back to the Hawaiian Islands, where I now am mending rapidly and already am able to walk around. My right eye is all right, thank God, and my hearing will improve. There will only be a few minor scars on my face, and a glass eye should find me looking pretty much the same as ever. So do not worry. I should be home in a couple of months, and after that I don't know.

I can't tell you where we landed, but you can guess. The action was very severe. Nearly all my friends with whom I went through Brigade School in Samoa are dead. There were only two officers left in — Company when I was hit, so you can see things were pretty rough. I find it hard to believe that so many of the people I knew and served with for so long are gone now. I feel a little out of place among the living and shall never complain. Those others have paid their last debt. I had great good luck during the day's fighting as I had five bullet holes through my dungaree jacket and not one touched the skin. One bullet cut a cigar I carried in my left breast pocket in half. Providence, luck — call it what you will.

I hope everything goes well with you and that you have not worried too much. I look forward to seeing you both again after all these months. What a lot we shall have to tell one another. All my love to you both. I am quite cheerful and really feeling fine, so do not worry at all.

UNITED STATES NAVAL HOSPITAL. *August 6.* — I continue to improve daily and my hearing is better. My right eye has a few coral fragments in the cornea but they are getting them out. Every day, I wonder more at my extraordinary luck at being alive at all. It was a close thing at that. I shall never forget the doctor on the ship, when I first got there, saying to a corpsman, "I'm afraid we're going to lose this one," about me. I could hear but neither move nor speak, but I felt like saying, "The hell you are!" Five units of blood plasma did the trick.

Write when you can, and it won't be long now.

UNITED STATES NAVAL HOSPITAL. *August 13.* — Every day, I see many here who are far worse off than I — limbleless, sightless, and yet cheerful, joking, infinitely hopeful. They none of them wish to be pitied or feel they should be. Yet for the blind I have enormous respect. For a week or so I feared I was to be and I don't know if I could have endured it. It's like the narrowest and blackest of prisons. I think I'll make a point of giving to the charities that care for them always.

I don't think back much yet, and just drink my fresh milk, think about the snow falling at home,

and admire the many pretty nurses. Mine is called Miss ——— and she looks like one of Vermeer's Dutch girls. I call her "Fräulein" and try to talk German with her, but she speaks with a Low German accent, "Ich kann nicht verstehen." The view out my window is a famous one and I wish you could see it.

All in all, though, I see my present condition as close to a miracle. Three weeks ago I was damn near dead.

Write often and much love,

CORD

ON THE BEACHES

The Atlantic

by LIEUTENANT CHARLES S. STEVENSON, U.S.N.R.

1

I HAD taken part in the invasions of North Africa and Sicily as a Naval Beach Party Medical Officer. In this same role I was to go ashore in the fifth wave of boats tonight, once again to care for those wounded on the beach until our troops had fought their way inland and the Army could set up its own hospital facilities. I was not nearly so shaky as I had been just before going "over the side" at Fedala or Scoglitti, probably because we had been told that the beach we were to take was manned only by second-string troops.

At 2100 (9.00 P.M.), our anti-aircraft gun crews were alerted by the word that "many unidentified planes were approaching on our port beam, distance about eighteen miles." We became a little tense at the thought of the oncoming air raid, only to find that the Nazi planes had stopped to bomb another British-American convoy of smaller boats. This convoy was going our way but lay about eight miles off our port beam. These boats are much more difficult to hit than ships our size, and we hoped that Jerry would waste all his bombs trying to hit them and would not see us sliding quietly by.

The anti-aircraft fire put up by that armada of invasion boats was a spectacle that defies adequate description. First of all, Jerry dropped half a dozen of his usual self-perpetuating chandelier flares, which turned night into day on our port beam horizon. Then we could see the brilliant white and yellow flashes as his bombs hit the water, followed a few seconds later by muffled booms. There was an immediate tirade of firing, and bright yellow lines curved upward into the sky. These were the machine-gun tracer bullets and the shells from the 20-millimeter Oerlikon guns. The amazingly intense high barrage of fire must surely have kept the enemy planes too high for accurate bombing. The moon was now up, and shining dangerously bright; so, for fear that Jerry would spot us, our escorting destroyers began to lay down a smoke screen. It proved effective, even blotting out most of our convoy from view, and it made a beautiful silver mist in the moonlight.

By midnight we had arrived at the "transport area" and the ship had gone into "condition four." This is the name of the exercise in which the troops are called up methodically, combat team by combat team, from their living compartments below to certain prearranged "debarkation stations" on deck. There are five such stations on each side of the ship. At each station there is a wide chain net down which they climb, four at a time, into the waiting boat bob-

A graduate of Johns Hopkins University, Class of 1934, LIEUTENANT CHARLES S. STEVENSON, M.C., U.S.N.R., took part in two of our invasions in the European theater. The article was compiled from the experiences of several persons, the greater part being those of Dr. Stevenson's shipmate, Lieutenant Charles W. Thompson, M.C., U.S.N.R.

bing at the ship's side below. The soldiers are called up wearing nearly one hundred pounds of gear, which consists of their full equipment, plus helmet, life jacket, and rifle or other firearms. It is quite a feat for these men to go "over the rail" and climb down the ladder without losing their balance. But they have had months of practice.

Each landing boat holds over thirty soldiers (this type is termed LCV-P, is made of wood, and is thirty-four feet long); so each combat team is made up of about this number. These teams are called up in turn by an officer speaking over the ship's loud-speaker system, and all through the debarkation one hears the endless calls, "Now team number —, report to Blue Starboard." The tenseness of "condition four," the silent efficiency of the debarkation, and the blackness of the night, unrelieved by the tiniest glimmer of a flashlight, are all preludes to the actual thrill of hoisting yourself up and over the rail. And then there is that seemingly bottomless climb down the swaying net into the boat below.

As I climbed down into the boat and saw that it was a Britisher, I can remember saying to myself, "Hell, it's a Limey LCM." (This type is made of steel and is a third again longer than an LCV-P.) I wished it were one of the boats from my own ship with a good old "strictly GI" U. S. Navy coxswain at the wheel. Not that I think the English Navy isn't good, because it is unbeatable, but at a time like this a fellow feels a little more at home in one of his own boats. The Hospital Corpsmen of my Beach Party and I crawled away from the bottom of the ladder and huddled together in the darkness in the stern of the boat. Then an anti-aircraft gun was lowered into the boat and its Army gun crew climbed down after it. Now we were loaded, and we got the signal from the deck above to pull away to the assembly area. My watch showed that it was nearly 3.00 A.M.

2

WE WENT through the darkness in search of our particular wave, which was the fifth. We missed it, so as we passed each boat our Limey coxswain, in very British voice, shouted through the blackness, "I say, are you the fifth flight?" The American coxswains couldn't understand anything that wasn't strictly Brooklynese, and the inevitable "Whutcha-say, Mack?" repeatedly rasped back at our bewildered coxswain.

After several of these unsuccessful encounters we came up near a group of boats which was starting off for the beach in wave formation, and we joined them. It proved a long, cold ride, and in the dark

we had many near-collisions, for there were literally hundreds of boats all around us. About halfway in to the beach we saw that some ships in the transport area behind us were being bombed.

The ride now consisted in trying to keep ourselves warm and in looking ahead at the little tracer bullets arching out from shore and falling far short of us. All of us in the boat were fairly tense now, but we could still laugh when one of the men, looking toward the firing on the beach, yelled out, "Somebody's kiddin' us, fellers. That don't look like no Coney Island to me!"

We suddenly came upon a PC (Patrol Craft) which was acting as a control vessel for the landing boats. They showed us the direction to "Blue Beach," which was our particular 800-yard length of the sandy shore. By now it was just light enough to make out the mountainous shoreline to the east of us. This was not comforting, for we had hoped to reach the beach under the protection of darkness. The tracers coming out at us did not look so slow and harmless now, and as we came into their range we could hear them whiz by us, plop into the water beside us, or occasionally rattle on the thick steel ramp in our bow.

All this firing at us seemed too intense and businesslike to be coming solely from second-string troops, and we began to feel that something had gone haywire and that the Germans were there on the beach giving our boys hell. Then *Bo-o-om!* and a shower of water covered us all as we threw ourselves face downward on the deck. "This is it!" we all thought. What must have been a German 88-millimeter shell had exploded in the water twenty feet off our starboard beam. Then two more came and bracketed us, then another and another; but, thank God, all were near misses. The machine-gun bullets rattled on our ramp.

Despite all this our Limey coxswain kept us headed right in toward the beach. One of the occupants of our boat yelled to him, "My God, man! Are you going to land us here in the face of all this fire?" The Limey was calm and game. He replied, without taking his eyes for a moment off the water just ahead of him, "I have orders for Blue Beach, and Blue Beach it is, sir!" Regardless of the "heat" coming off it, he banged us aground on the beach at full speed. The boat grated to a sudden lurching stop and the ramp went down. We ran across the ramp, leaped into about two feet of water, galloped across a fifty-foot stretch of light surf, dashed across an equal span of beach, and took belly-whopper dives into the bed of a shallow little stream which was coursing diagonally across the beach into the bay. We did all this in a burst of energy equivalent

to that of a fifty-yard dash; we dove into the stream bed because machine-gun bullets were whistling about our ears.

After about three minutes my heart stopped pounding enough to allow me sufficient breath to sing out to my men not to move a hair until I had had a chance to look around. I found that we were lying under the cover of a sandbank about three feet high, which formed the inland edge of the stream. The bullets continued to snipe harmlessly above us across this bank, only knocking a little spat of sand down on us now and then. I counted noses, saw that we were all present, and then we began to dig in next to the stream bed. So far, so good!

3

It was now daylight, or nearly so. I called over to an Army medico who was well dug in in a foxhole on our left, asking him, "What's up?" He replied, "If any of *us* attempt to get *up*, we'll be dead ducks!" He said that German snipers and 88's had the beach entirely covered and that he had been pinned down there ever since the surviving troops of the first three waves had gone on inland about an hour and a half earlier. We asked him if this was Blue Beach, and he said that we were just about on the dividing line between Blue and Yellow — that the main part of Blue lay to the south. After lying under the protection of our sandbank for about an hour, and having seen no living person down all the sweep of Blue Beach to our right, we crawled on our bellies about a hundred yards or so up the beach to our left, hoping to find our Naval Beachmaster on Yellow. We could not find any of our Beach Party there, and an Army private told us that they were probably dug in, pinned down, and isolated on Blue. (They were, as we found out later.)

So we set up shop where we were, and dug slit trenches to lie in, because they give a bit more protection than foxholes. Instead of being a round hole about two feet deep, they are a trench about one and a half feet deep and six feet long, and are usually made about two feet wide. You can lie on your back or side or stomach, and you can change from one side to the other when the stiffness and aching in your joints tell you that *some* change must be made. The smaller open area at the top, with the protecting ridge of sand piled about a foot high around the rim, affords excellent sanctuary from flying fragments of shell and from bullets.

The trenches we dug were perfect except for one slight drawback — sea water seeped up from their bottoms very rapidly, because they had been dug, of

necessity, so near to the water's edge. At this point, however, we asked only for protection from the continuous shellfire that Jerry was laying down on our beach.

Jerry was also firing his 88-millimeter guns with deadly accuracy at any and all landing craft that might be so foolhardy as to try to land in our vicinity. In view of this, we sent out a warning message on our portable radio advising all landing craft to stay away from our beach. We know it was received because a wave of LCM's which had been headed in toward our beach suddenly turned north in the direction of Yellow and Green. They kept just out of range of the 88's and carried their guns, tanks, half-tracks, ammunition, gasoline, water, and food (the ubiquitous and basically essential supplies of modern amphibious invasions) up to a more hospitable section of the shore.

Soon another group of small boats started coming in toward our beach, and when they were within range the German guns opened up on them. A support boat sped along between them and the shore, laying down a smoke screen which hid them completely. No longer being able to see them, Jerry stopped firing, except for a few guns that tried unsuccessfully to hit the speedy support boat. We were very happy when we recognized this boat to be from our own ship. (Its officer was one of our most popular shipmates, and he was later awarded a Silver Star medal for his "bravery and intelligent initiative.")

Peeping up over the top of the stream bank, I looked inland and saw eight German tanks about a block away. They were lined up, with their 88-millimeter cannon pointing to seaward, like so many artillery pieces, and were taking damnably accurate potshots at any of the landing craft that dared to come within range in an attempt to speed in and land. There were several dozen of these boats milling around well off the beach, and a few tried to run the gauntlet of shellfire. In each case the story was the same. Jerry first dropped one shell a little short of them, apparently for range. Then two tanks fired simultaneously, dropping a bracket of shells which were placed so cleverly that one or the other sometimes hit the landing craft, despite its zigzagging. If the first bracket missed, it was followed by another and another until, in a number of cases, an effective hit was scored.

While I was spying at the tanks, I was surprised to see the lid of one open up slowly and a German soldier climb out. He walked calmly around his tank, surveying the immediate terrain, and then, as though he had suddenly remembered something, quickly climbed back in again. The cause of his

disappearance may have been his realization that he was right on the edge of his own mine field. It apparently lay between us, and would prevent his coming out on our part of the beach. We knew that German mine fields were cleverly laid, and felt greatly protected by this one!

Even though I was unarmed, I had a crazy desire to throw something at him, but a package of sterile dressings is not an effective missile for military manslaughter, so I held my fire and lay low. For about two hundred feet on each side of us at this time there were only my three pharmacist's mates and I, and a few Army Engineers who were well dug in and were, for the moment, out of ammunition. We still had the tanks at a slight disadvantage, however, because they could not depress their guns far enough to hit an object on the ground so close to them, and their machine-gun bullets succeeded only in throwing up sprays of sand around us.

The tanks started firing their 88's over us out to sea. A Limey LCM was attempting to run the gauntlet of their fire and was heading in to our part of the beach. I waved frantically, trying to signal to him to turn north up the beach, but he came on in. Shells were landing to the right and left of him as he zigzagged in at top speed. Finally one shell hit the craft right in the center. There was a bright flash, a roar, and arms and heads and legs seemed to explode into the air. It was ghastly.

Some lucky men were blown overboard still in one piece, and these were picked up by an empty LCV-P landing craft from our ship. It had apparently been on its way from Yellow Beach out to sea, but had turned from its course and come to their assistance. The brave coxswain quickly jockeyed his boat back and forth while lowering his ramp about two thirds of the way, and his crew then fished the survivors out of the water and onto the ramp in a jiffy. And then, as quickly as it takes to tell it, he made a sharp turn under what appeared to be full power, raising his ramp as he did so, and headed out to sea, zigzagging like a water bug running berserk. The shells were bursting around him all the while, but he kept darting back and forth in such an unpredictable manner that Jerry just couldn't hit him. It was the cleverest small boat maneuvering I have ever seen.

4

THEN occurred the bravest thing I saw in my fifteen days on the beach. Under full exposure to enemy snipers, machine-gun and cannon fire, one of our neighboring Army Engineer sergeants leaped out of

his slit trench, peeled off his clothes, galloped through the slight surf, and swam out to the drifting Limey LCM. It was ablaze from stem to stern and had had its ramp blown off. He found a loose line in the water, secured it to a corner of the bow of the boat, and then in water up to his neck began to wade shoreward, pulling the boat behind him. When he got it in as far as the small beginning breakers, some of them seeped into the open bow of the boat and put out the fire.

The sergeant was in the act of climbing aboard when a Jerry gun, from down the beach, threw a crossfire shell which hit the side of the boat and spun it around. Then my boys and I ran to the water's edge and swam out to help the sergeant. We scrambled aboard and found three badly wounded men lying in among a dozen or so scorched and mangled dead. We pulled the boat into the shallow surf, lifted the three wounded men from it, and carried them to the little stream bed which had afforded us protection when we first hit the beach. There was no sniping at us while we did this; possibly our Red Cross brassards meant something to Jerry after all.

We put three stretchers in the stream, with their flat metal legs placed on its hard sandy bottom, just like so many beds lined up in a hospital ward. It seemed a crazy idea, but the sandbank along the inland border of the stream bed afforded the sole protection from enemy sniper fire on this part of the beach. Working on our hands and knees so as to keep under cover, we lifted the three wounded men onto the stretchers, sprinkled sulfanilamide powder into their many wounds, and bandaged them. We also gave them their sulfa tablets by mouth and to each an injection of morphine. The morphine solution is contained in "syrettes," which are like miniature toothpaste tubes with a hypodermic needle on the end. These are kept sterile and ready for use by means of a cap which fits over the needle.

One man, an Army private, was in bad condition. His entire lower jaw had been blown off, plus most of his tongue. After putting a whole container of sulfanilamide powder into the wound, we bandaged a remaining flap of skin from the front of his neck up over the stump of his tongue and the toothless upper jaw. We next stuck the bayoneted end of a rifle the sergeant had found for us into the sand beside the soldier and hung a unit bottle of plasma up on its stock. One of the corpsmen put the needle into his arm vein and the lifesaving plasma ran into him. This man was in severe shock, but after about ten minutes his wrist pulse became perceptible and he began to look a little better. Jerry snipers shot at the rifle butt, which was protruding a little above

the bank, but they did not hit it. Perhaps they regretted letting us get away.

We now had a moment to look at the other two wounded, one of whom had compound fractures of both upper legs. All four of us turned to on him and in a few minutes we had Thomas splints on both legs. The other one had part of his shoulder blown off and the joint laid bare. We applied the usual sulfa powder, bandaged him up, and put on a snug Velpeau type of outer bandage to secure his arm in a favorable position. We didn't have to do much in the way of cutting off their uniforms and clothes, because the explosion and the fire had destroyed most of them. A piece of shrapnel had caused a superficial wound in the brave sergeant's shoulder, so we gave him a quick dressing and a congratulatory pat on the back. He certainly had saved the lives of these three soldiers at the unhesitating risk of his own.

All this time snipers' bullets were whizzing overhead and we were kept pinned down in our stream bed. It was now about noon, but none of us were at all hungry. We weren't even thirsty. To our surprise and gratification, an LCV-P suddenly braved the enemy fire and, despite the shells landing around it, zigzagged successfully in and landed on our beach, bringing the Engineers some ammunition and us some food. In crouching positions we were able to drag our wounded on their stretchers down to the boat and load them into it. The coxswain quickly backed it off the beach with a roar, had his crew raise his ramp as he did so, turned, and zigzagged back out to sea at full speed. In about thirty minutes he would be alongside one of our transports and the wounded would be hoisted aboard to receive full hospital care.

No shells had landed on our part of the beach for about a half hour; and since the sniper fire had decreased, we decided to venture from the security of our stream bed. Two corpsmen and I, with medical kits slung over our shoulders, crawled for several blocks down the beach looking for wounded. When we found a man we went to work on him, and usually fixed him up in about five minutes. One corpsman filled out a medical casualty slip and tied it to the man's shirt. He then made a similar entry of the case in our own casualty record book. The other corpsman and I got most of the sand out of his wounds, shook the "magic powder" into them, and applied bandages. If the arms or legs were fractured, we put on the regular splints. Then we lifted him onto a stretcher and half-dragged and half-carried him back to our stream bed. One disconcerting thing was that some soldiers were always calling out, "Hey, Doc, there's a dead man over here." We

were sorry, but we had all we could handle in taking care of the wounded.

A DUKW or "Duck" (a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ton, six-wheel truck which also goes in the water like a boat) was now seen heading in toward our section of the beach, and as it came closer we could see that it was loaded with casualties. When it was still about fifty yards off the beach a German shell hit its stern but did not explode. The DUKW was spun around but no one was hurt. It then headed in for us again and came up on the beach. We lifted the casualties out of the DUKW and treated them in our stream-bed station.

At this point we were very much amazed to see three German tanks on the beach down on Blue. They must have known the exact location of their mines in order to have arrived there without blowing up. They were about two blocks away, and their guns were pointing in our direction. The dud that had hit the DUKW had apparently come from them.

5

SINCE Blue Beach was heavily mined, as was attested by a couple of wrecked jeeps lying down there, and since it was under more or less continuous enemy fire, it began to look as though we shouldn't get to use it for some time. I made a trip up to Yellow and had a confab with the Beach Party Doctor there. We decided to join our parties together on Yellow at a point where we could serve both beaches.

We selected a site behind a ten-foot dune which afforded good cover, and dug a pit about two feet deep and six feet square, which could hold three stretchers side by side. In addition to our "sick bay," we dug slit trenches parallel to three sides of the square pit. We placed them close enough to the pit to allow us to keep cover in them and lean over and treat the patients at the same time if necessary. After we had completed this job we were pretty thirsty, so we lay back, relaxed, and took some long pulls from our canteens. Then we realized that we were also hungry, so we broke open some K rations and ate them with relish.

About 1330 (1.30 P.M.) some of our destroyers and cruisers, and a British monitor ship, had apparently received word that there were tanks right behind our part of the beach and they opened fire on them. The first salvo of shells they sent in whooshed through the air a few feet above our heads and fell a little short of the tanks. The next salvo hit among the tanks, smashing three of them and disabling several more. The rest turned tail and, with motors roaring, raced inland in a cloud of dust.

We got hold of a portable radio and tried to establish contact with one of our ships. We couldn't make it work over that long range, and when we extended the aerial pole to increase the range, some Jerry machine-gunner shot it off. However, we were able to make it work well enough to receive a message from Red Beach telling us, "Hold on, Yellow. Help is coming."

Some Naval gunfire was now being directed at other tanks further inland and at the few 88's there. These guns were evidently well dug in and camouflaged in some of the gulleys of the marshy and sandy three-mile-wide flats that lay between the foot of the mountains inland and the beach. We could also see many Naval shells going back into the mountains, where the Germans had more guns and large mortars. This fire of ours must have been accurate, because after about an hour of it the German shelling of our beach decreased sharply. This fire from our destroyers and cruisers, and that from the redoubtable Limey monitor ship, undoubtedly saved the day for us on our beachhead.

We heard cheering behind us on the beach and, looking around, we saw a big LST coming in. Our hopes soared because it would bring us our long-needed heavy equipment, such as artillery, tanks, and half-tracks with their 75's. Until now we had been merely infantry, and without any means other than rifles and a few grenades and bazookas with which to combat the tanks and the 88-millimeter guns that had kept our beach unlivable and unworkable. Our best defense, as it incongruously turned out, was the Germans' own mine field, since it had kept their tanks from overrunning our beach.

The LST was only about three hundred yards off the beach and she was coming in with her forward 40-millimeter gun blazing at the Jerry tanks. She had assembled and attached her causeway to her lowered ramp before coming in, and it floated out in front of her like a little dock. She ran aground about a hundred feet off the beach, her causeway grounding at the water's edge. She had already swung wide her doors. Some Seabees ran out through them to stake and secure the causeway just as a neatly placed shell dropped right on it, killing three or four of them.

Other Jerry shells from back inland made a lot of near misses around the LST, throwing up high geysers of sand and water and raining shell fragments around generally. The Seabees did not stop for an instant; they went quickly about their work and in short order had all in readiness for the vehicles to roll out of the ship. The first one to come out was a jeep, and Jerry held his fire until the jeep was in

complete view, and then he hit it squarely with a shell, blowing it to bits. It was immediately followed by a string of tanks which quickly ran up across the beach, blazed away at the one remaining German tank (the other two had left), and completely wrecked it. "Pan-bloody-demonium" (an apt British term) broke loose on the beach as our men cheered and whistled at this dramatic display. A number of men carelessly exposed themselves, in their enthusiasm, and one was immediately plugged by a sniper.

All afternoon a well-concealed German sniper had been taking potshots at men on our beach from a hideaway which was apparently about a hundred yards inland beyond the dunes. Our infantrymen hadn't been able to locate him, so we heard; but it was generally agreed that someone would have to sneak out and get him. A sergeant and a private picked up a bazooka and a couple of rockets for it, and, keeping under cover and worming along on their bellies, worked their way out toward where the sniper seemed to be.

After a while the Jerry took another shot toward the beach, and this, so the sergeant later said, disclosed the clump of fernlike scrub where he lay hidden. About thirty yards from him the sergeant propped up the bazooka on a little mound of sand, aimed it carefully, and then held it down securely while the private inserted and fired the rocket. The projectile whammed over and exploded within a few yards of the sniper, and he let out a yell. The sergeant and the private now carefully crawled back to the beach, being justifiably wary of other snipers farther inland.

An hour later, when most of the sniping had stopped, two stretcher bearers were sent over to bring the Jerry in. When we got him on the beach we found that the bazooka had literally "blown his tail off," as his left buttock was completely gone and the hip joint was laid bare. He had bled profusely and was in deep shock; in fact he was almost dead. We put clamps on the bleeding vessels in the wound, scooped out the sand, sprinkled sulfa powder on liberally, and put on a tight bandage. Then we gave him several units of blood plasma and he began to regain consciousness and "pinked up" some.

We could not help, in a way, being impressed by his complete self-assurance and feeling of superiority. Lying there on his belly on a stretcher, with the plasma bringing him back from near-death, he maintained a completely arrogant and cocky attitude toward us. He accepted our ministrations with a cool condescension and obviously hated us and

thought us stupid for not shooting him. Seeing him made me believe that we had a long way to go before defeating the Germans.

6

WITH the landing of the big LST we, at last, had received tanks and artillery on our beach, and it made us feel a lot better about life in general. Nine hours earlier, just before daybreak, we had put our only artillery on Blue Beach. When the fourth wave, the last one able to land on Blue Beach, had landed, two half-track trucks mounting 75-millimeter guns had been brought ashore. One half-track rolled out of its boat, pulled up on the beach, and was wheeling into a position to fire inland when it was hit indirectly by a shell from a partly hidden German tank about fifty yards away. (These tanks had apparently been lying there, in the pre-dawn half-light, waiting for point-blank shots at any "heavy stuff" we should attempt to land.) The crew were shot up, and those who could move crawled away from the gun.

The second 75 was then wheeling across the beach into position when it hit what must have been a compound Teller mine and blew up. Those of its crew who were relatively uninjured ran up to the partly wrecked first 75 and manned it. This remaining gun was next straddled by two German shells, and a second lieutenant and a private were badly wounded, the lieutenant having his face blown off. A lieutenant of Engineers ran out from cover and tried to give him first aid and also sent someone to look for a doctor. Another shell landed near them and blew all the muscle off one of the arms of the wounded officer and also wounded the Engineer lieutenant.

The remaining 75 was then completely demolished by a direct shell hit. This had been the tragic beginning and end of our sole artillery power, so you can see why the men went wild with joy over the arrival of the big LST. Of course our fifth and sixth waves had brought in most of our heavy stuff, but they had been forced to land it half a mile north, near the junction of Yellow and Green, where it had been kept well occupied.

All this time we had had no word from the surviving troops of the first three waves that had run inland, just as soon as they landed, to take the electric railroad, blow up a bridge or two, and block a highway. But we learned something of them from an injured sergeant whom an Army doctor had me see. The sergeant had been badly stunned. His face and nose and eyes were badly mashed and swollen,

but he was now fully conscious. While he was waiting to be evacuated from the beach to a transport he told me this story: —

"I was in the first wave of infantry. We landed without any opposition, and the beach was as quiet as a graveyard. There was a lot of firin' on the beaches to the north. We were sort of puzzled, but in a few minutes some yellow flares lit up the sky above us, and suddenly all hell turned loose. Jerry machine guns behind the beach opened up on us and mowed down a lot of our men. We all flopped, and two guys near me who hadn't been killed started crawlin' inland. So I went with them. After we had quietly made our way about three hundred yards we came upon a camouflaged German 88 gun lyin' in a gulley.

"I couldn't see it clearly at first because it was pretty dark, but I heard some voices. I crept up along a bank until I was about thirty-five yards from them, and after takin' pretty good cover in another gulley, I fired on them with my good old M1. I shot three of them I think, but I couldn't be sure because they were pretty shadowy in the darkness. Anyhow, one of them yelled to us in English. I yelled back at them, 'Do you guys want to surrender?' They answered with a couple of rifle shots at me, but the bullets pinged over my head because I was in a little gulley. I turned around and found that the other two guys who had been with me had gone on, and since it was gettin' a little too hot around there, I pulled out, by-passin' the gun by a safe margin and goin' very quietly, mostly on my belly.

"After I had crawled about two hundred yards I met up with the third platoon of my company. They were goin' on in to capture the railroad track, so I went with them. We finally got to it and met some other American soldiers, who were divided up with one party on each side of the low track embankment. They were supposed to work their way south along it until they came to the bridge where it crossed the river. I went along with the party on the beach side of the track, and we made our way carefully toward the river.

"When we were about seventy-five yards from it some Jerry machine guns ahead of us, on the far side of the field we were in, opened up on us. We flopped, and through the very little light that was beginnin' to come, I could see eight German tanks lined up ahead of us. They were backed up to the river bank and facin' directly at us. Their engines weren't runnin', and they must have been lyin' there waitin' for us and for daylight. Some of our men in the party across the track from us opened fire on them with all they had — which was only rifles.

"One of our officers started to crawl back to get some bazookas. Some of us crawled back about two hundred feet to the edge of this field, where, comin' into it, we had passed a low rough stone wall, as we figured we could get some cover behind it. Others further forward tried to dig into little washout gullies in the field where they were. The officer got back quickly with the bazookas and they were shot at the tanks from behind the stone wall, which was a range of about two hundred yards, but the rockets didn't seem to do any damage at all to the tanks. A couple of guys shot grenades at them with their rifles, but that didn't do any good either.

"By this time I had crawled back and behind the wall, and I dug in a little bit there. It was gettin' lighter by the minute, and all of a sudden there's a roar as all the tanks start their engines at once and start makin' a break across the field. The guys in the middle of the field jumped up and started runnin' toward the wall. The bloody tanks headed straight for them, ran some of them down and right over them, and chased some others until they ran them down too. Not satisfied with this, they chased some of the fellows along in front of the wall I was behind.

"Not bein' able to get away from the tanks, the fellows flopped on their bellies and quickly rolled up on their sides flat against the bottom of the wall. Damned if the Jerries didn't drive their tanks down so close to the wall that they scraped it in places tryin' to crush these men too. Several of the guys tossed grenades from behind the wall into the tracks of the tanks and stopped two of them this way. One fellow made a lucky shot with his rifle and set a tank on fire, and then as it stopped and the dirty Nazis climbed out, he just sat down, kept his rifle at his shoulder, and picked them off one by one. This made us all feel a little better, after seein' about twenty of our boys crushed out there in the field.

"The rest of the tanks lit out to the north, runnin' along the beach side of the track, and disappeared in the mist. We stayed there all mornin', ate some K rations, and laid low, keepin' a sharp eye out for the enemy.

"Along about 1400 my captain called me and told me to go back to the beach and tell the Army Beachmaster where we were, and to ask for reinforcements and ammunition, as we had only a few rounds left. We had lost our radioman and this was the only way we had of gettin' word back to the beach. So I crawled back to the beach, which was about a mile and a half the way I had to go, because I gave a

wide berth to the couple German machine-gun nests and hidden 88's I thought I saw. Finally I came to some low sand dunes with some grass around the bottoms, and I held up a white handkerchief in one hand as I crawled through the grass onto the beach, and I kept yellin', 'Don't you guys shoot at me! I'm an American!' Everybody was dug in on this beach and I crawled up to a slit trench and found an Army medic, and he told me I'm on Blue Beach and that they are bein' shelled and sniped. So I headed north up to Yellow Beach, where he said I'd find a beachmaster.

"As I was goin' along Yellow I saw a couple of medics tryin' to get a wounded soldier into a beached boat, so I gave them a hand. Next I met up with a man from my outfit and he tagged along with me. We could see an LST comin' into the beach up ahead of us. As we got up close to it the shells were landin' all around it, and my buddy started runnin' up ahead of me. When he was about ten feet in front of me there was a terrific roar and it looked like a shell hit him right in the chest.

"Something hit me in the face and I don't remember anything after that until I came to and found myself lyin' on the beach sort of dazed. I looked over and saw, naturally, that my buddy had been killed, and that it was his head that had hit me in the face. Well, then this doctor comes up and looks me over, and has me lie down here. I don't mind lyin' down for a while because I'm sort of tired and I'll need a little rest before I crawl all the way back to the bridge. . . . Gosh! I almost forgot. I got to deliver that message to the beachmaster! I guess I've had sort of a busy day."

At this point the sergeant almost fainted as he tried to get up. We tagged him as a casualty and, very much against his wishes, shipped him out to a transport in the next boatload. His message, incidentally, was delivered.

It was now about 1300. Another LST came in and unloaded her artillery, tanks, and jeeps without incident. An occasional shell landed on our beach, but our tanks and half-tracks were cleaning the Jerries out of the fields behind us. About an hour later, still another LST came in and spilled her war machines on the beach, so we were sitting pretty. As the sun was setting at sea things began to quiet down. Later, as I crawled into my slit trench for some "shut-eye," it seemed to me that we had been there at least a week. But it was only twenty-four hours!



SCHOOL'S OUT

by HUGO JOHANSON

I

BECAUSE his lack of education had prevented Herr Warrant Officer and Estate Owner Oscar Lundmark, the Sund, from obtaining an officer's commission, he respected education for the power it wielded. According to him, education was the overwrought key that unlocked the doors to the commissioned grades in the Army and the Navy, the State Church, the upper strata in the Civil Service, and the moneyed professions — law and medicine. The "long-haired professions" — anything tinged with art — he sniffed at; and education for the sake of the enjoyment of knowing things, he considered a sign of muddled thinking or, to quote his own diagnosis, "tumult in the brainpan."

He proved it (Herr Lundmark could prove anything when circling the *smörgåsbord*, emphasizing his basso-voiced and forceful reasoning with a dewy glass of cummin-flavored *snapps*) by saying that one didn't study dead languages because one wanted to prepare for the hereafter; one studied them because they introduced you to Office. That was all they were good for. Once in Office, a speedy retreat to your former and saner knowledge would win you promotion.

The Lundmark children were not to be handicapped for lack of education. The procedure was certain to prove painful, and it was bound to be expensive, but life was a struggle against obstructing thistles, not a dance on rose petals. Svea, the oldest, showed great fortitude at wading through the thistles without whimpering audibly. By the age of nine she had sapped what little learning could be wrung out of Fröken Hellquist, an aged nobody who specialized in a firm, metallic touch on the piano and a vague grounding in French with an *internationell* accent that was laced with the German *sch-laut*. A more diversified *gouvernante* was sought

and obtained after much scrutinizing of photographs and puzzled reading of diplomas which the applicants had forwarded.

But the newcomer was a failure. Fru Lundmark detested her because she was much better looking than could be surmised from her picture and because she flatfootedly stated that, while Inge showed possibilities if treated kindly, Stig should be taught a trade. Herr Lundmark drove her to the railroad station the day she insisted upon locking up the piano and asking Svea in the tongue of the country if she didn't prefer weaving and the making of headcheese to music and French. Svea loved to weave and cook. Herr Lundmark, who looked askance at any vulgar tendency in his children that might deter them on the road to Office, hurriedly entered her in the first form of the Higher Common Elementary School for Girls in Medelstad.

This severe institute of learning had nine forms. The teaching of French began in the first form, that of German in the second, English in the fourth. Having reached the fifth form, those of the class who aimed at a classical education took up Latin and Greek; the others went farther into living languages, mathematics, physics, and chemistry. A successful negotiating of the ninth form, at an average age of nineteen, entitled them to call themselves *student* (their status so far had been *eleve*), wear a cap of white velvet adorned with a blue and yellow *cocarde*, and enter the university of their choice. By that time the majority of the girls had acquired a morose dislike for education and a healthy appetite for love, and, as no university had a chair engaged in the advancement of the latter, they looked elsewhere for tutors, and soon were married.

Stig and Inge were destined for the Higher Common Elementary School for Boys when their age and knowledge had progressed sufficiently for them to enter a lower form. That day was still far off and

An American of Swedish origin, HUGO JOHANSON ran off to sea and after many a voyage found anchorage in California, whence comes this latest story.

seemed farther, for at seven Stig could take the kitchen clock apart and put it together in jig-time, but he couldn't tell the time; he could make gunpowder out of the few chemicals that could be scraped together in a country home and blow the uthus (outhouse) to Kingdom come, but he couldn't spell "powder"; he could make a miniature steam engine that tooted and chugged, but he believed that the Holy Ghost was a hobgoblin that nested in church spires, and as for the Lord's prayer — why should he say somebody else's?

Fru Wachencrantz, the grandmother, was teaching Inge to read in a happy-go-lucky fashion. They hadn't a textbook, unless the torn-off front cover of an eighteenth-century ABC book which was decorated with a rooster holding a cane in his beak might be classed as such, but they never felt the lack of one, for Inge had been taught to spell on Grandfather's cigar boxes and on the labels of empty port wine bottles. "C-L-A-R-O C-O-L-O-R-A-D-O," spelled Grandmother, while smoking one, and Inge repeated. Then the result had to be translated, and that was easy and lots of fun. CLARO was obviously KLAR (clear), and COLORADO was KOLORERAD (colored). The torn cover of the ABC book was the authority that presented the scholarships; when Inge could copy TAMPA or NEGRITA legibly, or when other similar milestones had been reached, Grandmother manipulated the rooster on it so that he laid an egg — a piece of licorice which Inge might dunk in the port wine if he felt the need for a pick-me-up.

The school functioned elastically because Grandmother and Inge were opposed to compulsory education. If the pupil didn't crave knowledge, he sauntered off; if the teacher wasn't in the mood to spread enlightenment, she turned to something more worth while. Neither strove for perfection in their pleasantly vague undertaking, nor did they set any particular goal. Inge played putting together the letters into words in very much the same winsomely pensive manner that he put his empty bobbins on a string, and Grandmother liked to watch the beautiful display of color nuances that the boy's delicate complexion managed to present and the pouting of his expressive lips when they fought a hostile sound.

2

AFTER the dismissal of Fröken Hellquist's successor, Herr Lundmark decided to run a school of his own for the boys. The timid, diminutive Inge was easily persuaded to take a seat in the classroom (the office); the strong, non-compliant Stig had to

be dragged by the scruff of his neck from behind the stables, where he had been trapping snakes. The first (and the last) lesson was given over to the teaching of penmanship.

He gave the boys pencils and sheets of foolscap on which he had written parallel staple copy and the signs of parentheses and integrals to be used as guides. He explained that the practicing of writing staples would give their hands steadiness and their minds orderliness, the parentheses would limber their wrists without disturbing the orderliness that supposedly had been stored in their minds by then, and the integrals would teach them the easy, yet methodical, swing and fancy that sets a penman apart from a mere *novellist*. Herr Lundmark wrote a few more samples to show them how easy it was. Then he ordered them to get busy, and left the office to tend to something else.

To Inge, whom Grandmother had taught to scrawl almost all the letters, the task didn't appear difficult. He proceeded to fill his sheet, the staples suffering from an overabundance of the swing and fancy that should have graced the integrals. Stig watched him uncomprehendingly. After a while he asked him what he was doing.

"I'm writing," Inge said.

"Writing! To whom?" Stig asked.

"Oh, to nobody, I guess; just writing," Inge explained, feeling rather silly.

"Wouldn't want to hear from 'nobody' myself, on a day like this. Let me know when you get the answer," Stig said moodily, staring at his blank sheet of paper and the nice new pencil. The pencil reminded him of something, and he moistened its tip on his tongue. As he was testing the wet lead on the sheet of paper, his gloominess suddenly vanished and the sullen face became lighted with angelic fervor, a not unusual expression on Stig, and one that his mother ascribed to the radiance of his soul, but which his realistic father traced to the pernicious itchings of the boy's finger tips. He split the pencil wide open with his pocketknife, removed the lead, and ground it into fine powder which, with the aid of saliva, he turned into a wet pudding on his father's instruction sheet. Inge, suspecting futility in his own work, rested his pencil and admired Stig's output.

His admiration changed into horror when the brother removed from his pocket a slimy, leathery strip, several feet long, of ivory-colored snake's eggs which he dipped in the pudding with a tender thoroughness. When the strip was dyed nicely (the pencil was of the indelible kind, and the dyeing power of its lead was enormous, for both the eggs and the boy changed color — into a violent violet)

Stig unbuttoned his shirt and draped his spare, bared stomach with the garland.

"Whatever are you doing, Stig?" Inge asked, filled with repulsion.

"I'm going to hatch them," Stig said, and swiftly buttoned his shirt, afraid that the eggs might get chilly.

"But — but — why did you dye them?" Inge stammered.

"I want to better their coloring. There are too few violet snakes in the world today, Old Johannes told me in the cow shed. The price of *brännvin* is so high that a soul can't afford to see them more than once a week, he said. So I'm going to give the poor a break. I'm going to raise violet snakes and sell them for an *öre* apiece. It'll make the poor happy and me rich," Stig explained.

Herr Lundmark had locked the door from the outside. Stig unlocked it with a wire contraption that he always carried in his pocket. He was inciting Inge to join him in fleeing when he noticed his father's field glasses hanging on the wall. It was an expensive instrument with double lenses. Stig just had to take it apart. He skillfully removed the inner lenses that he intended to use in a *laterna magica* which he was building. He had barely time to put back the glasses where they belonged before Herr Lundmark returned to see how the boys were getting along with their lesson.

3

THINGS didn't look right to Herr Lundmark. The lock had been tampered with, the boys didn't sit at the desk, and Stig's face and hands were daubed with indelible pencil.

"Let me see your work," he ordered the boys.

Inge found that he had lost his and crawled underneath the desk to look for it, and Stig did likewise for lack of anything better to do. Herr Lundmark yanked him up on his feet. Then, pointing at the remains of the split pencil and the colored pudding, he stormed, "Explain this!"

Stig smelled trouble and made for the door. Herr Lundmark caught him and shook him so severely that the boy dropped the lenses of the field glasses, which he had kept hidden in his fist. That doomed Stig.

"Pull down your pants and bend over, boy," Herr Lundmark said, reaching for a wire ramrod. Girdling his shirt carefully around the eggs with one hand, Stig pulled down his pants with the other. Herr Lundmark meant business — he couldn't be

bluffed, Inge knew; and he shrank in a corner, covering his face with his agitated hands.

Swish! The ramrod cleft the air with an ugly, whining sound and marked Stig's taut buttocks with a red welt. Stig gritted his teeth and pulled the shirt tighter around the hatchery. *Swish! Swish! Swish!* The blows fell rapidly now, but they bounced off Stig's stern and cut Inge's soul to pieces. It made him physically sick at first. Then he screamed and banged his head against the wall, for he believed that his father was beating Stig to death, and he loved his brother and wanted to die, too, and join him in hell — Stig's ultimate stop.

The commotion aroused the whole house. The women servants deserted the kitchen and swarmed outside the office; Grandmother, who had recognized Inge's voice, could be heard waddling down the stairs, puffing laboriously and swearing hard in French; and Fru Lundmark came running, uncertain of the cause of the catastrophe that must have befallen the home but preparing for the worst by shrilling, "Help! Help! Help!" As soon as she saw Stig's predicament she threw herself between her husband and the boy.

"Now, murder him if you dare!" she challenged Herr Lundmark, covering her beloved son with kisses. As this near-naked, habitual squirmer tried to get away her kisses fell in the most unlikely places. She noticed the indelible pencil stains on the boy's body, and pulling up Stig's shirt to show Herr Lundmark what a brute he was, she sobbed, "You have beaten him black and blue."

The disturbed garland of snake's eggs dropped to the floor. Some of them must have been decidedly ripened, as they hatched right then and there. A dozen or more of vigorous black and yellow banded snakelets (apparently Stig's application of coloring matter hadn't had time to sink in) hungrily darted their little forked tongues and wriggled about the office floor. Fru Lundmark and the servants shrieked and fled. Taking advantage of the panic, the imperturbable Stig collected the lenses, the ramrod, and as many of the snakes as he could find; and, leaving his pants behind as being of no particular value, he fled, too.

Grandmother walked slowly around Herr Lundmark, soaking up the rare spectacle of seeing her son-in-law standing silent and still in a pose that she later, when relating the incident, described as "shattered and abased."

Having had her fill, she picked up Inge to carry him upstairs, and at the same time made Herr Lundmark come to by calling out, "Resurrect yourself, Oscar. School's out!"

FRANKENSTEIN IN ENGLAND

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

WHEN wakened, we could hear nothing beyond the blackout, but were told we had better dress. Why? An air raid is nothing new. It is soon over now, and is only worth watching if you enjoy a display of man's aptitude for the hellish. Most of us hate it, and with reason. Man is not only a fool, but the only damned fool in all creation, as is well known. Why dress? "Well, I've seen five of them pass my bedroom window, and I cannot make it out."

What, *seen* them? The enemy is nearly always heard at night, but a sight of him is rare. And *five*? Yes, we were assured — and our daughter has great experience in the details of raids — five, and all low, and each caught in the searchlights.

Strange. What in the name of the diabolical was going on, if five were seen, all of them at no great height, in fifteen minutes? In war, it is better to respect a difference until you know its name. A window of the room was opened, and we watched for whatever the dark might disclose. For a minute we looked out on an overcast, moonless, summer midnight. That was all. It was still and warm, and

The *Atlantic* cabled H. M. TOMLINSON to give us his personal account of the robot bombs, and a week after his manuscript arrived came this letter: "On the very morning when we, my wife and I, were shuffling through glass and wreckage (those pilotless bombs!) of our Surrey home, to which we had returned, your welcome letter and the cheque were handed to us through the opening where the door used to be. So you wrote, and paid, far better than you knew. We were cheered up from Boston in the hour when a bit of fun came in handy. . . . I've had good views of the brutes from several disadvantageous points. It's all a lie, of course, to say that London has stopped, or is even afraid — *you* know better than that; but please don't expect liberals over here to have other than cold jaws when looking Germans in the eye about terms. This business settles it. It must have been planned three years ago, a piece of deliberate diabolism of no military use whatever. There is a queer mentality in Germany, evidently, quite incapable of understanding you and me. There is something both hysterical and beastly about it. Fancy shooting prisoners of war, and then burning the bodies! Though they've been doing that to Poles and Jews for years past. This gets hurriedly written amid the litter of my study, now open to the weather. But don't think I'm angry about *that* — dear God, if you but knew how others have suffered, you wouldn't suppose I was fussing over my dose."

the scent of the moist garden came up to remind us of a tranquil once-upon-a-time. We began to wonder whether we had been unduly apprehensive, whether things had been seen which were not there, for your senses become much too acute, after five years of war, plus the Zeppelin nights of that other war.

What was that? A searchlight beyond the dark shoulder of a down, sweeping the keels of clouds, caught a golden shape in its beam, held it, and passed it on to nearer beams. It became caught in a mesh of lights. It did not seem to care. It sped fast towards us, fast and straight. It held at great speed a direct and level course; no swerving, no dodging. A reckless pilot. Then the fireworks began. Colored tracers followed the brilliant specter along, streaming into it, as it hurried in a glowing intersection of rays. A rocket gun went for it, and we saw it no more. But another of them was in sight, and was behaving with the same senseless indifference to danger. I drew the ladies away.

That was no honest bomber. Something odd had begun. What was it? There were occasional shocks that were not of our guns. We sought the innermost recess in the house, and waited. But not for long. Yet another was heard approaching, and its increasing roar told us we were in its track. Its note was something new, too. Anything new in war, while you wait in a confined space, speculating over the nature of a mysterious horror, inordinately protracts the night. There was nothing we could do, though; nothing except stay where we were, and begin to count, when another roar was heard in the distance. I discovered that if I could reach twenty, counting slowly, our house was passed over.

I did much counting that night, while waiting for daylight. By daylight, of course, the nuisance would end. It never waits for sunup these days. The sun seemed to be late, however, for the roaring and rushing outside went on unabated. It never occurred to me that this menace, whatever it was,

might care as little for the sun as for searchlights; but one's mind, on a sleepless night in a cupboard under the stairs, does not do its best for you. It has no time, while calculating the chances in inexplicable sounds; and again, when the cupboard jumps, so do you.

A moment came when I fancied I could see the dim wall of the stairway; and soon there was no doubt of it. There it stood, quite calm. The suggestion of familiar things coming through, in the dawn of another day, when the crisis of the night is nearly past, gives a sense of security. Though how illusory are the reports of our senses! We have discovered we really are transient; that in the twinkling of an eye —

Six o'clock came — no need now for the electric torch — but the noises went on. This was overdoing it. There was no sense in this. It was ill-manners, and I began to grow angry; yet anger without a visible object, I reflected, will only make me as insane as the night has been. While thinking this, I saw mother and daughter suddenly cower and cover their faces; their ears are far better than mine. I began to count. The roaring grew in volume, grew inimical, then abruptly ceased. A crash followed almost at once which shook the bones.

Well, there we still were, anyhow. I was sure a plane had fallen at our front gate, and went to do what I could. When I looked out, our pleasant road, with its trees and shrubberies and shy house-fronts, was empty in a pallid morning to its bend just below me. Nothing had happened. A little later the call came for which we had been waiting: "All clear!"

2

Our daughter, relieved that this was over, though still puzzled by the incidents of the night, departed for her business, as usual. My wife and I assumed that we had now only a common day of wartime to manage. Our girl was back at the door almost at once. What she had seen at the bottom of the road was too much for her, without a space in which to recover. Moreover, she had to warn us. Hitler's secret weapon was in use. What took my eye as much as the havoc, when I went to see it, was the quiet patience of our neighbors, removing armfuls of trifling objects from the wreckage of homes. There was just enough left of that pleasing corner for me to recognize it. Several villas had gone, and those around were like a corner of France, near the front line, in the old bad days.

War, I could see, was expanding itself; it was decidedly progressive; soon the front line in war

would be all degrees of latitude and longitude, and a cradle anywhere on earth would have to face the matter like a battleship. A pine tree I was wont to admire every morning was snapped off at its base, and had fallen on the rose beds of a villa whose cavity walls, so well built, had been entered by blast, with ballooning effects. The oddities of blast some day will suffice as a subject, for they can be fantastic. At the same time, they can be alarming. I noted with dislike the distance it could carry, while yet overlooking nearer objects, as if they were too contemptible to be destroyed. A cheerful policeman stood by the central wreckage, and told me that not a soul had been hurt, bad as it looked. "A man, his wife, and baby came out of that alive," he said, pointing to a tangle of rafters projecting from a mass of gray rubble. They had been underground in a shelter.

Yes, but they do not always come out alive. Not always. I am aware that the official comments on the pilotless plane, which is an aerial torpedo, are just. It does not make days and nights as full of calamity as those of 1940–1941. It is not so dreadful, and it does not interrupt military routine, but it is certainly more unexpected and horrible. The crew of a bomber can be frightened, but the pilotless plane is Frankenstein. It is inhuman; and to see it low in the sky, coming at you in daylight, hurtling and fussing along with its tail of flame, bringing blind death, is as if one's heart now were sure that Chaos had come again. No doubt about it this time. The mind is shocked by this last proof of the mechanical forces that have been evoked; there overhead flies headlong one of the harbingers of doom. You crouch by a wall to leeward, and wait for the burst.

When this happens in a familiar street, whose gardens have advised you for years of the course of the seasons, the arrival there of Frankenstein changes the old values of existence. We see today that the progress of industrial civilization has not been to establishment but to disruption. Evil has been released, and is at large, as a benefit of scientific discovery. Why deny it, when its victims are being removed from the ruin of a child's hostel, from a school, from a hospital, from a church? There is no pretense that this thing can be aimed at military objects. It is an instrument of blind malice, an aimless destroyer. Some fools in the British Parliament cried no, the other day, annoyed when there was candor about the meaning of this latest abomination. But do not some of us remember that it was a feat for rejoicing over, when an airplane first crossed the English Channel; and a little later the Atlantic? And that was only the other day.

Bigger and better Frankensteins? Isn't it time we roused to the way that industry and cleverness, divorced from humanity, are shaping our lives? The truth is, we are not free men. We are very far from being that. I don't suppose slaves at any period in history suffered the restraints and fears which condition our free and civilized communities. As things are with us, the pygmies of the Congo and the savages of the Amazon forests have more happiness and security in their days. So of what worth are our civility and polish? We had better think anew, and look for a means to save ourselves.

3

It is in the little betrayals that the insecurity of our establishment is shown. At high noon yesterday, a beautiful day of summer, I was in a bus in a high street. There was no need for me to look out to see where we were, but a sudden suspicion—a bus drowns most other sounds—made me do so. I got up. People were scattering on the sidewalks. They were flat on their stomachs on the paving. One woman on her hands and knees, still clasping her market basket, was gazing up at heaven. You would never forget the look in her eyes, had you seen it. One of the beasts was dropping over us. The bus brought up with a jolt. You can live a long time in five seconds. Then it came. A column of brown smoke shot up from a side turning. Glass cascaded. The bus still waited, for rescue parties were already speeding across the street to the scene. Then the street resumed its normal flow. But would you expect a man's thoughts to resume their usual flow?

Again, only the other day, I stooped to rescue Coleridge from the splinters of glass, brickbats, and shattered woodwork on the floor of my own room. All our rooms were like it. We were open to the weather. I do not complain. We are lucky, so far. Beyond the end of the garden two villas, for years a feature of our outlook, had disappeared, and some of their people with them; those near-by wrecks were the really disheartening signs.

As we moved about our home, assessing its hurt, my wife was silent. I expected something different, for she has, for long, given some good things great care. She would express a stern opinion presently, I supposed. I was looking at the rubbish and glass on her favored Oriental carpet when she made her first comment. She was not looking at it. She was pointing in sorrow to the place where our neighbors' homes had been, but did not speak. Then she glanced down. "We must get this mess cleared up," she said, and went promptly for the household tools.

But how are we going to get this mess cleared up? And are we not altogether too patient with evil? I think Americans had better know that on this side of the Atlantic a once kindly distinction made by us between Nazis and Germans has gone. Quite gone. The Germans, who are the most industrious and painstaking people in Europe, are evidently dangerous; they are both sentimental and emotional, and so the easiest of fools, politically. Their ideas are not yours, and not mine. We shall never be sure of what they will do next. I do not say we hate them. Hate is waste. We see that hate and pride have corrupted Germany. Nor is vengeance for us to dispense. We are not good enough for that. We are also aware there are nice Germans, but we note they have no influence whatever on the mass of their people, who appear to have been moonstruck for ten years past.

In any country but Germany, Hitler would have aroused interest but as a wild ass, rather larger than the usual run of them; and they breed everywhere. In Germany, however, divinity is accorded to his deafening voice. When a numerous, ingenious, and energetic people accept such a figure as a substitute for law, and disclaim responsibility for the consequences of the lashing of his hoofs, then it is plain they cannot be dealt with as one would deal with rational folk who understand the ground you and I stand on. Not, anyhow, if we would be on the safe side. In settling with the Germans, we must remember to be kind first and last to the rest of our fellows on earth. Peace to men of good will. Any other sentiment for guidance would be suicidal.

A FORGOTTEN POET

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

I

IN 1899, in the ponderous, comfortably padded St. Petersburg of those days, a prominent cultural organization, the Society for the Advancement of Russian Literature, decided to honor in a grand way the memory of the poet Konstantin Perov, who had died half a century before at the ardent age of four-and-twenty. He has been styled the Russian Rimbaud and, although the French boy surpassed him in genius, such a comparison is not wholly unjustified. When only eighteen he composed his remarkable *Georgian Nights*, a long, rambling "dream-epic," certain passages of which rip the veil of its traditional Oriental setting to produce that heavenly draft which suddenly locates the sensorial effect of true poetry right between one's shoulder blades.

This was followed three years later by a volume of poems: he had got hold of some German philosopher or other, and several of these pieces are distressing because of the grotesque attempt at combining an authentic lyrical spasm with a metaphysical explanation of the universe; but the rest are still as vivid and unusual as they were in the days when that queer youth dislocated the Russian vocabulary and twisted the necks of accepted epithets in order to make poetry splutter and scream instead of twittering. Most readers like best those poems of his where the ideas of emancipation, so characteristic of the Russian fifties, are expressed in a glorious storm of obscure eloquence, which, as one critic put it, "does not show you the enemy but makes you fairly burst with the longing to fight." Personally I prefer the purer and at the same time bumpier lyrics such as "The Gypsy" or "The Bat."

Perov was the son of a small landowner of whom

the only thing known is that he tried planting tea on his estate near Luga. Young Konstantin (to use a biographical intonation) spent most of his time in St. Petersburg vaguely attending the University, then vaguely looking for a clerical job — little indeed is known of his activities beyond such trivialities as can be deduced from the general trends of his set. A passage in the correspondence of the famous poet Nekrasov, who happened to meet him once in a bookshop, conveys the image of a sulky, unbalanced, "clumsy and fierce" young man with "the eyes of a child and the shoulders of a furniture mover."

He is also mentioned in a police report as "conversing in low tones with two other students" in a coffeehouse on Nevsky Avenue. And his sister, who married a merchant from Riga, is said to have deplored the poet's emotional adventures with seamstresses and washerwomen. In the autumn of 1849 he visited his father with the special intent of obtaining money for a trip to Spain. His father, a man of simple reactions, slapped him on the face, and a few days later the poor boy was drowned while bathing in the neighboring river. His clothes and a half-eaten apple were found lying under a birch tree, but the body was never recovered.

His fame was sluggish: a passage from the *Georgian Nights*, always the same one, in all anthologies; a violent article by the radical critic Dobrolubov, in 1859, lauding the revolutionary innuendoes of his weakest poems; a general notion in the eighties that a reactionary atmosphere had thwarted and finally destroyed a fine if somewhat inarticulate talent — this was about all.

In the nineties, because of a healthier interest in poetry, coinciding as it sometimes does with a sturdy and dull political era, a flurry of rediscovery started around Perov's rhymes while, on the other hand, the liberal-minded were not averse to following Dobrolubov's cue. The subscription for a monument in one of the public parks proved a perfect

A Russian novelist and poet who now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, VLADIMIR NABOKOV, like Joseph Conrad before him, has trained himself to think and write in English. This is his sixth short story to appear in the *Atlantic* and we think one of his most delightful.

success. A leading publisher collected all the scraps of information available in regard to Perov's life and issued his complete works in one fairly plump volume. The monthlies contributed several scholarly surveys. The commemorative meeting in one of the best halls of the capital attracted a crowd.

2

A FEW minutes before the start, while the speakers were still assembled in a committee room behind the stage, the door opened gustily and there entered a sturdy old man, clad in a frock coat that had seen — on his or on somebody else's shoulders — better times. Without paying the slightest heed to the admonishments of a couple of ribbon-badged University students who, in their capacity of attendants, were attempting to restrain him, he proceeded with perfect dignity towards the committee, bowed, and said, "I am Perov."

A friend of mine, almost twice my age and now the only surviving witness of the event, tells me that the chairman (who as a newspaper editor had a great deal of experience in the matter of extravagant intruders) said without even looking up, "Kick him out." Nobody did — perhaps because one is apt to show a certain courtesy to an old gentleman who is supposedly very drunk. He sat down at the table and, selecting the mildest-looking person, Slavsky, a translator of Longfellow, Heine, and Sully-Prudhomme (and later a member of the terrorist group), asked in a matter-of-fact tone whether the "monument money" had already been collected, and if so, when could he have it.

All the accounts agree on the singularly quiet way in which he made his claim. He did not press his point. He merely stated it as if absolutely unconscious of any possibility of his being disbelieved. What impressed one was that at the very beginning of that weird affair, in that secluded room, among those distinguished men, there he was with his patriarchal beard, faded brown eyes, and potato nose, sedately inquiring about the benefits from the proceedings without even bothering to produce such proofs as might have been faked by an ordinary impostor.

"Are you a relative?" asked someone.

"My name is Konstantin Konstantinovich Perov," said the old man patiently. "I am given to understand that a descendant of my family is in the hall, but that is neither here nor there."

"How old are you?" asked Slavsky.

"I am seventy-four," he replied, "and the victim of several poor crops in succession."

"You are surely aware," remarked the actor Yermakov, "that the poet whose memory we are celebrating tonight was drowned in the river Oredesh exactly fifty years ago."

"Vzdor — nonsense," retorted the old man. "I staged that business for reasons of my own."

"And now, my dear fellow," said the chairman, "I really think you must go."

They dismissed him from their consciousness and flocked out onto the severely lighted platform where another committee table, draped in solemn red cloth, with the necessary number of chairs behind it, had been hypnotizing the audience for some time with the glint of its traditional decanter. To the left of this, one could admire the oil painting loaned by the Sheremetevsky Art Gallery: it represented Perov at twenty-two, a swarthy young man with romantic hair and an open shirt collar. The picture stand was piously camouflaged by means of leaves and flowers. A cathedra with another decanter loomed in front and a grand piano was waiting in the wings to be rolled in later for the musical part of the program.

The hall was well packed with literary people, enlightened lawyers, schoolteachers, scholars, eager students of both sexes, and the like. A few humble agents of the secret police had been delegated to attend the meeting in inconspicuous spots of the hall, as the government knew by experience that the most staid cultural assemblies had a queer knack of slipping into an orgy of revolutionary propaganda. The fact that one of Perov's first poems contained a veiled but benevolent allusion to the officers' mutiny of 1825 suggested taking certain precautions: one never could tell what might happen after a public mouthing of such lines as "the gloomy sough of Siberian larches communicates with the underground ore — *sibirskikh pikht oogrewmyi shorokh s podzemnoy snositsa roodoy.*"

As one of the accounts has it, "soon one became aware that something vaguely resembling a Dostoyevskian row [the memoirist is thinking of a famous slapstick chapter in *The Possessed*] was creating an atmosphere of awkwardness and suspense." This was due to the fact that the old gentleman deliberately followed the seven members of the jubilee committee onto the platform and then attempted to sit down with them at the table. The chairman, being mainly intent upon avoiding a scuffle in full view of the audience, did his best to make him desist. Under the public disguise of a polite smile he whispered to the patriarch that he would have him ejected from the hall if he did not let go the back of the chair which Slavsky, with a

nonchalant air but with a grip of iron, was covertly wresting from under the old man's gnarled hand. The old man refused but lost his hold and was left without a seat. He glanced around, noticed the piano stool in the wings, and coolly pulled it onto the stage just a fraction of a second before the hands of a screened attendant tried to snatch it back. He seated himself at some distance from the table and immediately became exhibit number one.

Here the committee made the fatal mistake of again dismissing his presence from their minds: they were, let it be repeated, particularly anxious to avoid a scene; and moreover, the blue hydrangea next to the picture stand half concealed the obnoxious party from their physical vision. Unfortunately, the old gentleman was most conspicuous to the audience, as he sat there on his unseemly pedestal (with its rotatory potentialities hinted at by a slight recurrent creaking), opening his spectacle case and breathing fish-like upon his glasses, perfectly calm and comfortable, his venerable head, shabby black clothes, and elastic-sided boots simultaneously suggesting the needy Russian professor and the prosperous Russian undertaker.

The chairman went up to the cathedra and launched upon his introductory speech. Whisperings rippled all over the audience, for people were naturally curious to know who the old fellow was. Firmly bespectacled, with his hands on his knees, he peered sideways at the portrait, then turned away from it and inspected the front row. Answering glances could not help shuttling between the shiny dome of his head and the curly head of the portrait, for during the chairman's long speech the details of the intrusion spread, and the imagination of some started to toy with the idea that a poet belonging to an almost legendary period, snugly relegated to it by textbooks, an anachronistic creature, a live fossil in the nets of an ignorant fisherman, a kind of Rip Van Winkle, was actually attending in his drab dotage the reunion dedicated to the glory of his youth.

"... let the name of Perov," said the chairman, ending his speech, "be never forgotten by thinking Russia. Tyutchev has said that Pushkin will always be remembered by our country as a first love. In regard to Perov we may say that he was Russia's first experience in freedom. To a superficial observer this freedom may seem limited to Perov's phenomenal lavishness of poetical images which appeal more to the artist than to the citizen. But we, representatives of a more sober generation, are inclined to decipher for ourselves a deeper, more vital, more human, and more social sense in such lines of his as

"When the last snow hides in the shade of the cemetery wall
and the coat of my neighbor's black horse
shows a swift blue sheen in the swift April sun,
and the puddles are as many heavens cupped
in the Negro-hands of the Earth,
then my heart goes out in its tattered cloak
to visit the poor, the blind, the foolish,
the round backs slaving for the round bellies,
all those whose eyes dulled by care or lust do
not see
the holes in the snow, the blue horse, the miraculous puddle."

A burst of applause greeted this, but all of a sudden there was a break in the clapping, and then disharmonic gusts of laughter; for, as the chairman, still vibrating with the words he had just uttered, went back to the table, the bearded stranger got up and acknowledged the applause by means of jerky nods and awkward wavings of the hand, his expression combining formal gratitude with a certain impatience. Slavsky and a couple of attendants made a desperate attempt to bundle him away, but from the depth of the audience there arose the cries of "Shame, shame!" and "*Astave starika* — Leave the old man alone!"

I find in one of the accounts the suggestion that there were accomplices among the audience, but I think that mass compassion, which may come on as unexpectedly as mass vindictiveness, is sufficient to explain the turn things were taking. In spite of having to cope with three men the "starik" managed to retain a remarkable dignity of demeanor, and when his halfhearted assailants retired and he retrieved the piano stool that had been knocked down during the struggle, there was a murmur of satisfaction. However, the regrettable fact remained that the atmosphere of the meeting was hopelessly impaired. The younger and rowdier members of the audience were beginning to enjoy themselves hugely. The chairman, his nostrils quivering, poured himself out a tumbler of water. Two secret agents were cautiously exchanging glances from two different points of the house.

3

THE speech of the chairman was followed by the treasurer's account of the sums received from various institutions and private persons for the erection of a Perov monument in one of the suburban parks. The old man unhurriedly produced a bit of paper and a stubby pencil and, propping the paper on his knee, began to check the figures which were being mentioned. Then the granddaughter of Perov's sister appeared for a moment on the stage. The organizers had had some trouble with this item of

the program since the person in question, a fat, popeyed, wax-pale young woman, was being treated for melancholia in a home for mental patients. With twisted mouth and all dressed up in pathetic pink, she was shown to the audience for a moment and then whisked back into the firm hands of a buxom woman delegated by the home.

When Yermakov, who in those days was the darling of theatergoers, a kind of "beau tenor" in terms of the drama, began delivering in his chocolate-cream voice the Prince's speech from the *Georgian Nights*, it became clear that even his best fans were more interested in the reactions of the old man than in the beauty of the delivery. At the lines

If metal is immortal, then somewhere
there lies the burnished button that I lost
upon my seventh birthday in a garden.
Find me that button and my soul will know
that every soul is saved and stored and treasured

a chink appeared for the first time in his composure and he slowly unfolded a large handkerchief and lustily blew his nose — a sound which sent Yermakov's heavily adumbrated, diamond-bright eye squinting like that of a timorous steed.

The handkerchief was returned to the folds of the coat and only several seconds after this did it become noticeable to the people in the first row that tears were trickling from under his glasses. He did not attempt to wipe them, though once or twice his hand did go up to his spectacles with claw-wise spread fingers, but it dropped again, as if by any such gesture (and this was the culminating point of the whole delicate masterpiece) he was afraid to attract attention to his tears. The tremendous applause that followed the recitation was certainly more a tribute to the old man's performance than to the poem in Yermakov's rendering. Then, as soon as the applause petered out, he stood up and marched towards the edge of the platform.

There was no attempt on the part of the committee to stop him, and this for two reasons. First, the chairman, driven to exasperation by the old man's conspicuous behavior, had gone out for a moment and given a certain order. In the second place, a medley of strange doubts was beginning to unnerve some of the organizers, so that there was a complete hush when the old man placed his elbows on the cathedra.

"And this is fame," he said in such a husky voice that from the back rows there came cries of "Gromche, gromche — Louder, louder!"

"I am saying that this is fame," he repeated, grimly peering over his spectacles at the audience. "A score of frivolous poems, words made to joggle

and jingle, and a man's name is remembered as if he had been of some use to humanity! No, gentlemen, do not delude yourselves. Our empire and the throne of our father the Tsar still stand as they stood, akin to frozen thunder in their invulnerable might, and the misguided youth who scribbled rebellious verse half a century ago is now a law-abiding old man respected by honest citizens. An old man, let me add, who needs your protection. I am the victim of the elements: the land I had plowed with my sweat, the lambs I had personally suckled, the wheat I had seen waving its golden arms —"

It was then that two enormous policemen quickly and painlessly removed the old man. The audience had a glimpse of his being rushed out — his dickey protruding one way, his beard the other, a cuff dangling from his wrist, but still that gravity and that pride in his eyes.

When reporting the celebration, the leading dailies referred only in passing to the "regrettable incident" that had marred it. But the disreputable *St. Petersburg Record*, a lurid and reactionary rag edited by the brothers Kherstov for the benefit of the lower middle class and of a blissfully semi-literate substratum of working people, blazed forth with a series of articles maintaining that the "regrettable incident" was nothing less than the reappearance of the authentic Perov.

4

IN THE meantime, the old man had been collected by the very wealthy and vulgarly eccentric merchant Gromov, whose household was full of vagabond monks, quack doctors, and "pogromystics." The *Record* printed interviews with the impostor. In these the latter said dreadful things about the "lackeys of the revolutionary party" who had cheated him of his identity and robbed him of his money. This money he proposed to obtain by law from the publishers of Perov's complete works. A drunken scholar attached to the Gromov household pointed out the (unfortunately rather striking) similarity between the old man's features and those of the portrait.

There appeared a detailed but most unpalatable account of his having staged a suicide in order to lead a Christian life in the bosom of Saint Russia. He had been everything: a peddler, a bird-catcher, a ferryman on the Volga, and had wound up by acquiring a bit of land in a remote province. I have seen a copy of a sordid-looking booklet, *The Death and Resurrection of Konstantin Perov*, which used to be sold on the streets by shivering beggars, together

with the *Adventures of the Marquis de Sade* and the *Memoirs of an Amazon*.

My best find, however, in looking through old files, is a smudgy photograph of the bearded impostor perched upon the marble of the unfinished Perov monument in a leafless park. He is seen standing very straight with his arms folded; he wears a round fur cap and a new pair of galoshes but no overcoat; a little crowd of his backers is gathered at his feet, and their little white faces stare into the camera with that special navel-eyed, self-complacent expression peculiar to old pictures of lynching parties.

Given this atmosphere of flroid hooliganism and reactionary smugness (so closely linked up with governmental ideas in Russia, no matter whether the Tsar be called Alexander, Nicholas, or Joe), the intelligentsia could hardly bear to visualize the disaster of identifying the pure, ardent, revolutionary-minded Perov as represented by his poems with a vulgar old man wallowing in a painted pigsty. The tragic part was that while neither Gromov nor the Kherstov brothers really believed the purveyor of their fun was the true Perov, many honest, cultivated people had become obsessed by the impossible thought that what they had ejected was Truth and Justice.

As a recently published letter from Slavsky to Korolenko has it: "One shudders to think that a gift of destiny unparalleled in history, the Lazarus-like resurrection of a great poet of the past, may be ungratefully ignored — nay, even more, deemed a fiendish deceit on the part of a man whose only crime has been half a century of silence and a few minutes of wild talk." The wording is muddled but the gist is clear: intellectual Russia was less afraid of falling victim to a hoax than of sponsoring a hideous blunder. But there was something she was still more afraid of, and that was the destruction of an ideal; for your radical is ready to upset everything in the world except any such trivial bauble, no matter how doubtful and dusty, that for some reason or other radicalism has enshrined.

It is rumored that at a certain secret session of the Society for the Advancement of Russian Literature the numerous insulting epistles that the old man kept sending in were carefully compared by experts with a very old letter written by the poet in his teens. It had been discovered in a certain private archive, was believed to be the only sample of Perov's hand, and none except the scholars who pored over its faded ink knew of its existence. Neither do we know what their findings were.

It is further rumored that a lump of money was amassed and that the old man was approached

without the knowledge of his disgraceful companions. Apparently, a substantial monthly pension was to be granted him under the condition that he return at once to his farm and stay there in decorous silence and oblivion. Apparently, too, the offer was accepted, for he vanished as jerkily as he had appeared, while Gromov consoled himself for the loss of his pet by adopting a shady hypnotizer of French extraction who a year or two later was to enjoy some success at the Court.

The monument was duly unveiled and became a great favorite with the local pigeons. The sales of the collected works fizzled out genteelly in the middle of a fourth edition. Finally, a few years later, in the region where Perov had been born, the oldest though not necessarily the brightest inhabitant told a lady journalist that he remembered his father telling him of finding a skeleton in a reedy part of the river.

5

THIS would have been all had not the revolution come, turning up slabs of rich earth together with the white rootlets of little plants and fat mauve worms which otherwise would have remained buried. When, in the early twenties, in the dark, hungry, but morbidly active city, various odd cultural institutions sprouted (such as bookshops where famous but destitute writers sold their own books, and so on), somebody or other earned a couple of months' living by arranging a little Perov museum, and this led to yet another resurrection.

The exhibits? All of them except one (the letter). A secondhand past in a shabby hall. The oval-shaped eyes and brown locks of the precious Sheremetevsky portrait (with a crack in the region of the open collar suggesting a tentative beheading); a battered volume of the *Georgian Nights* that was thought to have belonged to Nekrasov; an indifferent photograph of the village school built on the spot where the poet's father had owned a house and an orchard. An old glove that some visitor to the museum had forgotten. Several editions of Perov's works distributed in such a way as to occupy the greatest possible space.

And because all these poor relics still refused to form a happy family, several period articles had been added, such as the dressing gown that a famous radical critic had worn in his rococo study, and the chains he had worn in his wooden Siberian prison. But there again, since neither this nor the portraits of various writers of the time were bulky enough, a model of the first railway train to run in Russia (in the forties, between St. Petersburg and Tsarskoye

Selo) had been installed in the middle of that dismal room.

The old man, now well over ninety, but still articulate in speech and reasonably erect in carriage, would show you around the place as if he were your host instead of being the janitor. One had the odd impression that presently he would lead you into the next (non-existing) room, where supper would be served. All that he really possessed, however, was a stove behind a screen and the bench on which he slept; but if you bought one of the books exhibited for sale at the entrance he would autograph it for you as a matter of course.

Then one morning he was found dead on his bench by the woman who brought him his food. Three quarrelsome families lived for a while in the

museum, and soon nothing remained of its contents. And as if some great hand with a great rasping sound had torn out a great bunch of pages from a number of books, or as if some frivolous story-writer had bottled an imp of fiction in the vessel of truth, or as if —

But no matter. Somehow or other, in the next twenty years or so, Russia lost all contact with Perov's poetry. Young Soviet citizens know as little about his works as they do about mine. No doubt a time will come when he will be republished and re-admired; still, one cannot help feeling that, as things stand, people are missing a great deal. One wonders also what future historians will make of the old man and his extraordinary contention. But that, of course, is a matter of secondary importance.



ON REREADING GIBBON

by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

1

I HAVE just been rereading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* for what may be anything from the tenth to the fifteenth time. The work has become so imbedded in memory and consciousness that I find myself instinctively looking ahead for the finest descriptive passages, the most sonorously phrased judgments, the frequent fine-edged ironical thrusts at bigotry and superstition.

This permanent fascination of Gibbon is not a matter of mere personal taste. Difficult as it may be to believe, in this age of "Mairzy Doats" and radio crooners, the *Decline and Fall*, in its stout, inexpensive two-volume Modern Library edition, is a best-seller.

Equally learned histories gather dust on the shelves. More specialized modern works on Roman and Byzantine history, containing material which, in some cases, was unavailable to Gibbon, fall far short of his wide popular appeal. What has marked out the work of the fat, unromantic-looking little

Englishman who gave up a beautiful bride for a comfortable inheritance, and lived in epicurean comfort in Switzerland, for an audience so much larger than the ordinary historian can hope to reach?

There is, I suspect, no single explanation of Gibbon's appeal. His popularity is rather to be attributed to a variety of qualities. There is the majesty of his style, so well suited to the tragic grandeur of his subject, a major civilization and political organism in decline. There is the vivid descriptive faculty that bridges vast gulfs of time and space and culture and makes living human beings out of the Byzantine Emperor, the barbarian chieftain, the Asiatic conqueror, the Mohammedan enthusiast. There is the rare gift of the telling phrase that often conveys so much in so little.

Gibbon's gift of superb irony alone would win him many readers. And, although he sincerely tries to realize the ideal of the objective historian, his likes and dislikes are sometimes visible and make him a more human figure, in closer touch with his readers. It was a bad day for monks and passionate theologians when Gibbon took pen in hand. And he makes a gallant and not unsuccessful attempt to redeem the character of that interesting prince,

For eighteen years a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Russia, Japan, and France, and now a lecturer on Japan at the Harvard School for Overseas Administration, WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN has been rereading the *Decline and Fall* in a summer as fateful as any Gibbon ever knew.

Julian the Apostate, from the obloquy of ecclesiastical chroniclers.

Like all truly great historians, Gibbon is a philosopher. He is not content to be a mere collector of facts. He is in no sense a cheap popularizer of history. His scholarship is conscientious and profound. But he can always look beyond the mass of minute detail to perceive the larger forces that are working out in the rise of a faith or the fall of a dynasty.

He conveys much of the intellectual spirit of his own age as he reconstructs and comments on the events and characters of a remote past. He is one of the most persuasive voices of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, a spiritual kinsman of his contemporaries, Montesquieu and Voltaire, and also of Hume and Locke.

This eighteenth-century Enlightenment was a rationalistic interlude between the clashing religious fanaticisms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the new storms of political and social passion that broke with the French Revolution. It was a time when absolute monarchs liked to pose as progressive philosophers. The exponents of the Enlightenment had freed themselves from the grip of theological dogma without feeling obliged to take a stand on either side of the intellectual barricades that arose all over Europe in response to the stern challenge of the slogan "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

So in Gibbon one finds eloquent expression of the values of an era in which reason and skepticism heavily outweigh faith and emotion. And I suspect that some of us, in this age of unusual and almost universal violence and change, this age of global wars and sweeping revolutions, look back with a certain nostalgic attraction to the period reflected in the pages of Gibbon. The deluge of the French Revolution had not burst, and wars were conducted with some of the elaborate ceremonial restraint of a minuet when an author could write:—

The laws and manners of modern nations protect the safety and freedom of the vanquished soldier; and the peaceful citizen has seldom reason to complain that his life or even his fortune is exposed to the rage of war.

The rest of the country and community (apart from professional soldiers) enjoys in the midst of war the tranquillity of peace, and is only made sensible of the change by the aggravation or decrease of the public taxes.

In the heat of disputes provoked by a global war that is sometimes interpreted as part of a still unfinished world-wide revolution, it is refreshing to cool off in the contemplation of this piece of eighteenth-century indifferentism:—

The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false and by the magistrate as equally useful.

Perspective is a gift that is especially appropriate to a historian. And Gibbon possesses this quality in full measure. Speaking of the neighborhood of Rome, he remarks that "on that celebrated ground the first consuls deserved triumphs, their successors adorned villas, and *their* posterity have erected convents."

Here, in a pithy phrase, one catches the images of three far-removed historical eras, the heroic and luxurious periods of ancient Rome and the later time when Rome was a power in Europe not through its arms but through its religion.

An ordinary historian would have been content with recording the facts of the sack of Damascus, the old Syrian city, by Timur, the builder of pyramids of human heads. But Gibbon notes that the savagery of the conqueror, in this case, was stimulated by an element of religious fanaticism. Timur wanted to avenge the death of an early Moslem martyr, Hosein, and Gibbon conveys a tragedy in a sentence:—

After a period of seven centuries Damascus was reduced to ashes, because a Tartar was moved by religious zeal to avenge the blood of an Arab.

2

THE *Decline and Fall* is a remarkable illustration of a grand theme treated in a grand style. Gibbon, like most educated men of his time, was steeped in the Greek and Latin classics. The eloquently compressed characterizations of Thucydides and Tacitus, the rolling periods of Cicero, the sharp epigrams of Juvenal, clearly helped to shape his own literary style. It is fortunate that the qualities of classical prose and verse are thus preserved, even at second hand, when Greek has almost disappeared from the American educational scene and Latin is in a state of serious decline.

There is no single date that accurately marks the "fall" of Rome. The Empire of the West succumbed to a gradual process of internal weakness and decay that reached a high point of catastrophic dissolution in the fifth century. But the sack of Rome by Alaric the Goth in 410 was perhaps the supreme tragedy; it marked the first fall of the city to a foreign conqueror. And Gibbon, after telling how the inhabitants were awakened by "the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet," pronounces this impressive epitaph on the fallen capital:—

Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial City, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The correspondent who can find as good a lead for some climactic event of the present war should receive Pulitzer Prize consideration.

Still more vivid, because there is a personal hero in the tragedy, is the account of the siege and capture of Constantinople, the New Rome, by the Turks more than a thousand years later. The Byzantine Empire had been reduced to a shadowy fragment of its former proportions. When Sultan Mohammed II moved to the attack on the capital, little remained of the Empire beyond the walls of Constantinople.

But the last Emperor, Constantine XIII, displayed a devoted courage that was all the more striking because of the ignoble record of his many weak and vicious predecessors. Gibbon's picture of this last Christian Emperor of the East fighting and dying under the walls of his doomed capital is one of the finest descriptive passages in historical literature. One can almost hear the last mournful cry of Constantine, whose one fear was to be captured alive:—

"Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?"

The many flashing phrases of Winston Churchill stem from a classical tradition which Gibbon follows. And much of the appeal of this most familiar history of Old and New Rome is derived from the nervous vigor of its brief expressions. Gibbon possesses the rare gift of making a sentence, or even a conditional clause, express more than a page of involved narration. These few words convey an adequate character sketch of the Emperor Septimius Severus:—

He promised only to betray, he flattered only to ruin.

Here are a few phrases of the unmistakable Gibbon stamp, always forceful, often ironical, always calculated to fix and hold the attention:—

Two generals who indulged themselves in a very false and favorable opinion of their own abilities.

A feeble and ineffectual murmur of profane reason.

He retired with an ample fortune and suspicious integrity.

The fearless confidence of intoxication.

A deplorable picture of the second childhood of human reason.

A state of premature and perpetual decay.

The vain security of ignorance.

This image of a carnal paradise¹ has provoked the indignation, perhaps the envy of the monks.

The *Decline and Fall* is an excellent refutation of the idea that a stately style is necessarily dull and pedantic. I first read it through when I was twelve years old. I would not wish to suggest that at that age—or now, for that matter—I felt entirely at home amid the intricacies of the Monophysite controversy and some of the other doctrinal disputes of the early Church. (Yet Gibbon's chapter on the furious arguments, often leading to bloodshed and violence, which raged about the mystery of the Incarnation is one of the most lucid and impartial expositions of an arid subject; it begins with the skeptical reproach that the Christians, after the downfall of paganism, "were more solicitous to explore the nature than to practise the laws of their founder.")

I may have cheated now and then, in reading through the history, by skipping some of the more detailed accounts of the laws of Justinian or the administrative innovations of Diocletian. A taste for law and theology develops late, if at all, in the average human being. But there is a very plentiful element of excitement and adventure and personal drama in Gibbon that can catch the attention and hold the interest of a young reader. He makes the most of the pageantry and color of the periods which he describes. He can rescue a courageous or generous figure from the obscurity of a dark and little-known period, and he can almost literally blast a contemptible ruler with a contemptuous phrase. So, referring to one of the decadent later Emperors, Valentinian III, whose principal achievement was the murder of his ablest minister, Aëtius, he says:—

The luxury of Rome seems to have attracted the long and frequent visits of Valentinian, who was consequently more despised at Rome than in any other part of his dominions.

Honorius, the feeble son of Theodosius, last ruler of a united empire, is dismissed with an anecdote extracted from some chronicle:—

The amusement of feeding poultry became the serious and daily care of the monarch of the West.

3

GIBBON's grave irony was partly an expression of his temperament, partly a concession to the inhibitions of his time. Complete freedom of discussion of religious matters was not assured. A blunt

¹Gibbon had been describing, with a mildly salacious touch, the sensual pleasures of the Mohammedan future life.

statement of his skeptical attitude toward miracles, of his negative judgment on some of the saints of the Church, might have created difficulties for the publication of his work.

He attained his objectives by the indirect methods of sly innuendo, of indulging in calculated understatements, tempting the normally intelligent reader to look between the lines, of citing the testimony of unimpeachable ecclesiastical authorities for some of the less savory incidents of Church power politics. Some passages in his famous Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters, which deal with the rise of Christianity, might be recommended to a newspaperman about to face a stiff type of political censorship. One of the best examples of this ironical method is to be found in this passage, near the end of the Fifteenth Chapter: —

But how shall we excuse the supine inattention of the Pagan and philosophic world to those evidences which were presented by the hand of Omnipotence not to their reason, but to their senses? During the age of Christ, of his apostles and of their first disciples, the doctrine which they preached was confirmed by innumerable prodigies. The lame walked, the blind saw, the sick were healed, the dead were raised, demons were expelled, and the laws of Nature were frequently suspended for the benefit of the Church. But the sages of Greece and Rome turned aside from the awful spectacle and, pursuing the ordinary occupations of life and study, appeared unconscious of any alteration in the moral or physical government of the world.

The verbal camouflage here proved so effective that a well-meaning, simple-minded member of a sect which lays much emphasis on the possibilities of healing by spiritual means once triumphantly cited it as proof that even an infidel historian recognized the power of healing possessed by the primitive Church. The same quality of suave and worldly irony is to be found in many of Gibbon's other references to ecclesiastical dogmas and disputes.

One can imagine the dry twinkle in his eyes as he writes that the early Church delivered over to eternal torture the far greater part of the human species. One can almost hear him chuckle as he gravely notes that Tours was probably not the only city where the bones of a malefactor were mistaken for those of a saint. Other examples of the ironical thrusts of Gibbon's incorrigibly rationalist mind are as follows: —

Their secret reluctance to embrace the divinity of the Holy Ghost clouded the splendor of the triumph.

Ecclesiastical writers who, in the heat of religious faction, are apt to despise the profane virtues of sincerity and moderation.

Gibbon displays an implacable antipathy to the theory and practice of monastic life. Even when he feels obliged in fairness to record the courageous action of the monk Telemachus, who sacrificed his own life in order to stop the gladiatorial combats, he cannot repress the dig that the death of Telemachus was "more useful to mankind than his life." And he hastens to add in a footnote that "no church has been dedicated, no altar has been erected to the only monk who died a martyr in the cause of humanity."

He quotes with obvious zest the judgment of a "profane magistrate" that the monks are victims of disease or of a consciousness of guilt. In one of his more vivid phrases he speaks of "the swarm of monks who arose from the Nile, overspread and darkened the face of the Christian world." He notes with malicious satisfaction that "some savage saints of both sexes have been admired, whose naked bodies were covered only by their long hair" and that, in the sixth century, a hospital was founded at Jerusalem for "austere penitents who were deprived of their senses."

He finds one of the most striking illustrations of the decline of Roman culture and civilization in the contrast which he draws between Cicero and Cato, on one side, and some fanatical monks, on the other. One of the latter was that curious figure, St. Simeon Stylites, who anticipated and surpassed our most inveterate "flagpole sitters" by spending a large part of his life on the top of a lofty column.

Eighteenth-century intellectualism, with its exaltation of reason and its contempt for "enthusiasm," was very unreceptive to mystical impulses. Gibbon is perhaps unfair to monasticism, since he dwells on the excesses of some of the monks without taking full account of the appalling collapse of civilized life under the blows of the barbarians in the fifth century and the Saracens in the seventh and eighth.

It was this collapse that drove many individuals, by no means all crackpots or cowards, to flee from what seemed to be a dying world into the security and supposed salvation of the monastery or the hermitage. The case for the monks is presented by Charles Kingsley in his *Hypatia*, a mediocre novel, certainly, but an interesting sketch of life and thought in the chaotic fifth century.

4

ALONG with many elements of greatness there are defects and limitations in Gibbon. The lucid, penetrating skepticism that is an admirable corrective

for dogmatic absurdities and pious frauds sometimes leads to a loss of the sense of proportion. The humanizing and democratizing aspects of Christianity are rather grudgingly recognized, when they are recognized at all.

The first half of the massive work is better designed than the second. The flow of narrative until the disappearance of the Empire in the West is unified and coherent. But the treatment of the Byzantine Empire is less satisfactory. Partly, perhaps, because of the historian's profound contempt for the Byzantine spirit, and partly because of inadequate material, the picture of the Eastern Empire, in its phases of growth and decline, is somewhat blurred and dim. The binding unity of the first part of the history is lost. The digressions, interesting as these often are in themselves, into the adventures of the Normans and the Crusaders and the conquests and wanderings of the tribes of Asia tend to expand the history beyond reasonable limits.

There have been numerous valuable archaeological discoveries since Gibbon's death, and the science of deciphering and collating medals and inscriptions has made considerable progress. Gibbon gives to the social and economic institutions of the Roman and Byzantine Empires less attention than a modern historian would probably find appropriate.

Yet, when one has made every reasonable critical discount, the *Decline and Fall*, with its combination of scholarship and imagination, brilliant descriptive power, and delicate irony, stands on an eminence that few histories have reached. Henry Adams, who repeated Gibbon's pilgrimage to the ruins of the Capitol, where the idea of the mighty work was conceived, suggests that even Gibbon did not truly explain the Fall.

This criticism is scarcely justified. Some of the subtler and more obscure causes of the collapse of Roman society may have escaped Gibbon's attention. But he analyzes clearly and convincingly some of the major elements in the catastrophe. These were the atrophy of private energy and resourcefulness under the overshadowing power of an omnipotent state; the degeneration, first in discipline, then in courage and physical endurance, of the legions; the gradual shift in the balance of military strength to the side of the barbarians.

There was no single battle in which the Empire could be said to have met its doom. In the later period of its existence the Roman frontiers were defended as much as they were attacked by the strong arms of the barbarians. Migration and infiltration played as great a part in the disintegration as outright invasion and conquest. Gibbon

repeatedly brings out the close association between the decline in military vigor and political independence and the increasing paralysis of creative thought and achievement in literature and the arts. Perhaps the Roman Empire was predestined to fall because it had become a static society. By the time of Augustus the natural frontiers of the realm had been attained. Further territorial expansion was at once too risky and too burdensome.

The outlet for energy which science and its application afford to the modern world was denied to the subjects of the Antonines. An all-powerful absolutism dried up the old sources of individual vigor. A process of accelerated dry rot from within, which rendered the Empire more and more vulnerable to attack from without, became almost inescapable.

Gibbon considers the age of the Antonines (A.D. 138-180) the happiest and most prosperous in the history of the world. It is true that there has never been a period, before or since, when so many people in Europe and in the adjacent sections of Africa and Asia lived in peace under the rule of able and benevolent sovereigns. But this well-being was fragile and precarious.

It depended too exclusively on the character of the absolute ruler. And Lord Acton's dictum that power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely, found many gory illustrations in the lives of the degenerate Emperors who followed the noble Stoic philosopher Marcus Aurelius. While Marcus Aurelius read lectures on philosophy to his subjects, his stupid and bloodthirsty son Commodus hunted beasts in the arena and slaughtered many of the noblest and ablest of his father's counselors.

The Commodus type always predominates over the Marcus Aurelius type in the annals of despotism. But even if this were not true, even if it had been possible to prolong the succession of "good Emperors" which came to an end with Marcus Aurelius, good intentions on the part of the absolute ruler could have been no substitute, over a long period, for the vital sap of self-government.

5

GIBBON's work embraces a perspective of thirteen centuries. One of the causes of its popularity is certainly its almost prophetic relevance to modern events. Pius XII was following in the footsteps of many of his predecessors, notably Leo I and Gregory I, when he made every effort to save the city of Rome from the devastation of war. Gibbon tells the story of the Ostrogoth chieftain Totila, appropriate hero of a Nazi propaganda play in the first years of

Hitler's regime. Totila conceived the idea of razing Rome and turning its site into a pasture for cattle. Fortunately he abandoned this plan. The Romans of the sixth century doubtless breathed more easily when Totila moved away to lose his kingdom and his life in an unsuccessful battle, just as the modern Romans must have felt a new sense of security when the last German soldiers disappeared.

The Emperor Probus, in the third century of the Christian era, anticipated the Maginot Line by constructing a wall from the Rhine to the Danube, designed to prevent German invasions. Gibbon pronounced an unconscious judgment on the whole Maginot Line psychology when he offered the following comment on the undertaking of Probus:—

The experience of the world, from China to Britain, has exposed the vain attempt of fortifying any extensive tract of country. An active enemy, who can select and vary his points of attack, must in the end discover some feeble spot, or some unguarded moment.

One acquires a keen sense of the unchanging influence of geography when one learns from Gibbon that the Visigoths, in the fourth century, drew up a line of defense against the Huns, in Southeastern Europe, coinciding very closely with the line which the Germans took up after their retreat from the Ukraine in the spring of 1944.

The judicial methods of totalitarian regimes are foreshadowed in this reference to the fate of Licinius, one of the fallen rivals of Constantine:—

According to the rules of tyranny he was accused of forming a conspiracy, and of holding a treasonable correspondence with the barbarians; but, as he was never convicted, either by his own conduct or by any legal evidence, we may perhaps be allowed, from his weakness, to presume his innocence.

In the last period of the declining Empire the Roman general Aëtius formed an alliance with the Goths against the Huns, who followed the leadership of Attila, "the Scourge of God." Attila's progress was checked in the sanguinary battle of Châlons. Gibbon sums up the whole theory of the balance of power when he shows us Aëtius surveying the battlefield and "observing, with secret satisfaction, that the loss had principally fallen on the barbarians." And a large part of the inhabited world today bears witness to the truth of Gibbon's reflective observation: "Man has industriously labored for his own destruction."

Apart from its wide intrinsic appeal, there are two characteristics of Gibbon's masterpiece that make it especially significant for our time. The author possesses many of the mental qualities that will be most needed when the work of destruction gives way

to the more complex task of restoration. Among these are a firm grasp of the great traditional laws that have governed statecraft and international relations, cool and temperate judgment, instinctive suspicion of extravagant, one-sided propaganda, capacity for taking the long view.

Moreover, the Europe of today, rent with national and social feuds, hungry and impoverished, threatened with plague and famine, is all too similar to the declining eras of Roman and Byzantine society which are the subject of Gibbon's history. In one of his most interesting passages the philosophic historian discusses the possibility that his own contemporary European civilization might be submerged in a wave of barbarism.

He came to the conclusion—too optimistic, it would seem, in the light of our present-day knowledge—that "it couldn't happen here." "Europe," he writes, "is secure from any future irruption of barbarians, since, before they can conquer, they must cease to be barbarians." Gibbon here assumes too readily an identification of the humanistic aspects of civilization with the mechanical and scientific achievements which, in his time as in ours, were essential to success in war. He did not foresee the possibility that barbarism might conquer Europe not from without, but from within.

With the balance sheet of the present war still unreckoned in every sense, with its long-range consequences still unpredictable, one would need the support of a very robust optimism to assert as confidently as does Gibbon that "every age of the world has increased and still increases the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge and perhaps the virtue of the human race." This was probably true for Gibbon's own century, the eighteenth; it was certainly true for the nineteenth. But can we yet be sure about the twentieth? Gibbon has worthily described what he calls "the greatest, perhaps, and most awful scene in the history of mankind." Our appreciation of the tragedy of a civilization, of a vast continental area, should be quickened by what we have seen with our own eyes.

Many centuries of darkness and chaos had to pass before the cultural and material achievements of the Roman Empire were equaled, and surpassed, by the flowering of modern Europe that began with the Renaissance. Gibbon teaches us the lesson, hard but very applicable to our age, that the course of human development is not always forward and upward. In reading and rereading his incomparably instructive history, we may well hope that modern Europe, after an ordeal comparable with that of the declining Roman Empire, will not be compelled to wait equally long for a new Renaissance.

SOLDIER VERSE

INFILTRATION COURSE

by EDWARD FENTON

American Field Service

Nor in the Manuals of Instruction, telling
you how to mount and take the guns apart;
how to load and account for each minute deflection;
not in the precise and automatic drilling
(march and countermarch till eyeballs smart

with the sun and dust against them fiercely striking);
nor in the detonators of the mines,
delicately adjusted; nor the pierce
of bayonet ripping through brown sacking;
nor even in the arbitrary lines

drawn by barbed wire to mark the hostile holding,
are traced the truthful lineaments of war.
Maneuvers are charades, and at the most
you learn to filter through such hazards, folding
your body against danger, while before

you only clear objectives lie — revealing,
as you gain them, how to guard your head
and how to keep your belly close, and why
the things you do are done.

You have no feeling
that the soldiers labeled dead are really dead.

Within yourself you find the war. While learning
to crouch and dodge and thrust, you move alone
and lost to everything you knew before.
Having advanced beyond all backward turning,
impenetrably cut off, you now push on
with only hands, fear, and your life to call your own.

TWO POEMS

by CAPTAIN RICHARD G. HUBLER

United States Marine Corps

DEATH

DEATH is a quire of red tape.

It is posting a name in the MIA column.
It is dropping a name from the OD roster.

It is listing the contents of a field trunk
And sunning the blankets.

It is a routine call for replacements
And the curse of a corporal.

It is a good word said by silence
And an extra bottle of warm beer.

SONG FOR A PILOT

Who plows the sky, said a wise man,
Shows himself a fool;
But he went out to plow it —
Taught in a different school.

Who sows the wind, says Scripture,
Must reap and reap again;
But he went out to sow the wind —
And reaped the bitter grain.

He took his death like charity,
Like nothing understood;
He freshened all the oldest words
With all his blood.

CONVALESCENT

by CORPORAL EPHIM G. FOGEL

United States Army, Combat Engineers

Sit on the sun-drenched lawn, remembering
How danger crouched in the grass and sprang
When you turned your back on the quiet field.
Danger was not ahead
Where mortars roared like mad
And a sudden bomb scooped out a ragged crater.
It lay in subtle guise
In the unexpected mine
Amid the innocent grass;
It was death behind the door
In the abandoned house;
It was poison in the crystal waters of the well.
Danger was not the dark
Where earth showed gaunt beneath the ghostly flares
And rifles flamed from the hostile wood.
Danger was open day,
The Stuka from the cloud,
The sniper sighting from the friendly trees —
Danger was these.

Now, on the sun-drenched lawn, remembering
The peaceful masks of death,
The serene guises
Of its surprises,
Forget to be afraid
Of the innocent day and the artless cloud,
The guiltless grass and the open door
Through which emerges now the nurse,
Chattering in cheery morning manner,
Bearing a tall glass pitcher, the walls of it beaded with water,
Filled with crystal water, cool upon the tongue.

MECHANIC

by CORPORAL JOHN CIARDI

United States Army Air Forces

His fingers that are ten wrought steels
To touch the life of engines, wings, and wheels
Label his lore and lover's history.
He knows her touch and every tracery
Of all the million dendrites of her wires,
Her whim with instruments, what sudden fires
Lurk in her dangerous mood, her monstrous rage —
The life of steel that steel cannot quite cage;
Of engine, prop, and bomb. And last, her grace
And endless look of cloud and space.

He is her perfect lover. Dour and lean,
Father, historian, and her tiniest part.
An age will end when first his hands grow clean
And only blood flows through his metal heart.

He has a name. No matter. The machine
Whose part and function he was born
Is all his history need rest upon.
He mounts his path of glory every night
In watching her perform her perfect flight
With all her spinning angles opened wide
To spurn him on the distance of her ride.

And till she reappear out of her sky
No waitresses may lure him, no dice win,
Nor any neon doorway tempt to sin,
But rapt alone, he hears the juke box cry.

SEASONAL

by LIEUTENANT EDWARD WEISMILLER

United States Marine Corps Reserve

Now falls as always on the fields of trees
Indifferent autumn — moving to despair
Only man, who in what terror sees
Eventual April, with himself not there:

He hears in hard wind the sentencing word;
In rain he feels a continuous mode of grief,
And his heart drops like a stone sinking like a bird
Settling like a fallen leaf.

Everywhere windy ruin daubs the sky
With wet, unvarying gray, or white or frost.
Man's resignation says this will go by,
But he himself is lost;

And standing under the untransmuted oak
He gazes long at his strange, perishing breath —
Puts on nostalgia like a dragging cloak,
And thinks cold thoughts of death.

MARK TWAIN: BUSINESS MAN

Letters and Memoirs

Edited by SAMUEL CHARLES WEBSTER

WHEN Sam Clemens began his training as a river pilot, he made his home with his sister, Pamela Clemens Moffett, in St. Louis. Pamela's daughter Annie, five years old at the time, fell in love with her dashing, chestnut-haired uncle Sam. When Annie grew up, she married Charles L. Webster, who for many years was to be Mark Twain's publisher, man of business, and close friend. Annie's recollections and the hundreds of Mark Twain letters to her husband have been skillfully edited for the *Atlantic* by her son, Samuel Charles Webster. None of this correspondence has been published before. This is the fifth of six installments. — THE EDITOR

1

IN the autumn of 1884, Mark Twain was preparing to start on a four months' lecture tour with George W. Cable, the novelist. Cable, who was hired by Mark Twain at a salary of \$450 a week plus expenses, took turns in the reading. The lecture agent, J. B. Pond, arranged the itinerary, collected the fees, and transmitted the money to Charles L. Webster & Company, who acted as bankers for Mark Twain. Lecturing was always a lucrative business for Uncle Sam, much as he disliked it. The fees Pond deposited with Charles L. Webster & Company showed an average profit of better than a thousand dollars a week for the 1884 tour.

On this tour Mark Twain drew heavily on *Huckleberry Finn*, which was then completed but still unpublished. Hitherto Mark Twain's books had been published by professional publishers — the earlier books by the American Publishing Company, and the three immediately preceding *Huckleberry Finn* by J. R. Osgood and Company. But Mark Twain was dissatisfied with the royalties. The last of these books was *Life on the Mississippi*, which was manufactured by Osgood, with the author furnishing the capital. The profits from this venture were not so large as Mark Twain had expected, and in 1884 he undertook to publish his own books, in partnership with my father.

During their partnership there were six essentially similar contracts between Mark Twain and my father. The one I have before me runs from April 1, 1885, to April 1, 1890, and is "subject to the right of the party of the first part [Clemens] to dissolve the same as hereinafter expressed." Under this

contract, Webster was to have entire charge of the office, but he was not to make any contracts with any other authors for book publication without Mark Twain's consent. Mark Twain was to get 70 per cent of the profits from his own books, except those already published, on which he was to get 60 per cent. The rest of the profits were to go to the Webster Company. Webster was to get a salary of \$2500, and as a partner he was to get one third of the profits until he had received \$20,000, and after that one tenth, and Mark Twain was to get nine tenths. Webster was responsible for his share of the losses.

Finding competent subscription agents occupied a great deal of my father's time. From one of his notebooks it appears that he took long trips and rounded up canvassing agents in the major cities as far west as Nebraska.

The new publishing company and the Paige typesetter, which was still swallowing thousands of dollars each month, were not the only things on Mark Twain's mind. He had plenty of other things to occupy his attention:—

Oct. 31, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

. . . I've got (for 3 months) the refusal of a half interest in a patent for keeping children from kicking the clothes off or rolling out of bed; & the only fault it has is that it is too cheap — 90 cents to \$1.15. We use it all the time, now, on three beds, & it works all right. But I have invented a more expensive & more convenient one, & presently when I see

you we will talk about it. Mine is not easily infringed; but any man can make the other thing for himself.

Yrs.

S. L. C.

The Clemens children probably fell asleep exhausted after a day with Father. Webster tried out the clamp on a tougher customer, and his report of the result caught up with Uncle Sam in Toledo. Uncle Sam's reply was written in pencil on the back of a telegraph blank:—

TOLEDO, Dec. 15, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

How in the nation *can* the thing tear, when it has got a couple of coverlets in its grip, & when the elastic *give*, & *won't* let it tear?

You want to experiment more carefully.

Yrs.

S. L. C.

I am the guilty party in this case. It was a tussle between me and the bed-clamp, and I won. But Uncle Sam was not discouraged.

2

THE next excitement is a page torn from a catalogue of Estes & Lauriat, booksellers, advertising *Huckleberry Finn* at a reduced rate when it was not yet published. In pencil across the page Mark Twain writes:—

"Charley, if this is a lie, let Alexander & Green sue them for damages instantly. And if we have no chance at them in law, tell me at once & I will publish them as thieves & swindlers. S. L. Clemens. [P.S.] Hadn't you better send 6 witnesses to try to buy 3 copies each? Use their testimony. S. L. C."

He encloses the following notice, with the comment: "I think you better print the enclosed in *fac simile* of my handwriting, & put a copy in every canvasser's hands. S. L. C."

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

My new book is not out of the press; no man has a copy of it; yet Estes & Lauriat, of Boston announce it as "now ready," & for sale by them — & at a reduced price. These people deliberately lied when they made that statement. Since it was a lie which could in no possible way advantage them, it was necessarily a purely malicious lie, whose only purpose was to injure me, who have in no way harmed them.

They will have an immediate opportunity to explain, in court, & pay for the opportunity of explaining.

MARK TWAIN

Dec. 22, '84

DEAR CHARLEY —

Call at Everett House 10 o'clock next Sunday morning.

1. Talk about contract with that bed clothes fastener man.

2. Osgood has made me no statement for at least a year. Needs stirring up.

3. You mind, that you may *appoint* as many dates to issue as you please, but you will *not* issue till 40,000 are known to be sold. For this is my last experiment — & it shall not fail.

4. Western Union [stock]

5. Am. Exc. in Europe [stock]

6. P & P. [*The Prince and the Pauper*] belongs to me but is not taken into camp & canvassed.

I have notified the Am. Pub. Co. that unless they sue to enjoin those pirates at once, I will sue for annulment of my contracts, on the ground that they make no sufficient effort to protect my copyrights from infringement.

Watch the files of the advertising agencies, & see if the ad. disappears.

Yrs.

S. L. C.

In October, Uncle Sam had written Webster to economize on telegrams. By January he had a new point of view:—

(Telegram)

To C. L. WEBSTER, 658 Broadway, New York

Your letter should have come by telegraph not mail. I telegraphed Rice that if you had not been heard from by next evening he could have a chapter. He telegraphed back within the hour & said Bromfield had decided to leave him a chapter without waiting for you which I thought pretty cool treatment of my orders. Go & take the chapter away from Rice if you want to. Nobody in authority has yet given it to him and in any case get an explanation of this most extraordinary proceeding. I never heard of such a performance.

S. L. CLEMENS

KEOKUK, Jan. 15, '85

DEAR CHARLEY:

Your letter is very blind. Bed-clamp man's "estimate of expense" is \$1200 for year exclusive of advertising; "a salary" for him of "\$1000 & expenses." Now who can guess what you mean by that. Do you mean that the first year will cost \$2200 & a double bill of "expenses" added?

Try again. *Tabulate* the expenses of all kinds, in

an intelligible way. And state some idea of what that *entire* expense will be, in dollars & cents; for "& expenses" means nothing.

And also state some idea of what his year's work will *bring in*, judging by the past.

Also, have some arrangement in the contract (if one is made) whereby *we* may name the price the things are to be sold at; or in lieu of this, that the present retail price shall be *doubled*; otherwise there is no profit *possible* on the business.

Try again.

I think I telegraphed Rice that if you had not returned within a day, Mr. Bromfield might *then* give Rice a chapter. A telegram came back from Rice within the hour saying Mr. Bromfield had decided not to wait for you. Is Mr. B. with authority to trample my orders under his feet? If so, you had better discharge him at once.

Pond? I will fill no engagement after Feb. 28. I have said it already some 500,000 times.

You want to make a list like this, & stick it on the wall where you can see it when you go to bed & when you get up:

For *weekly* report: Concerning —
 Historical Game.
 Perpetual Calendar.
 Osgood's Quarterly Statement.
 Am. Pub. Co. "
 Slote & Co. "
 Bed-clamp man
 Am. Exchange in Europe.

&c &c &c. So that I can know, by a word, once a week, what is doing, without having to write & enquire.

If you have allowed Rice to keep that chapter, you will charge him 6 cents a word for the use of it. He offered me \$150 for what a magazine would pay me \$100. The Century paid me 4½ cents a word for Huck Finn — the same price as for original matter. But if Rice played any sharp game (which is very unlikely, for he is a gentleman) I hope he did not get a chance to keep the chapter.

Truly yours

S. L. CLEMENS

It sounds as if Bromfield, a clerk, perhaps knowing that Webster would not be back within a day or two, had given Rice, a magazine publisher, a chapter from *Huckleberry Finn*.

It must have been exasperating to my father, who was head over heels seeing agents and getting out *Huckleberry Finn*, to have to bother with a bed-clamp that he didn't believe in and that wouldn't have brought in much money at best. Every now and then Uncle Sam wanted a weekly report, and

other times he didn't want to be bothered with anything related to business.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Jan. 25, 1885

DEAR CHARLEY —

Even \$2 is much too low for the bed-clamp. — If I go into it eventually, it must be at \$2.25 each for small size, & \$3 for the large. There is no money in the thing at any cheaper rate.

You didn't give me the main item: What do the annual *receipts* at present reach?

I want nothing to do with business myself, & so I do not wish to lend money which I must keep track of; but I'd just as soon write J. Langdon & Co. to lend you \$4,500 on those securities as not. They will do it. Shall I write them? Or, shall I *buy* \$4,500 worth of the house at the price you paid, & thus own that proportion of the property myself? If that suits you, draw that amount from C. L. Webster & Co. and make out & send to Livy the necessary papers — for I should want my share of the house to be in her name.

If you should come across another dog-cheap house, I will buy *with* you — but I don't wish to buy alone. . . .

Make Osgood furnish us his Jan. *statement*. On that & other data you will know how to offer him *little* enough for the Library & my other books. We can strike up a trade with him yet, I guess.

Osgood has only 12,000 Mississippi's left? Then 6,000 have been sold since our last settlement, I judge.

If we *can* only get a twist on the Am. Pub. Co.!

As to *terms*, you & I will go & call on Bliss when I return, & see if he will lie to *me* as he has done to you.

I ought to have stayed at home & written another book. It pays better than the platform.

Yrs

S. L. C.

I may have an early prejudice against that bed-clamp, but I can't see the average young parent paying \$3.00 for it, even with Uncle Sam's improvements. Safety pins are much better and wouldn't tear the sheets any worse. Any fairly intelligent parent could have made one out of nearly anything. But Uncle Sam had probably figured out how many babies were born every year and put down each one at \$3.00 for his bed-clamp and was getting rich at it.

3

MY FATHER at this time was not only publishing *Huckleberry Finn*: he was negotiating with General

Ulysses S. Grant for his autobiography, which Uncle Sam had almost persuaded Grant to give to the Webster Company. My father, who now had three children, was also buying a house in New York and wanted to raise money on his securities. The house was on 126th Street, quite a rural neighborhood, reached by the new elevated.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 8, '85

DEAR CHARLEY —

In 3 more weeks this platform-campaign will be over, & then I shall hope to get in a good humor & stay so.

It would be a grand thing if we could get the General's book on those terms. I shouldn't want any surer thing, seems to me. You know I read in Brooklyn Feb. 21 — I shall want to see you at the Everett that day — maybe you will know by that time.

You can bring a Huck Finn in a nice binding, & I will write in it & we will send it to Col. Fred Grant's eldest little girl.

And we must talk over the propriety of sending out 300 press copies *early* — say Feb. 23d — without waiting for the magazines — Heavens & earth! the book ought to have been reviewed in the *March Century* & *Atlantic*! — how have we been dull enough to go & overlook that? It is an irreparable blunder. It should have been attended to weeks ago, when we named the day of publication. If we had but done *that*, we could flood the country with press copies the 25th of Feb., for then the Magazines would already have given the key-note to the reviews.

D. Appleton & Co. played off their "Artistic Homes" (\$300) on me — a humiliating swindle. Now what I propose to do, is to order several hundred dollars' worth of books of them (American Cyclopedias, &c) & tell them to send me the bill; then, after I get the books, tell them to come & cart away the Artistic Homes & pay back my \$300 & they can have the other books; or, if they prefer, I will come to New York & be sued for the other books & state my case to the interviewers. Is this a good idea? Tell me. In addition, I have an idea of writing a neat & readable account of how the "A. H." swindle was played upon me, & offering them the first chance to buy the MS for \$300. Write me about these things.

Yrs truly

S. L. CLEMENS

Lecturing always wore on Uncle Sam's nerves. I won't take sides in this Appleton matter. It was a long while ago, and Uncle Sam forgot it in time.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 10, '85

DEAR CHARLEY —

Glad to be rid of Osgood.

I am not able to see that anything can save Huck Finn from being another defeat, unless you are expecting to do it by tumbling books into the trade, & I suppose you are not calculating upon any sale there worth speaking of, since you are not binding much of an edition of the book.

As to notices, I suggest this plan: Send immediately, copies (bound & unbound) to the Evening Post, Sun, World, & the Nation; the Hartford Courant, Post & Times; & the principal Boston dailies; Baltimore American. (*Never* send any to N.Y. Graphic.)

Keep a sharp lookout, & if the general tone of the resulting notices is *favorable*, then send out your 300 press copies over the land, for that may possibly float a further canvass & at least create a bookstore demand. No use to wait for the magazines — how in *hell* we overlooked that unspeakably important detail, utterly beats my time. We have not even arranged to get English notices from Chatto & shove *them* into the papers ahead of our publication.

Yrs truly

S. L. C.

This is the first note of pessimism. There was a fortune in the bed-clamp, the history game (described in the September *Atlantic*) would have made them all rich, the Paige typesetter was worth ten millions a year, conservatively speaking. But nothing could save *Huckleberry Finn* from being another defeat. Perhaps the Columbus audience had been unresponsive.

Just a few months later he said: "I am frightened at the proportions of my prosperity. It seems to me that everything I touch turns to gold."

It is interesting to notice that in *Mark Twain in Eruption*, Mark Twain says that Webster coldly discounted "my prophecies about 'Huckleberry Finn's' high commercial value." I think my father did discount the Paige typesetter, which was costing Uncle Sam three thousand a month, but he certainly worked hard on *Huckleberry Finn* and Grant's memoirs — with the result that they were two of the biggest publishing successes of the century.

4

THE next two letters were written by my father to Uncle Sam, both on the same day. The copies which I have are imprints of the originals. In those days hand-written letters were dampened and

pressed into a book of special paper which absorbed some of the ink and thus made a copy of the letter. These are the only business letters of my father's that I have.

Feb. 14, '85

DEAR UNCLE SAM:

I have been working like a beaver and have at last got that Grant matter in first rate train as you will see by the enclosed correspondence.

I have yet had no answer to my last of the 10th but you can judge by the copies that I send you what the result will be. There's big money for us both in that book and on the terms indicated in my note to the General we can make it pay *big*.

I know it is a good deal of an undertaking but we can carry it through and make a clean sweep. I only hope we will get the book, and that seems a certainty to me now.

Yours truly

CHARLES L. WEBSTER

Feb. 14, '85

DEAR UNCLE SAM:

I have been driven hard this week; but here's the report.

1. Perpetual Calendar: nothing.
2. Historical Game: I haven't been able to get a competent man to perfect it yet.
3. Osgood's statement: I haven't got that yet but they say they are working at it.
4. Bed clamps: nothing.
5. Am. Ex. in Europe is in broker's hands but he reports he can not sell it.
6. Estes & L. suit: I have a brief letter from the Boston lawyer saying that our application for an injunction is denied, but I have no particulars.
7. Pond's total for week ending

Jany. 31st is	\$673.30
Feby. 7 is	1279.53
8. Total deposited in bank since last report is:

	\$1952.83
--	-----------
9. Total recd. from Pond before this is

	12215.67
--	----------
10. Total recd. from Pond since the beginning —

	\$14168.50
--	------------
11. Total in bank No. 2 account is

	\$22034.78
--	------------
12. Total in bank C.L.W. & Co.

	\$2978.41
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In regard to press notices of the book: That was not overlooked; you remember you told me in the start that press notices *hurt* the last book before it was out & that this year we would send *none* until the book was out.

I have sent the notices that you have suggested.

I am not afraid of Huck Finn; it is going to sell,

but you must remember it is awful hard times and I am starting in under *very* trying circumstances. However, *we will sell that book*. I have sold 1000 of L. on Miss. since I got them of Osgood & think I shall sell 1000 more next week.

Huck is a *good* book and I am working intelligently & *hard* and if it don't sell it won't be your fault or mine but the extreme hard times. It *shall* sell however.

Yours truly

CHAS. L. WEBSTER

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was published in February. In the copy that he gave to his father, Luther Webster, my father wrote: "A merry Christmas to Luther Webster. From his son, the publisher of the book. New York, December 1884. This book is one of three cloth copies first bound, and at this date there are but ten copies of the book in the country, as the first edition of 30,000 volumes will not be issued until Feby 16th next. Charles L. Webster, Publisher."

TORONTO, Feb. 15, '85

DEAR CHARLEY —

You may draw up a contract in accordance with the enclosed, & have it ready for the signatures when we reach the Everett House Feb. 21. Perhaps you better add that the payment of *my* share shall *also* be weekly (after the funding of the first \$10,000 of profits).

Please write or tell Whitford that the death of that Southern obscene pirate ends that suit to my satisfaction. Don't forget.

S. L. C.

The enclosure was an agreement whereby Uncle Sam went into partnership with J. B. Pond to assume the management of Minnie Maddern and her company. Uncle Sam was to put up \$2500. I don't know what happened about it. Nor do I know who the Southern obscene pirate was. All his enemies were pirates, and some of his friends.

5

NEGOTIATIONS for General Grant's memoirs were still going on. Grant had resigned his army rank in order to accept the Presidency of the United States in 1868, and after his eight years in office found himself, as a result, without any financial resources. After an unsuccessful venture into stockbroking, Grant began work on his memoirs in the hope of repaying his debts. His first literary attempt was an

article on the Battle of Shiloh. This piece was written for the *Century Magazine* in 1884, and its reception encouraged Grant to embark on a full-length book.

General Grant had expected to have his memoirs published by the Century Company. Albert Bigelow Paine says it was more or less by accident that Uncle Sam heard of the projected memoirs, and discovered that the Century was offering Grant terms based on the expectation of selling five or ten thousand copies of the book — a ridiculously low estimate. Uncle Sam immediately proposed to publish the memoirs himself, offering the General either 20 per cent of the list price or 70 per cent of the net profits. General Grant hesitated for some time to accept the offer; he was afraid that he might seem to be deserting the Century people. He was also afraid that Uncle Sam was trying to bankrupt himself out of pure kindness of heart.

During the months in which he worked on the memoirs, Grant was slowly dying of cancer of the throat. At first he dictated the text, but later he was obliged to make corrections and revisions by writing on small slips of paper. Even conversation was carried on in writing. The final corrections on the manuscript were made only three days before he died. The proofs were read by Colonel Fred Grant, the General's son, and Mark Twain went over them for errors in grammar and punctuation — an extraordinary evidence of his feeling for Grant.

The contract for Grant's memoirs was closed on February 27, 1885, after the publication of *Huckleberry Finn*. It was an enormous undertaking. The Webster Company employed sixteen general agents and ten thousand canvassers. Orders for 60,000 sets had been received by May 1. Webster had to move into larger quarters to accommodate the staff. I have been told that in the original office callers had to come up in a freight elevator. There was no objection to the move on Mark Twain's part at the time, but twenty years later it seems to have upset him as an unwarranted extravagance.

Mr. Paine, on page 806 of his biography of Mark Twain, gives some idea of what it meant to start a publishing house in high gear: "The partners were sufficiently occupied. Estimates and prices for vast quantities of paper were considered, all available presses were contracted for, binderies were pledged exclusively for the Grant book. Clemens was boiling over with plans and suggestions for distribution. Webster was half wild with the tumult of the great campaign. Applications for agencies poured in."

In *Mark Twain in Eruption* Uncle Sam says (p. 186): "Webster was in his glory. . . . He liked to go into statistics. He liked to tell that it took thir-

teen miles of gold leaf to print the gilt titles on the book backs; he liked to tell how many thousand tons the three hundred thousand sets weighed."

I don't know whether or not my father enjoyed these calculations. He probably did. We all do. It was also one of Uncle Sam's faults, I'm sorry to say. He wrote in 1885: "If I pay the General in silver coin at twelve dollars per pound it will weigh seventeen tons." (*Biography*, p. 811.)

I have before me the contract of which Mark Twain says in *Mark Twain in Eruption*: "Before we had become fairly settled in the new quarters, Webster had suggested that we abolish the existing contract and make a new one. Very well, it was done. I probably never read it nor asked anybody else to read it. I probably merely signed it and saved myself further bother in that way."

According to Mark Twain, this contract — which he never read — made him Webster's "slave." "Webster was sole master. I could no longer give orders as before. I could not even make a suggestion with any considerable likelihood of its acceptance."

The slave now speaks: —

Important.

Apl. 11, '85

DEAR CHARLEY —

Stop leaving those proofs on your table — keep them *always* in your safe. From now till the day of issue, the Canadian emissary will be around (how do you know but you've got him in your own employ) seeking to buy or steal proofsheets.

No book ever stood in such peril before as this one. Long before it is out, thieves & bribers will be thick around the printing houses & binderies, ready to buy or steal even a couple of pages & sell to somebody.

Now before you sleep, you must devise some plan of protection by *insurance*. I shall have to borrow \$200,000, before we issue, no doubt — then if a Canadian edition comes over the border ahead of us, it is lost. . . . There is a fortune for any Canadian pirate who can get out ahead of our copyright — & the pirate knows it.

You must mark those 5 proofs with private marks, & Col. Grant must put those gentlemen on honor against reading them in other people's presence or allowing them out of their hands for a moment. Send them through the mails in big square envelopes, with *letter* postage, so that no one may guess they are proofsheets. Send envelopes prepaid to those gentlemen.

Further — you must think up some way whereby we can get two or \$300,000 insurance against these accidents. Maybe the concern that insures against embezzlement will take the risk for \$10,000; in

which case it must be done, even if I have to do it by myself without 70 per cent help from Mrs. Grant.

These things are of the very last importance. Give them some share of your instant attention.

Keep your proofs in your safe.

Yrs

S. L. C.

6

THE next letter is from General Grant: —

NEW YORK, *May 2nd*, 1885

TO CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO.

DEAR SIRS

My attention has been called to a paragraph in the *World* newspaper of this city of Wednesday, April 29th of which the following is a part.

"The work upon his new book about which so much has been said is the work of General Adam Badeau. General Grant I have no doubt has furnished all of the material and all of the ideas in the memoirs as far as they have been prepared; but Badeau has done the work of composition. The most that General Grant has done upon this book has been to prepare the rough notes and memoranda for its various chapters."

I will divide this into four parts and answer each of them.

First — "The work upon his new book about which so much has been said is the work of General Adam Badeau."

This is false. Composition is entirely my own.

Second — "General Grant, I have no doubt, has furnished all of the material and all of the ideas in the memoirs as far as they have been prepared."

This is true.

Third — "but Badeau has done the work of composition."

The composition is entirely my own.

Fourth — "The most that General Grant has done upon this book has been to prepare the rough notes and memoranda for its various chapters."

Whatever rough notes were made were prepared by myself and for my exclusive use.

You may take such measures as you see fit to correct this report which places me in the attitude of claiming the authorship of a book which I did not write and is also injurious to you who are publishing and advertising such book as my work.

Very truly yours

U. S. GRANT

As a matter of fact, the autobiography was entirely written by Grant. When he was well enough, the General used a special pencil. At other times, he dictated to Fred Hall, with Webster present so that he would be able to answer any charge that the work was not entirely by Grant. The manuscript was brought to Webster's house for safekeeping every night.

General Adam Badeau was an old friend of Grant, who had served as his military secretary from 1864 to 1869. In 1870, he was appointed consul-general at London, and held the same office at Havana from 1882 to 1884. During 1884 and 1885, Badeau was in New York, and part of the time he stayed with the Grants. He was the author of several books, including *The Military History of Ulysses S. Grant* and *Grant in Peace*. The *Military History* came out, in three volumes, between 1868 and 1881, and it is probable that Grant used it as a reference book for his own work.

Mrs. Grant never liked General Badeau. She complained to my mother that he had staged some drunken scenes, and she was afraid that neighbors might think it was the General who was causing the racket. Finally the Grants broke with him, and he came to my mother in a maudlin mood, crying because he had been turned out of their house and had no place to go. My mother had never seen him before and didn't know what to make of him.

Mark Twain wanted to sue the *World* for "damages placed at nothing less than \$250,000 or \$300,000; no apologies accepted from the World, & no compromise permitted for anything but a sum of money that will cripple — yes, *disable* — that paper financially." But he thought better of it: —

Sunday

DEAR CHARLEY —

I have watched closely & have not seen a single reference to the World's lie in any newspaper. So it is possible that it fell dead & did no harm. I suppose Alexander & Green have decided that a libel suit against a paper which hasn't influence enough to get its lies copied, would be a waste of energy & money (as you give me no news of any kind about the matter).

If that is their verdict, & if the lie has *not* been copied around, it is no doubt the right & sensible verdict. I recognize the fact that for General Grant to sue the World would be an enormously valuable advertisement for that daily issue of unmedicated closet-paper.

Yrs.

S. L. C.

THE CATHOLICS OF GREAT BRITAIN

by ARNOLD LUNN

I

BRITISH Catholics — that is, the Catholics of England, Scotland, and Wales — form about 7 per cent of the total population, whereas 20 per cent of the population of the United States are members of the Church of Rome. It is therefore not surprising that the influence of the British Catholics is in many respects, but not in every respect, far less than that of their co-religionists on the other side of the Atlantic. We read with envy and surprise of the indignant reactions of the New York state legislature to the attack on the Vatican which was published in *Pravda*. No such reaction would be conceivable in any public body in this country. Again, it would be difficult for the Hierarchy of this country to organize a campaign as effective as that which the American Hierarchy conducted against a certain type of film.

But the advantages are not wholly with the American Catholic. English Catholicism has its roots in more than a thousand years of English history, whereas American Catholicism has its roots in Europe. The greater part of the North American continent, with certain obvious exceptions such as Quebec and Maryland, passed from heathendom to Protestantism without the intervening period of Catholicism. The American ethos is a Protestant ethos. The country was founded by and shaped by Protestants. England, on the other hand, was Catholic for a thousand years. The great cathedrals were built by Catholics. The King still uses a title bestowed upon Henry VIII by the Pope, "Defender of the Faith," and is crowned by a ritual that is Catholic in origin and still Catholic in sentiment.

The Church of England herself has always steered a middle course between what an eighteenth-century

divine calls "the meretricious gaudiness of the Church of Rome and the squalid sluttiness of fanatic conventicles." The Englishman is essentially conservative. He builds on the past. Nowhere, for instance, was the Reformation so conservative as in England. The English respect for tradition is merely an extension of the democratic principle to the dead, for, as Burke says, "the State is a partnership not only between those who are living, but also between those who are dead and those who are about to be born." There is an increasing readiness to recognize English Catholicism as an integral element in the English way of life. Significant in this respect were the tributes paid to Chesterton, as a typical Englishman, on the appearance of Maisie Ward's excellent biography. There is an ever increasing awareness of the fact that our law, our Parliamentary system, and our higher education have their roots in our Catholic past.

No English are more invincibly national, even insular, in their outlook than those who can trace their descent through an unbroken line of Catholic ancestors, too conservative to tolerate innovations in religion, too English to have any truck with adaptations of Lutheran or Calvinistic creeds. The hereditary Catholic, descended from an unbroken line of Catholics, exists in every social stratum, but it was the constancy of those of the landed gentry who maintained and hid the missionary priests during the penal times which prevented the extermination of the Church in England.

Even so, the Catholic minority had to suffer from their faith, not only in civil disabilities but also in the knowledge that their loyalty was regarded as qualified by their allegiance to the Pope. Their reaction to this accusation was to become more English than the English. They disliked specifically Roman devotions and did not share that enthusiasm for all things Italian which was so common among many of the Oxford converts who followed Newman into the Church. They were, as Manning com-

A graduate of Harrow and Balliol, an English authority on skiing and mountain-climbing, a biographer and observer of foreign affairs (*Spanish Rehearsal, Whither Europe?, And the Floods Came*), ARNOLD LUNN is a Roman Catholic who clearly defines the status of the Church in the United Kingdom.

plained, "nine times English." "They seem," he added, "to be always eating leeks to prove their loyalty," whereas the converts from Anglo-Catholicism tended to disown their English background "out of shame of English Erastianism."

2

BRITISH Catholics may be divided into four classes: a small minority who belong to families which have never ceased to be Catholics, a large class descended from Irish Catholics, the descendants of converts, and recent converts. It would be difficult to exaggerate the debt which the Catholic Church in the English-speaking world owes to the fidelity of the Irish.

The First World War, so we were assured, would make the world safe for democracy. The Second World War, so many people believe, will inaugurate a new age in which social distinctions will gradually wither away. It may be so, or it may not, but in the unregenerate world into which I was born, it was no asset for a Church or a religious movement to be identified exclusively with any particular class, as was Nonconformity in England or Catholicism in nineteenth-century Ireland. "To think that my son should go to church with the cook" was Mrs. Tyrrell's complaint when her brilliant son left the Church of the Ascendancy for the Church of the Irish.

In England Catholicism is well represented in every social stratum. The Premier Duke, the Duke of Norfolk, is a Catholic, and Newman was followed into the Church of Rome not only by a steady stream of dons and Anglican clergy but also by a not inconsiderable number of converts from the aristocracy; but the Church in England owed far less to these fashionable converts than, as David Mathew says, to "the free uncovenanted generosity of the poor [which] had built up their churches and schools week by week. They were determined and loyal; ready to defend themselves; forthright. The churches had been paid for stone by stone out of the small wages of the faithful and this in part accounted for their eager attachment to the parish unit which remained their spiritual hearth. The old dominating priests of the fine Irish tradition received reverence and affection from a people who looked for strong leadership and handling. At the same time the Ushaw clergy led the ancestral northern congregations throughout the era of an industrialism whose grimness was not perceived by the sheltered classes."

There are no Catholic universities in the United

Kingdom, and consequently Catholics go to the same universities as Protestants, but every effort is made to induce Catholic parents to send their children to Catholic schools. The Catholic public schools (a misnomer, for the "public" schools are recruited from the upper and middle classes) have considerable prestige, and the alumni of the Jesuit schools, Stonyhurst and Beaumont, or the Benedictine schools, Downside and Ampleforth, suffer from no defense complex when they meet Etonians or Harrovians. Beaumont, so the story goes, once challenged Eton to a cricket match. "Harrow we know," replied the Etonians, "and Rugby we know. But who are you?" This query provoked the retort, "Beaumont is what Eton was, a school for Catholic gentlemen."

British Catholics are, at the moment, engaged in a battle for their schools. We claim that our contributions to the taxes which support the state schools should be returned to us in the form of schools under Catholic control. We have been far more successful than American Catholics in our demand for educational justice, mainly because we have hitherto enjoyed the powerful support of the Anglicans, engaged in a similar campaign for the Anglican schools. In the present struggle the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the sorrow of many High Anglicans, has declared himself satisfied with the government proposals and has left the Catholics as the sole representatives of those who are fighting the battle for a specifically Christian education.

The Catholic demand for Catholic schools is prompted not only by religious motives but also by a dislike of the by-products of secularism, the sloppy internationalism which, in the period between the wars, undermined the traditional loyalty to King and country. The transference of education in France from the religious orders to secularists was one of the contributory causes of the debacle of 1940. "Teachers with their irreligious and unpatriotic trend of teaching have a lot to answer for," wrote Peter de Polnay, who witnessed the fall of France. And Professor D. W. Brogan in his preface to *The Twilight of France* writes of the French teachers: "Not until it was too late did the profession that regarded itself as, in a special sense, the guardians of the Republic realize that it had helped to destroy its own work."

The same tendencies were at work in British education. The Oxford Union passed its notorious motion "that this House will in no circumstances fight for King and country." The London County Council abolished Swedish drill in the schools on the ground that Swedish drill was militaristic. Ten Cambridge scientists attempted to prevent the

University from accepting an offer of £10,000 for the purpose of helping to develop aeronautical research, and an eminent headmaster announced that in his considered opinion the British Navy was the one remaining menace to world peace.

Catholic schools were uninfected by this hazy escapism from the world of fact, for Catholics have a clear-cut teaching on the duty which we owe not only to God but to Caesar. The Church which has canonized many soldiers has never canonized a conscientious objector to a just war. Though exact statistics are unavailable, it is beyond dispute that Catholics are represented out of all proportion to their numbers in the Armed Forces.

It would be ungenerous in this connection to omit a tribute to the Irish Catholics. Proportionately more volunteers from Eire are fighting in the British Armed Forces than from the Six Counties. I have visited Eire three times during this war and have discovered that there are two solecisms which one must avoid at all costs; the first is to criticize Irish neutrality, and the second is to assume that the Irish are really neutral. The Irish volunteers are well represented in the awards for gallantry, as are also the English Catholics. The first Army officer and the first Air Force pilot to receive the most coveted of all decorations, the Victoria Cross, were Catholics, as were also the first D.S.O. of the war, the first Army chaplain to be decorated, the first Army chaplain to be decorated for landing with parachute troops, the first Naval Knighthood, the first George's Medal for Civilian Gallantry.

On the other hand Catholics are under-represented in Parliament and in public life, for there is only one aspect of national life, front-line service in time of war, in which a disproportionate representation of Catholics does not attract hostile comment. It is far less easy for a Catholic than for a non-Catholic to be adopted as a Parliamentary candidate, and the chances of a Catholic's being elected to some such position as the mayor of a town vary inversely with the number of Catholics in that town.

3

I do not, however, wish to give the impression that Catholics are a persecuted minority. This is very far from being the case. It is as true of the Catholics as of any other compact minority, such as the Jews, that outsiders exaggerate our influence, and those within tend to exaggerate the hostility of those without. Again, as in the case of the Jews, outsiders greatly exaggerate Catholic solidarity. "Catholics," as Father Martindale remarked, "use

up all their available unity on points of defined doctrine and have nothing left over for ordinary life." Every phase of political opinion is represented among Catholics, from extreme conservatism to a socialism far more to the left than the communism of modern Moscow.

Catholics have been exposed, like their countrymen, to the disillusion about democracy which is one of the most marked political symptoms of the age. Today the most dangerous attack on democracy comes from the extreme left. George Orwell, who fought against Franco in Spain, and whose book *Homage to Catalonia* is one of the most honest and objective books that the Civil War has produced, dismisses with contempt the popular view of the Spanish war as a struggle between fascism and democracy, and makes it clear that he sympathized with the Spaniards who believed that "bourgeois democracy is only another name for capitalism." Now, whereas the anti-democratic Jew tends to sympathize with communism, the anti-democratic Catholic was likely to be uncritical in his enthusiasm for the "corporate state" and Italian Fascism.

Choice of political creed is inspired usually by self-interest. Politics is the struggle between rival pressure groups; and all groups, religious, racial, or social, prefer political systems which increase their power to political systems which persecute them. Early in the war I spent an evening with a Jew in Budapest who had lived for years in Russia under the communist regime. Russian Jews, he assured me, had been all but unanimous in their support of a system which enabled them to attain the highest positions in the land and, of course, wholly unanimous in their detestation of the Tsarist regime, under which they had been persecuted. He added regretfully that the period in which Jews had dominated Russia had come to an end.

Though a religious or racial minority may secure virtual control for a brief period under a dictatorship, minorities enjoy far more enduring protection under democracy than under any form of totalitarianism. No democratic government can afford to outrage the feelings of any minority sufficiently numerous to influence the results of closely contested elections — as indeed the overwhelming majority of British Catholics fully realize.

The Catholic, of course, if faced with the choice between two systems — one that tolerates and another that persecutes the Church — reacts precisely as a Jew would react in similar circumstances. Yet whereas nobody expects a Jew to support Hitler, many people were surprised (and pained) by the fact that few Catholics could pump up much

enthusiasm for the Republican government in Spain, in whose territory thousands of priests had been murdered. "In six months in Spain," writes George Orwell, "I only saw two undamaged churches."

Cardinal Hinsley confided to a friend of mine that he would have joined the Labor Party had he been a layman. He attacked fascism long before the outbreak of the war, but he hoped for the victory of Franco, in spite of his alliance with Hitler — just as he hoped for the victory of England in spite of our alliance with Russia. Catholics who were accused of fascist sympathies merely because of their anti-Red antipathies were not surprised that the Nazis should have attacked this great anti-fascist as a Bolshevik. "A memorial service will be held in Moscow," they announced on March 13, 1943, "for this proved protagonist of the Soviet Union. . . . The Soviet Union has appreciated the Cardinal's repeated appeals for Bolshevism. . . ."

A liberal might be defined as a man who objects to the persecution of conservatives. The Cardinal was a great liberal. He had no patience with the selective indignation which is only aroused when those of one's own race or faith or political party are being persecuted. He hated anti-Semitism and was proud to be described by the Nazis as "a friend of the Jewish people." His death, which elicited such wonderful tributes from all strata of the British people, was deeply mourned by the Jews, many of whom had written letters of deep concern and sympathy to his secretary during his last illness. But though he deeply sympathized with persecuted Jews, "he judged it unfortunate" — in the interests of the Jews themselves — "that the world press, cinema and radio should so continually call attention to Jewish persecution while the martyrdom of Christians in Russia, Mexico, Spain, and German-occupied Europe had received such rare and meagre attention. . . . Unlike most Englishmen he could not forget that there are more priests than Rabbis in the concentration camps of Germany, Russia and Poland. For them no World Congress organises protests." (*Cardinal Hinsley* by John C. Heenan.)

4

THE Spanish War was a critical point in the history of English Catholicism. Conversions, which had been on the increase, began to decline, but today there are signs of yet another of those forward movements which occur from time to time. Certainly the prestige of the Church is far higher than when I was a boy, and this advance is partly due to

the conversions of a succession of well-known men of letters, notably G. K. Chesterton, and partly to the collapse of rival philosophies. When I was a boy, the naïve optimism of the liberal believers in inevitable progress was uneroded by doubt. There was no Catholic historian who commanded such general respect as Christopher Dawson does today. The Church provoked less hostility because in enlightened circles her days were believed to be numbered. You do not hate what you despise.

"In times of shallow optimism," wrote Leslie Stephen, "the profounder natures are pessimistic." "If any there be," wrote Leo XIII in 1891, "who hold out to a hard-pressed people the boon of freedom from pain and trouble . . . they delude the people and their lying promises will one day bring forth evils worse than the present. Nothing is more useful than to look at the world as it really is." And nothing is more unwelcome. Leo XIII's warnings were ignored, but there was a ready public for Utopians, such as Professor Bury, who assured his readers in 1913 "that the struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty. In the most civilized and progressive countries freedom of discussion is now recognised as a fundamental principle."

This prediction appeared a year after Hilaire Belloc's *The Servile State*, a book which, as F. A. von Hayek remarks in *The Road to Serfdom*, explains "more of what has happened since in Germany, than most books written after the event." Nobody now quotes Bury, the Victorian optimist, except in derision, but Hilaire Belloc's book is being reread with anxiety by those who wonder uneasily whether his predictions, which have come true in Germany, are in the process of being fulfilled in England. That, at least, is the thesis of Hayek's book, which, appearing toward the end of the Second World War, has produced a sensation even greater than that of Keynes's *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which appeared shortly after the end of the First World War.

The Catholic philosophy, of which Belloc's book is a by-product, satisfies the most exacting of tests, — prediction value, — and it is perhaps for this reason that so many non-Catholics today are reading the *Tablet*. The editor, Douglas Woodruff, after a brilliant career at Oxford, served his journalistic apprenticeship on the staff of the *Times*. His weekly comments on the European situation are considered by many non-Catholics to be the best in any English paper.

In the nineteenth century English Catholics were attacked as too conservative by the liberals. Today

the *Tablet*, which anticipated Hayek's thesis, defends, as he does, all that was most valuable in the liberal tradition. There is, Hayek insists, the same contempt in England today as in the Germany of the last war "for nineteenth century liberalism, the same spurious 'realism.' . . . and at least nine out of every ten of the lessons which our most vociferous reformers are so anxious that we should learn from this war are precisely the lessons which the Germans did learn from the last war and which have done much to produce the Nazi system."

But the reaction has already begun, and in the defense of our liberties against the new totalitarianism English Catholics will find themselves once again in line with those older traditions of England.

There has been a great change for the better, since my boyhood, in the relations of Catholics and Protestants. Cardinal Bourne was far less ready than Manning to recognize the workings of grace outside the Catholic Church. "I embrace you in the soul of the Church," wrote Manning to my father, the late Sir Henry Lunn, a well-known Methodist, "and rejoice in all your good works." Cardinal Bourne had a rigidity of mind which rendered easy intercourse with Anglicans impossible. He did not approve of more than the essential mini-

mum of coöperation between the Churches. He believed, mistakenly, that he could by-pass the Church of England and yet establish cordial relations with the official English world, of which the Church of England is an integral part; and though he earned the respect of successive Governments, he did not win their confidence. Asquith, in particular, seems to have disliked him very much.

Cardinal Hinsley, on the other hand, not only became a great national figure during the war, but encouraged the widest possible coöperation between the Churches. He founded the Sword of the Spirit to provide, among other things, a common platform from which Catholics, Anglicans, and Free Churchmen could work out a joint social and international policy based on Christian principles. "Without in any way abating his belief," wrote the *Times*, "in the significance of those differences of doctrine and observance by which his Church is divided from other denominations, he held strongly that there is a righteousness that can be perceived by all who bear the name of Christians and through his steadfastness and loyalty to all who would extend a hand to him as a fellow-soldier for that cause he leaves a happier relation between his communion and the national church than has been known since the reformation."

OUTWARD BOUND

At the Harvard Commencement exercises on June 29 of this year, MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN MILES, United States Army, spoke these words to 4,200 Army and Navy students at the University: —

YOU gentlemen will soon see active service. You will enter into the very crux of battle with our adversaries. I greet your good fortune. Much will be asked of you; much that youth desires, denied. For this is war. Underlying the war is a world sick of hate and of greed — deep-seated poisons beyond the reach of the sword. That also you must face. Nonetheless, I greet your good fortune.

For what is youth, if not to meet a challenge? To you it is given to prove your manhood as few men have proved it. The men of other days who sat beneath these elms faced another world — an ordered, untroubled world in which they had but to enter their chosen spheres. The great heritage of America was theirs at the cheap price of diligence and decent living. You will do battle for what they so lightly took. You will be given the priceless guerdon of earning your own inheritance.

Here it is, your brave adventure — and your ordeal. War is action raised to the *n*th power. It will measure your worth to the last spark of the fire that is in you. You may face death, and find that a lesser test than the strain and stress of war. Meet this challenge. Give it all that you have, with your blood pulsing full man. And so win your right, as few have won it, to that proudest of boasts: "Civis Americanus sum."

SONNETS FOR AUTUMN

by JOHN PUDNEY

SEPTEMBER

AN APPLE munched upon a giddy ladder
Floods the rash tongue with joy. The morning sheet
Draws off flushed color, soothes the fever heat
Of ripeness. Should taste be sourer, sadder,
For the lengthening shadows, earth's decline,
The sap run back, and stubble after wheat?
Shall I hold fast to all that has been mine,
Hoarding the joy of how a day was fine
And harvest lusty? But I cannot eat
This apple sadly, nor prolong regret.
Even the emblem rose I shall forget.
For high in windy air, thoughts rush to meet
A windy skeleton. Like friends fast met,
They'll seek that dearth which makes my year replete.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER eats into a wrist and trails
Sweet density of mist where autumn makes
Clean the wide fields and of an evening shakes
Down the fond petals. In my heart prevails
That relish of chrysanthemums which slakes
My sapid humors stubborn to let go
The lilt of gold branches and the glow
Of tempered evening. Soon, when evening
breaks
In sudden shrillness, bitter winds will blow.
Earth waiting on the turn, the waiting bone
Will greet the season, having lived and known
Increase which only soil and body know.
Darkly the river leans upon the stone
Which breaks or yields the courses of its flow.

NOVEMBER

THE stars spring out: and measures which are
cold,
Ringing the anvil of the night, convene
A stricter parliament. Now I have seen
Nearly the cycle, how a heart was bold
And grows less bold, how an immortal green
Habit of youth is worn and wearied. Now
Stars prickle with fierce frost behind the bough:
And I am ready for the lessening, lean
Anxiety of having lived. Shall I allow
The keener poverty or shall I set
My face against the night not to forget
Laughter and light, or death's mean traffic, how
Stale skies lean down on city parapet
Or how man strides upon a hill to plow?

JOBS AFTER THE WAR

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

WITHIN two years after the end of fighting, Federal expenditures will drop from about 90 billion dollars to 25 billion dollars a year. This will represent the greatest and swiftest disappearance of markets in all history. Within a year after the fighting, about eight or nine million men will leave the Armed Forces, two million will leave civilian government jobs, and five million will be laid off by plants making combat munitions. Of eleven million additional men making war goods, perhaps half will be laid off. Some of these soldiers, sailors, and workers will leave the labor market altogether, but nearly twenty million of them will be looking for jobs — not necessarily all at once, but within a year after the fighting ends.

This will be the largest number of men to be needing new jobs within a twelve months' period in all history. Is there any chance that this large and sudden collapse in government buying and this swift flooding of the labor market will fail to plunge the country into a depression far worse than that of 1933? After the government largely steps out of the market, will there be enough demand to make possible a high level of employment?

The need for goods will be at an all-time high, for needs have been piling up rapidly ever since Pearl Harbor. Back in 1941, with five million people unemployed, Americans were driving 27.7 million automobiles. By the end of 1943 the number was down to 23.7 million. Automobiles are now leaving the road at the rate of about 5000 a day. By the end of 1944 the number of cars will be down to about 22 million. If employment after

the war is higher than in 1941, Americans will wish to drive considerably more than 27.7 million automobiles — probably 33 million or 34 million.

There are over six hundred articles of iron and steel that have not been made for civilian use since early in 1942. Most durable household goods, for example, have not been made for two and a half years. It is reasonable to estimate that, by the end of the war (say, in 1945 or 1946), the accumulation of deferred purchases of these goods will be equal to twice the number of units sold in 1940. This assumption indicates the following accumulated needs: —

Vacuum cleaners.....	3.5 million
Clocks.....	7.2 million
Radio receivers.....	23.0 million
Refrigerators.....	5.2 million
Washing machines.....	3.1 million
Waffle irons.....	1.5 million
Percolators.....	3.7 million
Toasters.....	4.5 million

These estimates are probably too low, because in 1940 demand was limited by the unemployment of seven million persons.

The annual increase in the number of families in the United States is about 550,000. If every house lasted forever, we should need about 550,000 new dwelling units each year to provide for the increase in families. In 1942, the number of permanent dwelling units constructed was 358,000; in 1943, 163,000; and in 1944 it will apparently be about one-fifth less than in 1943. By the end of 1944 there will be an accumulated deficiency of at least 750,000 permanent dwelling units.

The normal number of marriages in the United States is about 1,400,000 a year, the number varying according to business conditions. Indeed one can judge the state of business fairly well by plotting on a chart year by year the number of marriages. In 1932, the number fell to 982,000. In 1940, it was 1,565,000, or 165,000 above normal. In 1941, it was 1,616,000; in 1942, 1,800,000; and in

Born in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1892, SUMNER H. SLICHTER was educated as an economist at the University of Wisconsin. He has been at Harvard since 1930, where he is now Lamont University Professor, and where, since their inception in 1942, he has been closely associated with the Trade Union Fellowships. Recently he has presided as chairman of a special panel of the War Labor Board to hear the foremen's grievances in Detroit and elsewhere. His impartial studies of labor and management have earned him nation-wide respect as mediator, economist, and teacher.

1943, 1,750,000. At present there are about 1,200,000 more married couples in the United States than there would have been had the war not occurred. If the war ends by 1946, the number of families will perhaps be 800,000 greater than if there had been no war. A high proportion of the 6,600,000 couples who have been married during the last four years have not set up housekeeping and have purchased little furniture and household equipment.

The greatest marriage year in human history was 1920. In all countries of Europe and in the United States, the number of marriages reached a new high. This was true regardless of whether a country had been in World War I or not, regardless of whether it had been on the winning or losing side, regardless of whether or not it was experiencing extreme inflation. The marriage peak in the United States after the present war is likely to be less than after the First World War, but some peak is to be expected. At any rate, it seems certain that the accumulated need for household goods, after the war, will reach a new high.

2

GREAT and pressing needs for goods do not necessarily mean demand. That requires purchasing power. During the last three years individuals have been compelled, by the sheer scarcity of consumer goods, to save over 75 billion dollars, including war bonds. Prices, of course, have risen, but individual incomes have grown so rapidly that even at rising prices they have exceeded the supply of consumer goods by 75 billion dollars. During the last three years individuals have saved as much as they would have saved in ten years at the 1940 rate. By the end of 1944 the increase in the savings of individuals will be almost equal to fifteen years' saving at the 1940 rate. At present the liquid assets of individuals (that is, their holdings of cash, demand deposits, time deposits, and war savings bonds) are twice their holdings at the end of 1940.

Business enterprises also have greatly increased their liquid assets. Although profits have increased far less rapidly than output, business concerns as a whole have far more bank deposits and marketable securities today than ever before in their history. Tax liabilities of corporations increased nearly 15 billion dollars between 1939 and 1943, but their holdings of cash, bank deposits, and government securities increased by 25.5 billion dollars and their net working capital by 17 billion. The gain in working capital is more than twice as much as business enterprises spent on equipment in 1940.

No one really knows whether individuals and business concerns will be willing to spend their enormous purchasing power freely after the war. It is at least conceivable that the swift drop in government buying will produce a sort of economic shell shock and will leave people too frightened and dazed to spend their money. But if this happens, men will be behaving in a new way. Never before have millions of people with a huge excess of liquid assets over liabilities been unwilling to use their purchasing power freely to feed and clothe themselves and to buy shelter, education, travel, and amusement, provided goods could be had at more or less customary prices. There have been revolts of consumers against rises in prices and there have been sudden increases in the preference for cash after spending has gone on rapidly for several years and after consumers have piled up large debts. But never have millions of people who have recently accumulated *both* huge needs and huge holdings of cash or its equivalents refused to use their money to satisfy their needs.

Let us suppose that 57 million people are working after the war, and that they are working about 7.5 per cent fewer hours per week than they are working today. This would be a short enough working week to eliminate most of the overtime payments. Many people would be working in occupations where the product of an hour's work has a smaller value than the product of an hour's work in war industries today. At 1943 prices and at present efficiency, 57 million people would turn out about 156 billion dollars of goods a year. The national, state, and local governments will use about 31 billion dollars of this product. This would leave 125 billion dollars of output available for consumption by individuals, business concerns, and our foreign customers. Would this quantity of goods be sufficient to meet the demand?

The income of 57 million people working 7.5 per cent fewer hours than in 1943 would be 130 billion dollars. After the payment of personal taxes, they would have about 118 billion dollars to spend on consumer goods or to save. How much would they spend on consumption? Let us begin by asking about non-durable goods.

The experience of 1943, when the people of the United States had 124 billion dollars to spend after paying their personal taxes, is a guide. In that year they spent 84.5 billion dollars on non-durable goods and services. How much more would they have spent on non-durable goods if beefsteaks, milk, butter, cheese, fuel oil, gasoline, tires, Pullman space, hotel accommodations, had been readily available; if they had had time to take vacations;

if they could have found labor to paint houses or to make repairs; if they had not been buying war savings bonds as a patriotic duty? It is conservative to estimate that the demand for non-durable goods would have been 10 per cent more than it actually was. This would indicate that, with incomes of 118 billion dollars after taxes, consumers would buy 88 billion dollars of non-durable goods a year.

On durable goods (automobiles, refrigerators, radios, furniture, and other articles expected to last more than a year) consumers spend in good years about 10 per cent of their incomes after taxes. With incomes of 118 billion dollars, then, they would buy nearly 12 billion dollars of durable goods.

These estimates, however, take no account of the demand that has accumulated during the war. Let us assume, in order to be conservative, that there has been accumulated *no* demand for non-durable goods — though everyone knows, of course, that a considerable demand for clothing, repairs, and many forms of services has been piling up. The deferred demand for durable goods may be conservatively put at double the quantities sold in 1940. At the prices of 1943, this deferred demand would be about 17.8 billion dollars. If this “catching up” demand for durable goods were spread over four years, it would average 4.4 billion dollars a year. A demand of 88 billion dollars for non-durable goods, a “normal” demand of 12 billion dollars for durable goods, and an annual “catching up” demand of 4.4 billion dollars for durable goods would mean a total post-war consumer demand of 104 billion dollars a year. For the first time in the country’s history the demand for consumer goods may be expected to exceed 100 billion dollars a year.

If the local, state, and national governments take 31 billion dollars and consumers 104 billion dollars of an annual output of 156 billion dollars, there will remain 21 billion dollars with which to increase the number of houses in the country, to increase the plant, equipment, and inventories of business, and to supply our foreign customers.

The demand for residential building may be abnormally low for a year or two because many people will await clarification of economic conditions before starting to build. At any rate, let us hope that they will. If no more houses are built than in 1939, the cost, at 1943 prices, will be 2.6 billion dollars a year.

Most demands of business will be very large — at least for several years. The restoration of business inventories will take about 3 billion dollars for nearly three years. A survey of about 100 enterprises in widely scattered industries indicates that they intend to spend about one and three-quarters times their depreciation allowances on plant and

equipment during the first several years after the war. This would mean purchases of about 14.3 billion dollars of plant and equipment a year by all established concerns. Purchases by new enterprises may be expected to bring the total up to 16 billion dollars. Three-fourths to four-fifths of these capital expenditures during the first year or two after the end of the fighting will probably be for equipment, because most enterprises, like individuals, will hold back from long-term commitments until economic and political trends become clear. If one-fifth of the capital expenditures, or about 3 billion dollars a year, goes for industrial construction, the quantity of such construction will be little greater than in 1940.

In view of the great needs of the rest of the world and the large foreign balances in the United States, the export of goods from this country will exceed imports at least for several years after the war. If we keep the excess of exports over imports somewhat smaller than it was at the end of the First World War, it may be no more than 3 billion dollars a year. This figure does not include goods given or lent to other countries by our government.

All of this indicates that the total demand for housing, industrial plant and equipment, inventories, and net exports will be about 24.6 billion dollars. With government demanding 31 billion dollars of goods and consumers 104 billion dollars, the total demand would be about 159.6 billion dollars, or 3.6 billion dollars more than the estimated output of 57 million men working 7.5 per cent fewer hours at present efficiency.

The conclusion is that the post-war demand for goods is likely for two or more years to test the productive capacity of American industry, but that business enterprises, by small improvements in efficiency, should be able to meet the demand and to prevent a disorderly rise in prices from being started by an excess of demand. The prospective abundance of most kinds of raw materials will be particularly important in preventing a disorderly rise in prices. Attention should be called to the fact that the foregoing assumptions concerning the demand for non-durable goods, for residential construction, and for industrial construction are all low — lower, undoubtedly, than many persons would estimate.

3

THE economy which will follow the war for some years may be called a “catching up” economy, because the demand for goods will be based upon the large needs that have grown up during the war.

Many of the "catching up" demands, however, will be temporary and this factor may introduce violent fluctuations in production and employment.

Consider the case of automobiles. Soon after the war the country is likely to wish to increase the number of cars on the road from 22 million to 34 million. This will mean four or five years of very large production. Thereafter the output of cars will suddenly drop to the number needed to meet ordinary increases in demand and normal replacements — unless the industry raises the replacement rate by bringing out attractive improvements.

Similar "air pockets" in demand for many other goods are likely to come two or three years after the end of fighting. The deferred demand for many durable household goods will have been met in about three years. The business demand for the building up of inventories will prove temporary. The surplus of exports over imports may also prove temporary — indeed, it *must* prove temporary unless the United States is to play Santa Claus to the rest of the world.

As the accumulated demand for durable consumer goods, for industrial equipment, for inventories, and for other purposes subsides, the country must depend upon an expansion of industrial construction and residential building to prevent a drop in total employment. The potential "catching up" demand in these fields is enormous.

With 57 million people working and spending their incomes, nearly every large city in the United States will need at least one new good hotel. People are not going to queue up as they are now doing for rooms, and they are not going to be content to sleep on cots in sample rooms. Nor will people line up in restaurants as they now do.

The present high levels of industrial employment have been achieved with our present plants only by widespread use of night shifts. With 57 million people — our base figure — employed after the war, the number of holders of non-government jobs will be 3 million more than it now is. These people will need places to work and machines to run. In most industries they will not be content to get employment opportunities by working nights, and employers will not be disposed to pay night-shift premiums if the demand for goods seems to be fairly permanent. Hence, a large volume of industrial construction will be needed. To produce an annual product of one dollar ready for delivery to the consumer, there are needed plants, equipment, and inventories costing two dollars. If annual consumer expenditures after the war are about 104 billion dollars, or 25 billion dollars more than in 1940 (in terms of 1943 dollars), the fairly immediate

needs for industrial plant, equipment, and inventories will be about 50 billion dollars above 1940.

Part of this need has already been met by construction since 1940. Some of it may be eliminated by economies in the use of capital. The tendency during the last sixty years, however, has been for industrial plant to grow faster than the output of goods. One should remember also that even in 1940 the country had far less plant and equipment than would have been needed for reasonably full employment of the work force. During the previous ten years the work force had increased by 6 million with virtually no net additions to plant.

The "catching up" demand for housing will also be very large. In the ten years before the war the number of families in the United States increased by 4.5 million, but only 2.7 million new dwelling units were constructed. Furthermore, the rise of 50 per cent in real incomes above pre-war incomes will produce a demand for much better housing than is now available. The demand for new housing comes almost entirely from families receiving \$2000 a year or more. In 1925, our best housing year, such families spent about 12 cents out of each dollar of income on new housing. With income payments of 130 billion dollars, families receiving \$2000 a year or more would have total incomes of 80 billion dollars. If these families spent for housing 12 cents out of every dollar after taxes, as they did in the middle of the twenties, the annual demand for housing should run nearly 10 billion dollars a year. Of course, the housing industry may be so infested with monopolies or so completely in the grip of real-estate speculators that it is not able to offer a product on which the public is willing to spend 10 billion dollars a year.

4

AFTER the industrial plant and the housing of the country have been more or less adjusted to post-war levels of employment and income, the country will have to make the shift from a "catching up" economy to a self-sustaining economy. This second shift, however, will in some respects be more difficult than the first shift from war production to peacetime production. Hence it is not too early to take account of the basic changes in habits and in public policies which will be necessary in order that the economy can furnish a satisfactory level of employment after the "catching up" demand has been met.

Business will need to do a better job of getting people to spend their incomes for consumer goods

and the government will need to do a better job of providing a hospitable environment for enterprise and of encouraging pioneering, innovation, and expansion. Among the reforms needed in government policies, for example, will be a thorough overhauling of the present system of taxation. The Federal government for some years has taxed out of existence billions of dollars of possible payrolls because it has imposed far heavier levies upon incomes derived from giving jobs than upon incomes derived from holding jobs. In the case of the well-to-do it has taxed income derived from taking long chances at far stiffer rates than income derived from playing safe. Consequently, most of the jobs which might be created by starting enterprises which involve great risks simply do not exist.

The people will need a yardstick by which to test whether the government is doing a reasonably good job of encouraging enterprise and of providing in-

centives to pioneers and innovators or whether it is throttling a rise in the standard of living by yielding to the selfish demands of innumerable pressure groups. The test of a reasonable rate of economic progress might be 15 per cent more output for each man, woman, and child every ten years. This is a slower rate of increase than the country has achieved in any decade of its history except the thirties, when virtually no progress was made.

An increase of 15 per cent per capita every ten years would mean that output would rise (in 1943 prices) from about 156 billion dollars shortly after the war to 187 billion dollars by 1950 and to 229 billion dollars by 1960. Let us keep clearly before us these great potentialities of our economy. Awareness of them will help us keep our sights high; it will stimulate our confidence in our power to achieve; it will help us retain and strengthen the spirit of pioneering and innovation.



PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

I

STRANGELY I did not come to know the quality of my mother until I was a great overgrown boy larger than most men. She and my father were out of the same world — the world of vanishing forests — and he was austere, and I was “mother’s boy”; yet early I knew him better. There was in him a pronounced trace of the poet that a child was sure to appreciate on sight. My mother was the battler of the two, the one who accepted life where she was and settled down to the unpoetic business of making ends meet. Anyone was in danger of assuming — as I did at first — that her endless concern with everyday matters indicated content with everyday satisfactions. And that was to misunderstand her entire life.

She spent her early childhood — at the very middle of the nineteenth century — in a clearing that overlooked a modest rapids in an Ohio hill river when the sight of people moving westward, always

moving westward, was something to be expected every day. She was the eldest child in a family of an even dozen — every one of whom lived to be old.

All this army of brothers and sisters except one were born before my mother was married, and of the first nine only one was a boy. The mother of all these looked upon a household as something vital and florid right out of the magnificence of a stirring cosmos. There was something of freedom and expansiveness even in the names she gave them. When everybody round about was naming children Isaiah, Ebenezer, Rebecca, or Leah, she named hers Roselba (my mother), Sylvester Byron, Lucinda, Elizabeth Alverta, Cora Ellen. Her family was a tribe pushing up into full life. It called for the ministrations of more than one mother, and the eldest daughter became a kind of associate mother entrusted with keeping track of as many as possible.

Something of this long childhood experience of being always entrusted with life, of being always

Son of the Midwest, a novelist who can talk as well as he can write, ROLLO WALTER BROWN contributes to the *Atlantic* this unforgettable portrait of his mother.

thoughtful about someone other than herself, was in everything she later did in her own household. She had three sons. Out of the depths of her dark eyes — that with her cheerful countenance made her a woman of unpretentious beauty — she expressed her constant preoccupation with giving these sons more of a push into the world than she herself had known.

It was not easy. For she had become a bride in the devastating years of President Grant's administration when the country seemed to be in the numbness of final death. Everybody needed the fruit jars, milk crocks, and butter jars that her husband turned in his bluebird potshop, but nobody possessed money.

And if the general atmosphere was dispiriting, the specific little world in which she put in her days could scarcely be regarded as a luxurious center of life. The log house in which she lived for many years had a great fireplace in which either coal or wood could be burned, a wide flagstone hearth, an oak floor of boards of enormous width covered with a rag carpet woven at a neighbor's house, side walls covered with flowered paper that went in and out in waves over the logs to the wide border of flowers of deeper color at the top, and a ceiling of neatly hewn whitewashed beams and whitewashed rough boards — the under side of the upstairs floor.

Beside a bright blue batten door that led to the kitchen was a shelf on which a Waterbury clock announced the hours with whirring bangs, and the seconds with ticktocks that could be heard upstairs through the cracks. And opposite the fireplace by a window where the sun shone in, there was a triangular flower stand that rose in terraced shelves to make a kind of half-pyramid four or five feet high of fuchsias and bleeding heart and geraniums and begonias and night-blooming cereus and ferns and other plants grown for their foliage alone.

In this world she moved energetically and always with an awareness that said, "Of course, we are hoping for something better." Her young life had been nourished on the stories of neighbor boys who had marched away and done great things on the battlefield, and she saw no reason why a woman might not proceed as if there were still important concerns to be occupied with. Occasionally she did one thing that gave her a look of importance in my eyes: she took her place in a sidesaddle decorated with red and tan needlepoint — or something of the sort — high on a somewhat angular horse, and with a long loose riding-skirt covering even the toe of her one foot that was in the stirrup, rode away to a meeting of some kind. My notions of great personages came from the Bible, or the pic-

tures in the back of it, and when I saw her high on the tall horse I always thought of some beautiful queen on a camel.

2

SINCE her sons were going to be living where there would be persons of gentility, she thought they ought to be well grounded in essentials. If one of them slammed a door, or let it slam, he went immediately back and opened it and then closed it appropriately. When a son was ready to go to a neighbor's house to carry a message, he had to repeat to his mother what he was going to say when he got there. And when he returned he did not report approximately what the neighbor said, but gave it precisely, and in the neighbor's exact words — an experience that was almost more than the equivalent of a college education.

Where she got her understandings of how people in other and greater places surely must act, I was never able to learn. But she said she wanted her sons to have "behavior" that would stand them in good stead anywhere, and on the assumption that she knew something of what that would be, she proceeded. She had a backlog in etiquette that if we thought enough about other people, we'd probably do about the right thing ourselves.

We bounced up from our chairs when older people came into the room, and begged them to sit. We spoke with respectfulness to every adult human being. And we were expected to appear in clean clothes and with what she called "becomingness" when we went where other people were assembled. When we were in our Sunday best and there had been heavy summer rains that had left the hill and hollow roads gutters and loblolly, she insisted that we pick our way along the roadside so that our shoes would not be all mud when we reached the church. Although I hit upon the less genteel way of carrying my shoes and socks and enjoying the elemental feel of the soft mud squashing up between my toes, and then washing my feet in the cool water below a spring within sight of the church, putting on my shoes, and appearing as mudless as if I had walked all the way on Fifth Avenue, I did accept her principle of making as decent an appearance as circumstances would allow.

Nor would she permit waste. When school might be had for the going, it was unpardonable to miss a day unnecessarily. Clothes were to be worn with care for their natural life. And food was to be eaten. If we did not eat all that was in our dinner buckets at school, we carried the scraps home for the dog or the chickens. It was a depravity not to be thought

of to throw away the tiniest morsel of bread. And of course nobody had to be cautioned about throwing away cake.

We heard her admonitions, saw the reasonableness of them, and usually accepted them without so much as a question. But there was one that I could never accept even in the abstract. Since I was much younger than my two brothers, I required special cautioning. She told me not to fight. To pick trouble, she said, was very low-grade. But I could never see why these two were always mentioned together. I never picked trouble; but I had to fight. In the oncoming world of Coal in which I was obliged to operate, either a boy fought or he did not survive.

When a blustering ruffian of my own years hurried ahead to a level spot, turned to block my way, and said, "Here's where we find out whether I'm good, or you," there was such a healthy satisfaction in bloodying his nose, knocking him down, and sitting astride him and cuffing him with energy until he begged for mercy, that I always had to go through with it. "I hear you were in a fight again," she would say, looking at me with penetrable sternness out of her dark brown eyes; and I would answer, "But I didn't start it." And there the matter would rest.

From somewhere she had gained the sure belief, too, that people's lives should include music. A piano was out of the question, but an organ was not. She succeeded well enough with my two brothers. Eventually they played two or three different instruments in public, and one of them directed a stirring military band in college. For seventeen weeks the same teacher who had taught them struggled with me, and my mother daily released me from all other duties for a time in order that I might practice. Eventually she heard me floundering through the easy parts of "The Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes" with long clumsy fingers — while the birds sang alluringly everywhere outside, or the Plymouth Rock and Brown Leghorn roosters met at their boundary line within full view of where I labored, and waged one of the decisive battles of the world. I worked conscientiously, but rebelliously.

I never knew where my mother learned of my true state of mind, for I was careful not to tell her. But one day when I had poison ivy on the back of my neck and she was bathing it in cool water and sugar of lead she said, "Son, you don't have to take the organ lessons if you don't want to." I was so overjoyed that I generously volunteered to take up the fife instead. With the money for three organ lessons, I could get a fife in rosewood.

The whole of her sense of entrustment was revealed when she sat in the crackling midwinter firelight. The light spread out and upward from the fireplace and made the beams and ceiling boards very white over her head, and touched the great semi-pyramid of blooming flowers behind her with brightness out of a spring dawn. While she sat erect and contemplative, everybody — including my father, who at other times seemed more or less her equal — shrank into subordination.

She could never remain inactive long, and while my father sat with his page twisted round to catch the light and read with great concentration, and the others of us cracked nuts or popped corn or hung apples from the enormous hewn log that supported the chimney above the fireplace so that they would come down just close enough to sizzle and roast without burning — or burning the string — she knitted away at a mitten or crocheted a shawl or did other "easy" work that she left for evenings. But there in the firelight, even while she worked, she was the custodian and guarantor of life — there in a room where most things were either her blood or her handiwork.

3

JUST as sure, too, as her feeling of entrustment was her sense of practical adequacy. Her world was not a world of gadgets; there was little "to do with." But a part of the business of being intelligent, she supposed, was to make much of little. When she and her father-in-law philosophized together, she always approved his remark that the true pioneer could go into the woods with an axe, horse, and a plow shovel, and proceed to the growing of a crop and the establishment of a farm. She thought a woman likewise should be resourceful.

So she made any garment worn by a man or a woman — including a man's cap and a woman's hat. She knitted or crocheted mittens, mufflers, socks and stockings, shawls, wristlets, fascinators, ear-muffs, and lace of amazing beauty. She made, too, all kinds of woven or hooked or plaited rugs, quilts of the most complicated design and recurrences of color, crazy-quilts of ingenious variations in fancy stitching, stand covers, table covers. When a boy needed a suit of clothes, she carefully studied an old suit and then made the new one. Her aptitude seemed most startling, though, when she saw casually at church a new style of hood which she liked, and went home and proceeded to make one.

In addition to the everyday cooking done in a household, she made all sorts of jellies of the clearest colors and the most trembling consistency, grape

marmalade, blackberry and raspberry jam, strawberry preserve, peach butter, the special Ohio kind of apple butter, melting yellow cakes with deep icing, mincemeat of her own proportioning that all the neighbors bought ravenously from her as long as she would sell, butter with such a distinct tastiness that an important industrialist who had known her when he was a boy had her — through some arrangement that he was able to make — provide him with a pound every week until she was eighty-five years old. But the dish which she herself professed greatest pride in was a strangely pungent pie made of green tomatoes and half-ripened grapes, and spices, including nutmeg.

Her day began at four-thirty in the morning, summer and winter, and ended whenever there was a stopping place in her work. Yet she never worked at anything as if it were the only thing she had in mind. She would pick up a volume from the table when she was tidying the living room, see something that interested her, drop into a chair, read the shortest possible section that would enable her to understand, and then go on with her work. But there was a cheeriness in her face which told that something out of the book had contributed to the encompassing enterprise of her life.

After she had taken a nap on a couch at noon — and there was no noise — she would sit up with startling suddenness and move off vivaciously into her work as if the nap had only given her a little clearer view of what she must always be about. She was quick-tempered, but always after the flash of hotness over the immediately vexing matter, she seemed more than ever a contemplative person occupied with inclusive concerns.

In her capacity to hurry and to think at the same time she equaled any commanding general. If a family came just at mealtime, she revealed a kind of magical dexterity in bringing a meal together for extra people in the twinkling of an eye. Nor was she flustered by people who were supposed to be important. A Governor of Ohio walked through the mud before daylight one morning to see her. He was a big boyish person who knew country life and country people, and was known to her somewhat through her sons. He went to the back door in the foggy half-light, and when she answered his knock he asked her if it would be possible for a hungry man to get a handout of some kind. "I guess it will," she replied; "so come on in." And then as he stood like a giant chuckling affectionately over her she added, "But for a half cent I'd box your ears for coming to the back door." Whereupon he became for the rest of his life a kind of fourth son in his devotion to her.

SINCE I was the youngest I was in time much in her immediate world after my brothers had more or less left it. It was then that I began to see the importance of the contemplative and less obvious side of her life. In solitude she considered the place that such a humble life as hers held in the world. The best she could do was to send emissaries out. That was what she had been busy doing. She said little, but sometimes she said enough to reveal her true intent. In a letter that through all the years escaped destruction she once wrote, "Now it affords me great pleasure to deny myself for my sons."

And once when we were alone and I had fallen full length and had struck my head with a terrific jolt and she thought I was at the end of my life, though I was only dazed, I heard her say, when she thought she spoke alone to the Infinite out of her heartbreak, what she thought of me, and of my brothers, and of the purpose of living.

But when the emissaries had gone, here she would be still — probably, for she as well as my father was of a tough breed. She would have to know how to live in solitude. And it was her adequacy in solitude that became more and more noticeable. It was in her manner while she worked; it was in her face when she reflected; it was in her eyes when she turned to you with a look that seemed to come from the experience of a thousand centuries.

I first noticed this depth from which she looked when we one morning picked berries together in the late dewiness down by the deep woods below the locust thicket where the sun scarcely entered. We had filled one large bucket and I took it to the house to empty it. When I returned, the birds were singing in every treetop, the crows scolded in the locusts, and two great turkey buzzards sat on the leaning steeple of a white oak so near that I could study their bare red vulture heads. My mother stood obliviously with one arm outstretched to a briar bending with berries, intent in reflection. Suddenly I was seized by a strange conviction that I had never seen her before; that she was a woman out of the Bible; that she was neither young nor old, but only representative and timeless. But when she saw me there in the edge of the walnut-tree shade, and asked me what time it was up at the house, we were both back where obviously we belonged.

There was nothing morbid in her solitude. It was only that she did not always feel sure of herself

in the noisiness of big gatherings, and she did feel sure of herself when she could work things out alone. In consequence, she let her husband represent her more and more at gatherings, until in the end she quit going altogether. She had to write at least three letters every Sunday, anyhow. Thus it came logically that for twenty-one years in her late life she was never off the Ridge where she lived.

In these years she developed a great serenity. She was a part of something expressed everywhere about her. She would stop when she walked, look about in content at the clouds, and the wind in the trees, and the sun on the hillsides, and then stand contemplatively for minutes. She would put her hand against the stout trunk of a pushing young shell-bark hickory, look at it as if she and the tree were on very good terms, and then walk on without a word.

She became, too, without any noticeable effort on her part, a special friend of creatures — a custodian of good relations between them and the representatives of mankind round about. Cows thrust their heads through the bars to have her — and no one else — soothingly rub their faces. When she started on one of her afternoon or Sunday morning walks out to the woods pasture, where there was a long vista through the hills, her hens would come running, sometimes half flying, until they were a great accompanying body. They were not hungry; they were expecting no feed; they only chose to go along. In winter she hung ears of yellow corn in an apple tree by the front porch and tacked strips of suet to the body of the tree and had several pairs of cardinals for company throughout the season.

And the environs of the house every spring and summer became a bustling wren sanctuary. If she hung her raincoat on the outkitchen porch and left it there for a few days, there was certain to be a wren's nest in one of the pockets. When she put a cracked old-style iron teakettle on a low shelf in the coal house, she discovered within a day or two that a wren was using the wide spout as an entrance and was building a nest. She could lift the lid later and exhibit the wren family.

Once when she was eighty she said a bit proudly to one of her sons, "Come out here to the milk bench and I'll show you something." She had turned a milk crock upside down and one edge of it extended an inch or two over the end of the bench. Within twenty-four hours a wren was building a

nest under the crock. And now when she unhesitatingly turned the crock up, seven lively-looking young wrens, about ready to fly, watched her intently, but did not move. She had been turning the crock up for a look at least once every day.

She knew, too, where to find every beautiful thing that existed in her world. She knew which redbuds in the thicket always bloomed a little ahead of the others, which dogwoods first began to lose their greenish cast and become pure white, where to find the prize patch of sweet williams, when to look for the black-haw bush in full bloom, when to expect the first odor of locust blossom, when in July to watch for an unfailing field lily on the hillside, where always to find the softest and greenest moss, where to look for the first maple branch that bespoke autumn, where to go for flint stones that had the most interesting spiral markings on them.

Whenever her friends from town came to see her — and they were always coming, as many as fifteen or twenty on one Sunday afternoon — she reverted to her more customary role of giver. They walked out to the locust trees, on out to the woods pasture, down to a romantic old orchard close in the hollow where one could still find fragments of Staffordshire blue tableware by the site of an early house, back up the hill to sit for a time in a clean pasture field and enjoy such quiet as they did not know existed. And when they were ready to go she placed something in their hands to be carried away — some fruit, some bittersweet, some slips of ruddier begonia, something out of the vegetable garden, some flowers from the profusion in which they grew from the first peonies to the last chrysanthemums.

To give — was not that what life was? That was the easy summary: twenty years or so given to younger sisters and the like; two thirds of a century and a little more given to her own family. She had given.

But what she had achieved within herself seemed more. In a world where life was always hard and often cruel, she met the requirements without ever flinching, without ever thinking of running away to some remote place in pursuit of an evasive happiness. Just to have remained steadfast in itself would have been much. But she persisted until she made a greater usefulness of the hard conditions. She persisted until she saw herself in relation to things, to all things, and, right where she stayed, came to know the depths of a serenity from which she could look out on whatsoever and be undismayed.

THE PRISONER

by MONICA STIRLING

I

WHEN Robbie heard that he was to be sent overseas he was frightened. A slight, fair young man of conventionally English appearance, he lacked the conventionally heroic virtues, and as the days of his embarkation leave slipped through his fingers he became obsessed by the dread, not of death, but of captivity.

That his fear took this form was not due to his imagination, but to his father's having told him A Chap's most precious possession was His Freedom so often that Robbie had come to believe him. Not in his infancy, not in his schooldays, not in his apprenticeship in the world of business, not in the army, had Robbie ever experienced anything but servitude disguised by ritual entitled The Privilege of Service or The Dignity of Labor; but because he knew as little about himself as about the world around him, his belief that he was a free man survived even his association with sergeant-majors who behaved like music-hall mothers-in-law. He survived a great deal without undergoing any spiritual change.

Having joined the Territorials in the days before the flood (partly from a sense of duty, partly from a wish to Keep Fit), he had been in the army since 1939 and, like many other conventional former office workers, had plodded through three years of war without acquiring more than a habit of grumbling for pleasure rather than from conviction, and a taste for copulation divorced from sentiment.

At the end of the first year even his fear had lost its intensity, and resembled a decayed tooth, hurting him whenever morbid fascination caused him to bite upon it deliberately, but quiescent the rest of the time. And then, soon after his arrival

in North Africa, he was taken prisoner by some Italians.

One minute he was standing beside his tank yelling instructions, dripping with perspiration, and feeling as though involved in a nightmare scrimmage on the school playing field; and the next he was surrounded by dark-skinned, operatic-eyed soldiers who appeared rather more astonished at his presence among them than he was at being there. After staring at him for several seconds, they pulled themselves together and, with the air of courteous hosts dealing mildly with gate crashers, led him into an untidy tent where an officer of handsome and melancholy aspect was picking his teeth. So abundant were gold fillings in these teeth that all the time their owner was questioning the prisoner — which he did with a mildness that exacerbated the boy's feeling of unreality — Robbie was wondering sleepily if the Germans allowed their soldiers to have their teeth filled with gold. Probably not. The slogan Guns Before Butter implied a scheme of life in which mending decayed teeth was a luxury trade.

Having been shepherded, with half a dozen Canadian prisoners, into a barbed-wire enclosure, Robbie stopped thinking about teeth and began to wait for the fear, rage, or misery he supposed appropriate to the captive to take possession of him. But nothing of the sort occurred; and soon after the guards, who were not soldiers but peasants in uniform, had brought the prisoners blankets and plates of food strongly flavored with garlic, Robbie fell asleep as unferocious as he had always been.

With a large-scale battle under way it was necessary for the Italians to remove to Italy those prisoners they wanted to feel certain of retaining, and next day Robbie and his companions were again sent over the sea. First by lorry and then by aeroplane the little group was taken, discussing the chances of rescue the while, to Italy. On landing

A protégée of Rebecca West, MONICA STIRLING is a young English writer. Her father was a theatrical producer in Paris before the war; thus Miss Stirling came to know France as her other country. In recent years she has worked with the French Committee of National Liberation.

they were given more garlic-flavored food and placed in a rickety train which had wooden seats crowded with old men in straw hats and old women with shawls around their heads and wicker baskets on their knees.

During the journey, there grew up between the prisoners a feeling of comradeship which to Robbie, who had cared little for school, office, or regiment, was novel and appetizing. And when they entered the big prison camp at the end of the valley, the seven men gave each other grimaces of reassurance like those of new boys who have made the journey to school together. But they need not have been anxious. Delighted at the prospect of talking with men who had lately been in England, the prisoners in possession of the camp gave the newcomers an enthusiastic welcome, and within a few weeks each of the seven men had discovered a group sympathetic to his temperament — each, that is, except Robbie.

Like most prisoners of war, the ones in this camp could be classified under three headings: those whom devotion to duty or longing for someone at home kept feverish with plans for escape; those whose pre-war lives had been so poverty-stricken as to cause them to accept their captivity with cynical good will; and those whom sanguine temperament and homely morality induced to make the best of their present circumstances.

It was not until Robbie had spent a month observing the boyishly conspiratorial behavior of the first group, the contemptuous acquiescence of the second, and the over-energetic absorption in such pastimes as rabbit breeding of the third, that he realized he himself belonged with none of them. The knowledge that this was so began to undermine the mixture of unenterprising courage and unconscious apathy that had enabled him to spend twenty-three years in the world without feeling deeply about anything. And he might have become completely demoralized had it not been for the first friend he made in Italy.

2

THIS was a thirty-two-year-old actor whose conscience had persuaded him to join the army before the law would have compelled him. His name was Tom Driver and he was of all the prisoners the most unhappy. The memory of his beloved wife saturated his thoughts by day and his dreams by night with vain longing and, being an actor of talent who knew whether or not an audience was giving him its attention, he could not, as could many of the others,

obtain relief by talking of his wife to men whose listening consisted in refraining from speech until it was their turn to describe their own troubles. So he tried not to talk at all of his own concerns.

But since actors' training is bent on producing a supple upper lip, it is harder for them than for most people to be silent about what is important to them, and one day Tom found himself looking at his watch and saying to Robbie, "She'll just about be getting to rehearsal now, I expect." He had spoken almost involuntarily, less because Robbie appeared sympathetic than because he happened to be near; but the interest with which Robbie turned and asked, "Who'll be getting to what?" showed Tom that he had stumbled on an audience worth playing to and, feeling slightly less wretched than he had done since his arrival in the camp, he began to talk of his wife.

Robbie had little knowledge of the theater. But it was not long before he was able to visualize Tom's young wife, Fanny, more clearly than any of the women with whom he was personally acquainted, and not much longer before the details of this slight, dark, shy, intelligent girl's profession were more vivid to him than his fast-fading recollections of the office where he had once worked, but to which he would never, he now realized, return.

Tom was the son and grandson of actors, and the stage that he described with an ironic tenderness devoid of flamboyancy was neither the englamored stage of the big stars nor the tragically sordid stage of the semi-failures, but the middle-class stage where industry and sobriety reign, where actor marries actress and domesticity is not eschewed but fitted into the repertory theater. Everything about this world was strange to Robbie, but nothing stranger than the idea that there could, and did, exist persons — not famous and exceptional, but persons in many respects like himself — who earned their living by doing work that gave them pleasure.

This idea astonished Robbie almost as greatly as his astonishment shocked Tom, and it was not until the two men had spent a considerable time staring at each other and murmuring, "Well — but don't you *see* —" that each began to apprehend the other's universe. And as they did so, Robbie learned that there is a difference between genteel acquaintanceship and friendship.

After Tom had told Robbie a great deal not only about Fanny but about the theater where she worked — one of the best repertories in Scotland — he began to regale him with accounts of the plays in which she acted. The ones she liked best were by a Scandinavian named Ibsen, and of his she preferred one entitled *Ghosts*.

"Never heard of it," said Robbie. But he had already learned a lot from Tom, for he did not give this remark the satisfied tone that is its most common envelope in England.

"Well, you are a poor devil," said Tom. "Almost as bad as the people who ring up the box office and ask if it's a spooky play. Spooky! God almighty!"

"I s'pose they think it's like *The Ghost Train*, sort of —?"

"You suppose bloody well right."

"I saw the picture of that, you know."

"Oh, you did, did you? Ever so nice for you, that must have been."

"It was too." Robbie grinned. "Come on, Tom — you know you can't wait to tell me what it's really like."

"O.K. You win. Well, you see, it all takes place in a little town where. . ."

And as the exposition was spread before him the prosaic Robbie began to experience thrills like those of the young intellectual forty years ago.

"Of course Fanny was years too young for it when she did Mrs. Alving," admitted Tom. "But she made a grand stab at it, all the same. The way in which she dovetailed feeling and intellect was terrific. I don't say it because — well — there was a moment, when she took Oswald's head between her hands —"

Tom stopped and, his eyes suddenly full of tears, turned away from Robbie and stared through the barbed wire, past the sentry who was every now and again interrupting his own dream in order to spit, across the sunlit valley, at the vineyarded slopes of the lovely hills from whence there came to him no help.

The sunshine, the beauty of the world about him, even Robbie's intuitive sympathy suddenly sickened Tom; not because he was so perverse as to dislike their intrinsic qualities, but because they were so unlike that for which he yearned: the grubby little theater in the grubby little town, both beautiful to him since they contained Fanny, dear, lovely Fanny whom he could see now, running up the stairs at their lodgings, her red coat slipping from her shoulders, a pile of scripts in her thin hands, and a teasing look on her pointed face as she replied to his suggestions as to what they should eat, "Oh no, darling — let's not bother. Let's just have a Nice Pot of Tea, and then we can get down to the second act without wasting a lot of time teppering about."

To tepper (to potter or loiter) was a verb frequently employed by Tom and Fanny in their private language, and the thought of it twisted the corners of Tom's wide mouth downwards. Who's

she teppering with now? he wondered, suddenly thin-skinned with jealousy, not so much of the human beings with whom his faithful Fanny was obliged to associate while he was absent, as of the profession for which he himself longed when he was not busy hating it for occupying so great a place in Fanny's life.

3

ALMOST entirely comprehending the reason for Tom's silence, Robbie suddenly knew what to do. Leaning forward he said, with an eagerness in no way counterfeit: —

"I say, Tom — what about us doing a play?"

"How do you mean — us?"

"All of us here."

"W-ell — I suppose we *might* — if we had some scripts. Laugh that one off."

"Oh, get on. We could get some. Through the Red Cross, f'r instancee."

"Take a hellishly long time probably."

"Yes, but — well — I know! Couldn't you remember a bit of something to be going on with? Something you've often done? Dictate it to me, sort of. What about that one-act play you and Fanny did? That one you were telling me about yesterday. By Noel Coward. About the two music-hall comics."

"Oh. *Red Peppers*?"

"*Red Peppers*. That's the one."

"W-ell —"

"Be something for you to tell her about in your letters — something they're not likely to censor, too."

"Why —" Forgetting that his eyes were full of tears, Tom turned and flung an arm round his friend. "It would, too. It —" He stopped, overcome by gratitude. Ever since he had been taken prisoner the subject matter of his letters to his wife had been governed by the wish to avoid giving her pain. But if part of his time were filled by work similar to that which had absorbed her ever since her stage-nurtured childhood, he would have something to say that was not merely an unskilled attempt to conceal the mingled anguish and boredom at present undermining his character.

"It would, too," he repeated joyfully, the last trace of the soldier disappearing from his actor's face as he imagined Fanny proudly reading passages from his letters to the company, and the company exclaiming joyfully, as at a personal triumph, "Not tearing off a production even *there*, is he, the old sod?"

Despite the enthusiasm of the majority of the

prisoners, Tom found his work as producer very difficult at first. Few of his companions had any notion of, or aptitude for, acting; almost all were self-conscious; and the only sketches he knew well enough to teach them were ones requiring a sense of comedy, the sense most rare among amateurs. But their will to learn was so intense, and the lack of other interests to impair their concentration so extreme, that they made remarkably good progress. Within a few months Tom felt he wouldn't be ashamed if Fanny were to see one of his productions.

THERE were few persons in the camp for whom life was not brightened by Robbie's idea. Even the guards derived pleasure from the performances. But no one there, not even the now somewhat more cheerful Tom, was so moved by the introduction of acting into camp life as was Robbie. From the moment he stepped onto the improvised stage and imperfectly articulated a few words, he was possessed by a tremulous delight such as he had not known existed; and often, in the nights that followed, he woke shaken by excitement because at last he had something to say to himself that was not merely a skilled attempt to conceal the boredom he had supposed the normal basis of life.

While he was still enmeshed in physical awkwardness and mental shyness, he said nothing to his companions of the change his feelings had undergone. But as the months went by, and every part he played increased his confidence, the change became obvious to Tom, who often wrote to Fanny of the little clerk who would astonish everyone yet: "Feeling, pace, variety — in fact he's got the whole works, darling, and the fascinating thing is that he's so damned astonished at finding himself that he thinks no one else has noticed."

At last a parcel of plays arrived from Fanny.

Among them was *Ghosts*, and while Tom adjusted a feminine wig and made hilarious mockery of his own attempts to equal his wife's performance as Mrs. Alving, Robbie struggled with the part of Oswald.

And as he did so his recently discovered instincts took control of him: he had had a mother, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he perceived the quality of Mrs. Alving's greeting; he had been young, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he spoke of his bright and happy student days in Paris; he had hoped, once, that life might be ruled by pleasantness, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he recognized that it might be entirely unpleasant; he had experienced desire, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he looked upon Regina and found her splendid; he had disliked the little his mediocre upbringing had allowed him to recognize of hypocrisy, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he repudiated the cruel imbecility of Pastor Manders; he had for twenty-three years possessed eyes that saw, ears that heard, lips capable of curving around beautiful, complicated, varied words, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he spoke of the joy of life that had inspired his painting; he had been alive — he was still alive — at a time when undamaged youth was rarer than ever before in the known history of the world, but he did not realize the fact until, as Oswald, he spoke of his horror of death.

The first time he rehearsed Oswald's dying cry, "Give me the sun," Tom stopped him and said: "Hi there, Robbie. Steady on. Not like that. Think again. You're making it triumphant." But moments passed before Robbie answered. He had turned away in his excitement and, unaware of Tom's amused scrutiny, was staring through the barbed wire, past the sentry, across the sunlit valley, through the vineyarded slopes of the lovely hills, and at the astonishing knowledge that at last, and for the first time, he was ready for freedom.



IN MY DEFENSE

by THOMAS MANN

In the May *Atlantic* THOMAS MANN, famous German novelist who has recently become an American citizen, contributed a profound study of the Teutonic character. Several readers have interpreted Dr. Mann's essay as a plea for a soft peace; and one in particular, Professor Henri Peyre of Yale University, took him to task for his violent attack on "Western and liberal ideas" at the time of the First World War. At the conclusion of his letter, which was published in the *Atlantic Repartee* section of the July issue, he raised the question: "If a man of his eminence and of his wide culture could think and speak thus in 1915-1918, can he now expect his readers readily to dissociate the German people from the Nazis?" Dr. Mann's reply follows. — THE EDITOR

1

THE political bias of Professor Peyre's letter to the *Atlantic Monthly* emerges clearly in his final question. In my essay "What Is German?" he sees an attempt on my part to persuade the readers to dissociate the German people from the Nazis; he sees in it a plea for the granting of a "soft peace" to Germany. That, to be sure, is a misunderstanding. The sole purpose of my article was to identify, objectively and psychologically, certain traits of German character with which I am only too familiar and which have become disastrous for Germany and for the world. But unfortunately Professor Peyre gained that wrong impression. He wrote his letter, and produced his aged quotations, not out of personal enmity, — for which he has no reasons, — nor out of a special liking for denunciation, but in order to counteract the — in his opinion — harmful consequences which might — again in his opinion — emanate from my article.

His zeal is understandable. It is only regrettable that it darkens and suppresses qualities that are ordinarily inbred in a serious scholar and researcher — qualities in which, I am sure, Professor Peyre himself is not lacking under other circumstances. It is probably not his custom to live by disjointed quotations gleaned here and there, and to write about things with which he has only a hearsay acquaintance. It is undoubtedly his normal habit to pursue with conscientious thoroughness those intellectual matters, developments, and destinies upon which he expatiates in public, and to study them at the hand of original documents rather than superficial and haphazard garnerings from *Literary Supplements*.

But in this case political passion dulls his schol-

arly accuracy. He rashly states, for example, that "Frederick and the Great Coalition," an essay which I wrote in 1914, "has never been translated in this country." But this historical study, which I still regard as one of my best productions, — however much or little that may mean, — is to be found by anyone who cares to look in a volume entitled *Three Essays* (Knopf, New York, 1929).

The shocking quotations, however, which Professor Peyre took from the *London Times*, are not to be found in this book. Nor are they to be found in the *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, that unrestrained and painful work of introspection and confession, written between 1915 and 1917, with which Professor Peyre is also not familiar, if only because — quite properly — it has never been translated. I should never have published it even in German, for a more intimate and more misusable diary has never been kept by anyone. Its sole right to publicity may perhaps lie in the fact that it served as the intellectual preliminary to the novel of European dialectic, *The Magic Mountain*.

The statements which Professor Peyre used to frighten the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* were quoted from an article written in 1914, a few weeks after the outbreak of the war, entitled "Gedanken im Kriege" ("Thoughts in War"), and published in the *Neue Rundschau*. True enough, this polemic contains a good many stormy remarks. Many stormy, gross, and extravagant things were said in Europe at that time — not only in Germany and Austria, where writers like Dehmel, Wassermann, and Hofmannsthal, politicians like Harden, Rathenau, and Stresemann, approved of the national war

as well as I, but also in the foreign countries arrayed in war against Germany.

My extravagances of 1914 are to be regarded in part as a reaction to the many heated insults which were at that time hurled against German philosophy and culture, with which I was living in close association. Primarily, however, they are to be explained by the fact of the utter political innocence of the German intellectual, rooted in Lutheranism and Romanticism, who, taken unaware by the war, for a long time saw in it only a justifiable defense of spiritual values which, to his boundless astonishment, were suddenly abused from all quarters. Whatever I had produced up to that time was indigenous to the domain of these spiritual values. Whenever I said "Germany" I meant this domain, and I interceded for it with complete naïveté.

As a disciple of Schopenhauer I did not like the optimistic stress upon progress on the part of the rhetorical bourgeois, the type which I at that time dubbed the "*Zivilisationsliterat*." In *The Magic Mountain*, in the person of Mr. Settembrini, this type became humanly rather attractive, but ten years earlier I had little sympathy with them. I adhered to an ethics of pessimism, the essence of which was the concept "In Spite of All"; its ideal was courage and tenacity under difficulties.

I saw in Germany a country that lived in severe internal and external circumstances, a country that suffered hardships as an artist suffers hardships. I identified myself with that country — that was the form and content of my wartime patriotism. I even spoke on behalf of Prussian conviction, Prussian attitude, Prussian "militarism."

In this connection I am reminded of an essay dealing with Prussianism in German literature that recently appeared in the Moscow periodical *International Literature*. The author, George Lukász, a literary historian of Communist persuasion, discussed in it, among other things, my statements during the last war and declared that my Fredericianism of that time, my apology for the Prussian attitude, could not possibly be properly judged psychologically unless viewed in conjunction with my short story *Death in Venice*, which appeared before the war, and in which the Prussian ethos suffers a fall of the most ironic tragedy. Well, in this case Moscow did a finer critical job than Yale.

2

MY ACCUSER points out that at the time in question I was forty years old and that my opinions were those of a mature man. That, too, had already been

said in the *Times Literary Supplement*; Mr. Peyre gratefully made use not only of the quotations but also of the accompanying comments. This particular one is not very remarkable. Maturity is a relative concept, and a man who is destined to endure and to go a long way may not be at all mature at the age of forty. I don't even know whether I am mature today. Perhaps an entire lifetime is required to attain maturity, and to be mature may mean mature for death. As an artist, it seems that I was precocious, for at the age of twenty-three I wrote a book that still lives today and that may, possibly, outlive everything that I wrote later on.

In respect to politics, on the other hand, I undoubtedly underwent a very slow development — a characteristic which may be nationally German. In fact, it was the outbreak of the war in 1914 that shook me to my very foundations and that forcibly brought me face to face for the first time with matters which until then had been entirely outside the domain of my consciousness. And so the old essay with which Professor Peyre has a fragmentary acquaintance stands at the very beginning of a long intellectual process that led through the *Betrachtungen* and *The Magic Mountain* to the speech on "The Coming Victory of Democracy" — a process which, naturally, did not take place in a vacuum but in direct connection with the changing situations of historical reality, and by means of which I succeeded in rounding out my concept of humanity in a political sense and in finding my proper place in the struggle of mankind.

With biting irony, made slightly comical by his ignorance, Mr. Peyre remarks: "It would be most enlightening to his readers to have Herr Mann explain how and why he was converted . . . to his present attitude." I may refer him to a book, *Order of the Day, Political Essays and Speeches of Two Decades*, that appeared in 1942, in which he may follow the stages of my "conversion" by years, from my Berlin speech, "The German Republic," down to my letter to the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Bonn — which he could read in any language that he might chance to understand. He knows nothing about this book, and nobody expects him to.

But what Professor Peyre really ought to know and undoubtedly does know is the fact that for ten years before Hitler's assumption of power I fought against the rising nationalistic tide in Germany. Exposed to the most poisonous attacks and with the constant sacrifice of my peace and personal comfort, I sought for a decade to ward off the evil that I saw coming. And in the end I paid for this fulfillment of my duty with exile, with the loss of my German

reading public, with the loss of home and fortune. Mr. Peyre knows that.

Moreover he is probably not without some feeling for the inappropriateness of tripping up with the cudgel of ancient quotations a man who is exerting the vital powers of his declining years to play a rightful part in the current struggles of humanity, and to combine his duties as a world citizen with the task of furthering and completing a life's work that may have some value for many people. He is probably aware of the inappropriateness of persistently reminding such a man of statements that he made in an entirely different phase of history and of his own life, and of forcing him to justify himself with regard to them. This feeling, I say, is certainly not entirely foreign to Professor Peyre. But his passionate fear that my article in the *Atlantic Monthly* was intended to arouse sentiment for a soft peace makes him forget all other considerations.

He need not be so disturbed. It is quite unlikely that Germany will emerge from the present war with nothing more than a black eye. Neither the plans of the European Advisory Commission in London nor the statements issuing from Moscow point to any such conclusion. Germany has long ago begun to atone and faces still harsher atonement — and I have no objections. I am not one of those emigrants who stand with patriotically outstretched arms in protection of their country and declare that nothing must be done to it — after the most incredible things have been done to others.

I regard it not only as absurd, but also as unworthy, to differentiate between the German people and Nazism in such a degree as to look upon Germany as Hitler's first victim, as the first nation to be subjugated by National Socialism. If there is such a thing as collective responsibility, if there is such a thing as a nation, a people as a mythical personality, then National Socialism is nothing but the form which a country, Germany, assumed in order to carry out with the most comprehensive

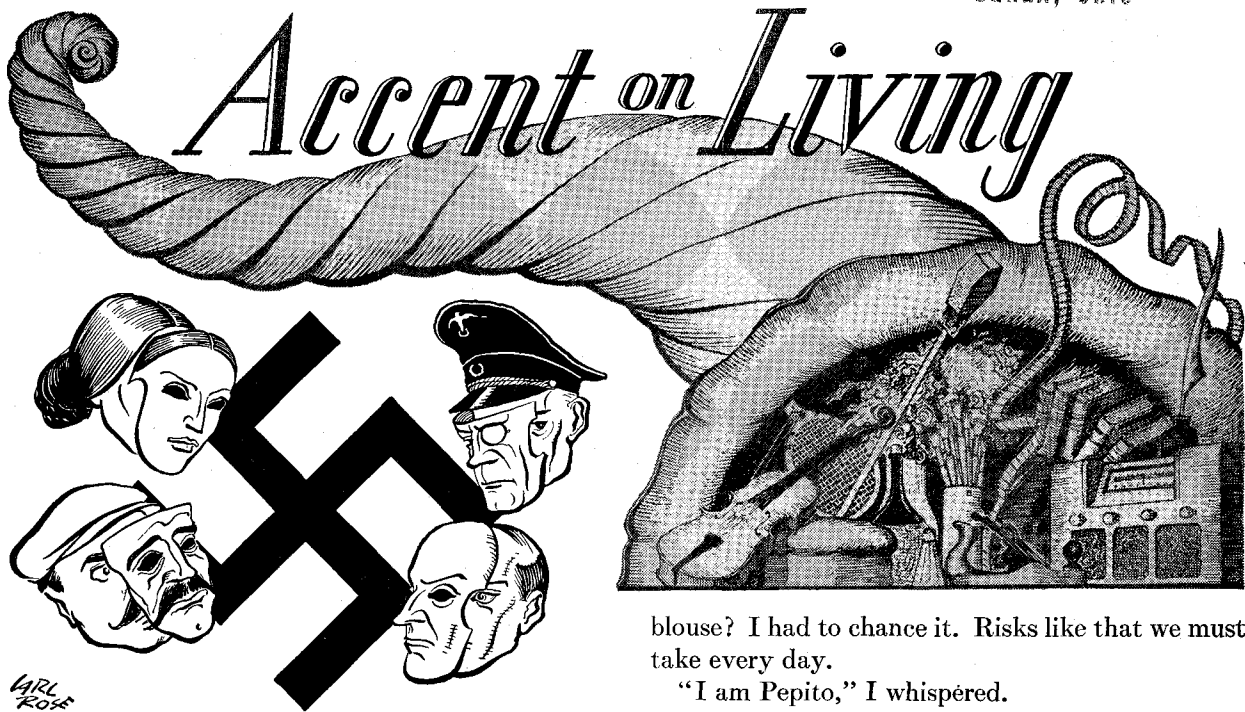
means the boldest attempt at world domination that history has ever seen — an attempt which came within an ace of succeeding. It was only one attempt among others, but never has this attempt been undertaken with so much malignity and ruthlessness, in a spirit of such inhumanity.

The success of this venture would have been an unspeakable misfortune; its failure means an annihilating catastrophe for Germany, perhaps the end of her history, certainly the end of that epoch of her history that led to the venture — all that goes without saying. I can give the assurance that I will not move a muscle over any measure that the statesmen of the world will regard as necessary to render Germany incapable of repeating her attempt. I shall be all the less inclined to do so since Germany has always developed her finest gifts in the service of humanity far more successfully in a state of political impotence than in the ban of power politics.

It is a different question, of course, whether Germany will have much opportunity in the next few generations to make use of her humanistic traditions. It does not appear, unfortunately, that the end of the present struggle would mean, at the same time, the end of the era of wars and revolutions in which we now stand. The coming conflicts will scarcely have their source in Germany's defective endowment for democracy and civic liberty. Peace on earth, the union of humanity in liberty and justice, are goals that lie, I am afraid, in the far-distant future, and perhaps they will eternally recede before our longing. We must act, of course, as though they were attainable; we must strive for the impossible to realize the possible. But the ideal, the divine, can only be approximated.

The same thing can be said of Truth. If I was in error at the age of forty, I do not imagine that I possess the Truth today. It can never be a possession, but only an eternal aspiration. May it be said of each one of us that he spent his life honestly and restlessly striving for the true and the good.





Shocker Underground

By BARBARA STEWART

WAS it my wife? I turned the question over in my mind as I walked down the stately second-floor hallway of my home — a hallway that had not changed despite the German occupation which had changed so many things.

At the far end, the woman started to retreat into my wife's room. Then I saw her harden herself for an encounter with me. My wife, Mima, had done this each time we met since I had undertaken my Quisling job. For once I was pleased, realizing from it that it was she and not the Nazi maid who had been put into my house because she so closely resembled my wife.

I had not told Mima how I had reached my decision to pose as a false collaborationist. I could not endanger my wife. But tonight I had orders to secure her aid, and although I knew the risks she would run, I cannot deny that I was glad she would know at last.

"Mima," I said, wondering eagerly what expression would replace her look of contempt, "Mima, you have heard of the man who is called Pepito?"

"Who," she asked sullenly, "has not heard of Pepito the Patriot?"

I leaned toward her, for I was aware my house had been dictographed. She moved back from me. Was there a dictograph behind the ruffle of her

blouse? I had to chance it. Risks like that we must take every day.

"I am Pepito," I whispered.

"No one but the children of your Nazi friends would believe that," she said. "I have seen Pepito."

I thought I saw her problem. Since the lights went out in Europe, we have all had a hard time recognizing each other in the dark. Obviously, for underground security, I could give her no word but mine. I whispered desperately for fifteen minutes.

"No. No, Carlos Josef," she said. "I cannot believe it. If you were Pepito, you would not endanger me by telling me of it. And if you were Carlos Josef —" She hesitated, and I had a flash of doubt that she was sure I was her husband.

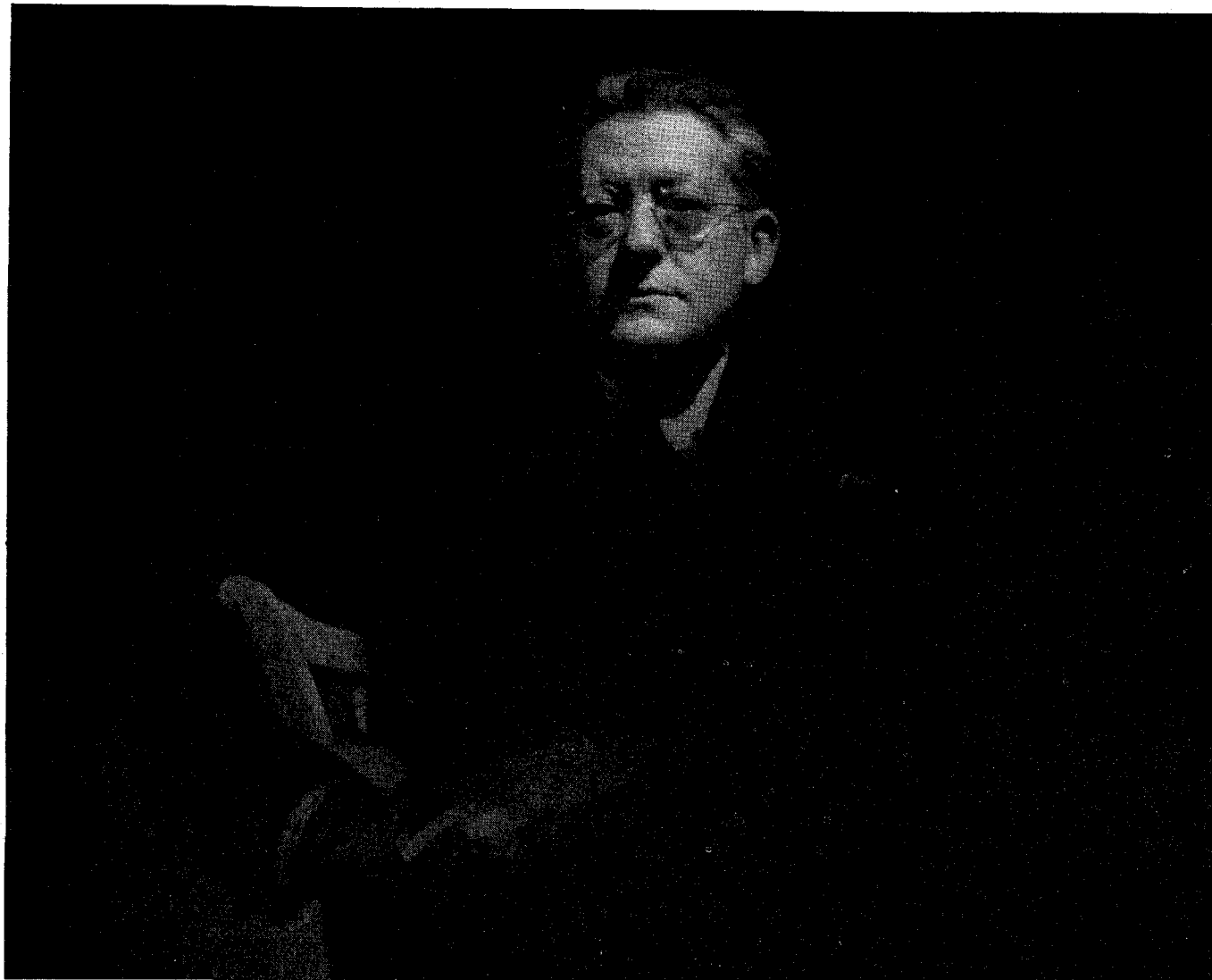
I saw that the workings of her mind were jammed by the revelation of my real identity. She had been corrupted by oversimplicity. But who could be having this influence on her?

The doorbell rang. I did not have time to ponder my question. I felt in my vest pocket for my Luger. It was there. But was it loaded? Another chance to take. I hurried downstairs and drew Luis, my friend from boyhood, into the library in the west wing. We closed the door, and I threw the secret switches that cut out the dictographs and which at the same time supplied them with a short program of piano music. I had ten minutes. I hesitated before the switch in the fireplace, knowing the dictograph hidden there had been installed not by the Germans but by the Free French. Furthermore, I had tapped these wires to check up on myself. They had their uses. I hesitated. But Luis did not notice. He seemed agitated.

"Carlos," he said, "the underground has told me terrible news."

I watched his eyes. I wondered if he knew that

BARBARA STEWART, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was one of the three proprietors of "Baser English," which appeared in the August *Atlantic*.



Listen with Rodzinski

Learn Why Another Great Musician Joins The Unparalleled Acclaim for Meissner

One by one, *they* had told him. First, it was Howard Barlow; then Bruno Walter, Fritz Reiner, Andre Kostelanetz. Each of these famous concertmasters had a strangely similar story to tell. A story of a wonderful new instrument that could reproduce recorded music *as it had never been done before.*

And now Artur Rodzinski was about to hear it himself. New York's great philharmonic director watched without comment as the record-changer automatically chose a record from the stack, gently placed it on its table, moved aside for the audition to start. Only a slight change of expression implied that this, too, was worth noting.

"They told me about the record-changer," he explained, "but I couldn't believe it until I had seen it. An amazing invention, truly!"

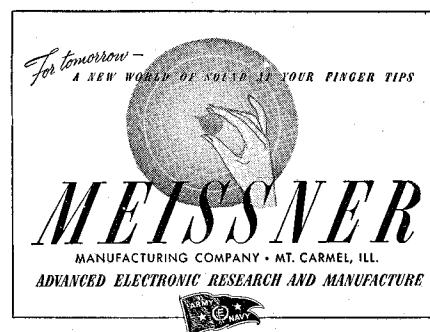
By now, the music was in full swing — a familiar recorded classic that now seemed to take on new stature with each passing passage. Dazzlingly clear, full-measured, challenging — the triumphant performance could not help but leave its mark upon all in the tiny group who listened with Rodzinski.

"Play that again, please," he said. On and on, the Meissner played. All at the push of a button, records were played, reversed, replaced or repeated. At the end, Rodzinski said:

"Never have I heard its equal. The Meissner is music inspired!"

Artur Rodzinski had just heard the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence — the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of vital electronic war equipment. The instrument is now on loan "for the duration" to the music room of Mt. Carmel high school.

Your own luxurious postwar counterpart of the Meissner, in days to come, will likewise include *Frequency Modulation* and other fidelity features well beyond such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use. It will treat you to new *Super Shortwave* . . . a connoisseur's choice of *Distinguished Cabinets* . . . *New Ideas* in a host of other advancements now being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces around the world.



our organization knew he thought we knew that he was spying on us for the Germans.

"Someone very close to you is under suspicion," he said.

I reflected that if he made a frank statement, it would be awkward for me. How could I, an underground worker posing as a fraudulent collaborationist, help him, my best friend, a collaborationist posing as a fraudulent underground worker?

He filled in my silence by adding, "I hate to be the one to tell you this. But your life may depend on your knowing it. Carlos Josef, the woman you believe to be your wife is under the influence of the Americans."

I stared at him a long time, trying to figure out the import of his telling me this. Did the Germans think I did not know where simplicity came from? Or was he implying the Americans had been corrupted in this respect by Soviet Russia?

The doorbell rang. I hurried to answer it. Luis hurried along beside me.

"Who is this other dinner guest?" he asked.

"Captain von Schmidt," I said.

Luis laid a restraining hand on my arm and forced me to look at him. "To dine with you, you have invited me and the Gestapo chief?" he said. "This seems dangerous. Won't the Germans doubt you if they find you are still friendly with persons like me?"

I knew how he expected me to react to this clever speech. But he did not know, as I did, that von Schmidt was one of us. How could he since he did not know that von Schmidt was a Norwegian who had convinced the Germans he was a renegade Czech?

The doorbell rang. I hurried, for I did not want to keep the Captain waiting. Luis hurried, too. My wife had reached the door before us and was helping the Captain off with his coat. I saw him slip a note into her hand.

I turned to a handy sideboard to get my guests some cocktail sherry and think this over: Could they be lovers? Was I going to have to be jealous as well as confused? Perhaps he was in reality an American pretending to be a Norwegian who, as a Czech, was disguised as a German to spy on our underground.

I took the tray on which drinks stood ready-poured, and determined to pass the matter off with a smile. My butler, known to me only as QZ-531, had reported on these drinks.

"All but one of these are poisoned," I said,



pleasantly, knowing all of them were, but that no one would believe any of them were. And, as we drank them, I could have recited just who had put what poison into which glass and for whom it was intended. But, of course, I knew the end result would be too obvious to be important. Indeed, when we all died, I didn't give it a second thought. I was still curious, however, about the identity of the woman, Mima.

Bee Tree

By GEORGE SCARBROUGH

For days I knew the secret of the tree
And then forgot, concerned with other things
Of winter living: Monday morning saw
The snow begin and seven days were rings

Of ice and fire around a moulted world,
Seven days were white as no days ever were,
White as swan feathers washed by peridot
Of waters from Peru. No skies were clear

For seven days; and January turned
Upon its pivot slowly. Now behind
The middle days. One troubled noon, I found
The hearthfire dead, time out of man's poor mind.

Near to the wood lot for a day of grace,
I felled a tree reluctantly, afraid
Of some foreknowledge, ill-defined, that grew
A shapeful thing before my singing blade

Was done. But I, immersed in seven colds,
Remembered less than soon enough, and drove
One half-caught blow into the swirling heart.
And seven days of silence did not move,

And whiteness deepened seven times, until
The broken tree lay thunderously over,
And snowy wood was sweet, was summer-sweet,
With piercing, honeyed scent of some far clover.

For days I knew the secret of the tree
And then forgot. . . . The flower-heart is lying
Upon the snow; upon the snow in heaps
Of shining wings the judased bees are dying.



Will I have a warm home this winter?

That's a hard question to answer, but it looks more and more likely that you *will* have enough heat, if you heat with Bituminous Coal.

But don't think of your family's dependence on coal just in terms of heat. Quite aside from that, you depend on Bituminous Coal in ways you may never have thought of! Every time you turn on the light, listen to the radio—every way in which you use electricity in the home—the chances are that Bituminous Coal produced the electric power. Coal pulls nearly all trains. It makes *all* of our steel. More than 200,000 different products depend on coal.

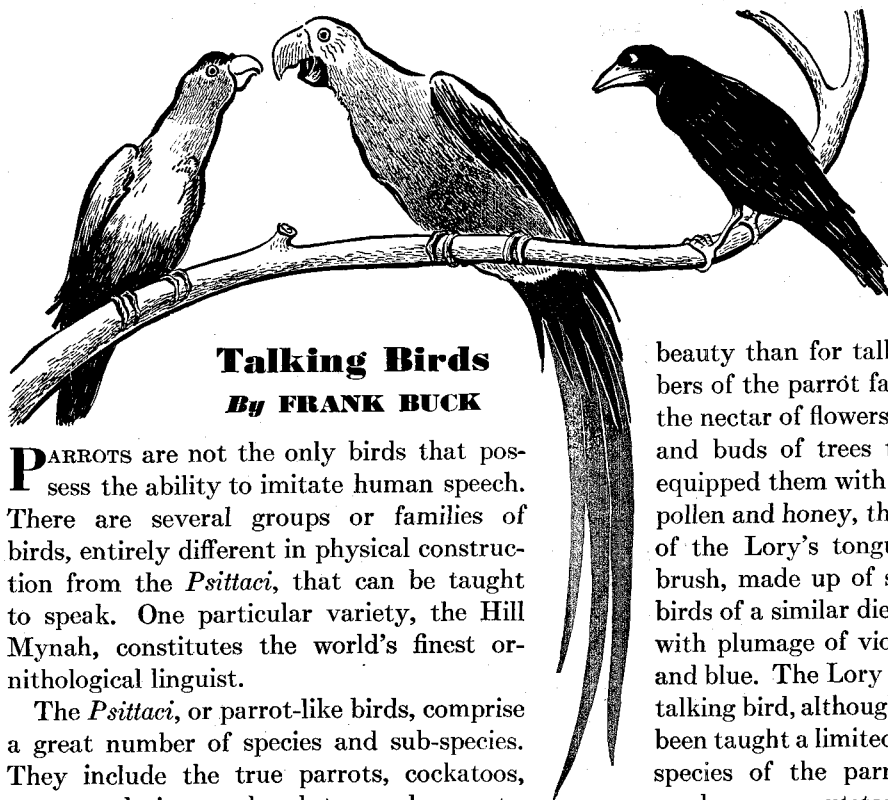
Yes, American civilization is *built* on Bituminous Coal! And last year the U. S. Bituminous Coal industry mined more coal than had ever been taken out of the ground in any country at any time in the history of the world.

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ENLIST YOUR SAVINGS IN WAR BONDS



Talking Birds

By FRANK BUCK

PARROTS are not the only birds that possess the ability to imitate human speech. There are several groups or families of birds, entirely different in physical construction from the *Psittaci*, that can be taught to speak. One particular variety, the Hill Mynah, constitutes the world's finest ornithological linguist.

The *Psittaci*, or parrot-like birds, comprise a great number of species and sub-species. They include the true parrots, cockatoos, macaws, lorries or brush-tongued parrots, and numerous varieties of the smaller parrots — parakeets, cockatiels, lorikeets, and lovebirds. Many of these — even some of the small varieties — can be taught to talk, or at least speak a few words.

Most fanciers consider the African Gray parrot the best of all talkers. This rather somber-colored bird from Central and West Africa has a reputation not only for a clearer enunciation and a greater vocabulary than any other of the parrots, but also for the capacity to utter longer sentences.

The green parrots of South and Central America — usually referred to by dealers and fanciers as the Amazons — run the African Gray a close second in vocal talents. There have been some outstanding examples of great talkers among these parrots, and some authorities even consider them fully equal to the African Gray.

Cockatoos do not, as a rule, compare with the true parrots as linguists. But if taken young they can usually be taught a few words, and occasionally they have developed into remarkably fine talkers — particularly some of the larger varieties, such as the Great Sulphur-crested, Salmon-crested or Moluccan, and the Slender-billed Cockatoo.

The Macaws, largest and most ornate of the entire group of parrot-like birds, are great favorites

among fanciers. These birds are usually kept for the sake of their beauty rather than as talkers, though I have noted a few of them with a vocabulary of a dozen words or so.

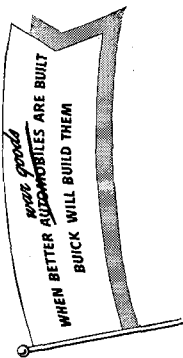
Lories or brush-tongued parrots, like the Macaw, have a greater reputation for beauty than for talking. These handsomest members of the parrot family live almost exclusively on the nectar of flowers, with occasional fruits, berries, and buds of trees to vary the diet. Nature has equipped them with a unique method of collecting pollen and honey, their main items of food. The tip of the Lory's tongue is furnished with a sort of brush, made up of short, bristly hairs. Like most birds of a similar diet, they are very highly colored, with plumage of violet, purple, red, yellow, green, and blue. The Lory is not usually considered a good talking bird, although specimens of this variety have been taught a limited vocabulary. Yet, as with most species of the parrot group, which occasionally produce an outstanding talker where least expected, one out of many hundreds of Lories may develop into a bird of exceptional ability.

Some years ago I was returning to Singapore from a trip to the outlying islands of the Dutch East Indian Archipelago. I had spent several weeks in the Moluccas, Ceram, Flores, and other islands collecting birds. The forward deck of the little Dutch trading boat on which I was traveling was crowded with crates and cages containing one of the finest collections I had ever made. At Macassar I went ashore and visited the local bird bazaar. In one of the cages on display was a Yellow-backed Lory, a particularly fine specimen of this unusually handsome variety with its brilliant scarlet, yellow, and green plumage. As I walked over to the cage, the bird piped up in his shrill voice, "*Apa macham mana boleh? . . . Tidak apa.*" A rough translation of this sentence from Malay into English would be: "How can this be? . . . Oh, never mind." This outburst was surprising, as I had never known a Lory to speak more than a word or two.

I remained by the cage for almost half an hour listening to the many Malay words and expressions the bird used. After considerable bargaining with its Javanese owner, I bought the bird, and later in the day it joined my collection on board ship.

Later at my headquarters compound at Singapore the Lory became a great pet with everybody in the camp and also a star performer for numerous visitors who dropped in from time to time to see the many wild animals, birds, and reptiles there awaiting

FRANK BUCK's collecting expeditions have reached into almost every corner of the world. His experiences with birds range from the wilds of New Guinea and Borneo to the fields of Long Island.



— and Safely Home Again!

There is the roar of great motors, the flash of early sun on broad, silver wings—and a flight of Liberator bombers lifts off the runway into the dawn.

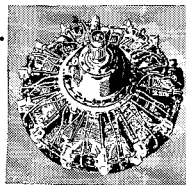
The men in those planes have room for only one thing in their minds—reaching the target for today.

But to those who stay behind—ground crews on the spot, and us at home who build for these men—success is not complete with that.

These are our boys—we want to see them over the target, and safely home again.

That's why, in Buick plants where Liberator engines are built, no job can ever be done too well.

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So when the final victory is sounded, our real pride will not be in how much we have built for war, but in how well we have built for victory.

Through quantity production, Buick works to put more planes in the hands of our flying crews. Through constant insistence on quality, Buick labors always to help bring more of them safely home again.

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*As of September 1, 1944, Buick has built more than 55,000 Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines.

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS * INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS



shipment to America. It took this exceptionally clever bird only a short time to pick up English, which he soon spoke as fluently as he did Malay.

By the time my talented Lory finally reached America he had developed into the most charming pet and one of the finest talkers I had ever possessed. He had forgotten most of his Malay, and not only could speak several complete sentences in English, but could whistle a few bars from the national anthem.

The smaller parrot-like birds can seldom be taught to speak more than an occasional word or two. However, fanciers with a great deal of patience coupled with a natural love for these birds have succeeded in teaching them a short sentence or phrase and a sufficient number of words to make them highly interesting pets.

Among bird fanciers it is considered a great accomplishment to breed the rarer and little-known varieties that have never before been reared outside their natural habitat. I. D. Putnam of San Diego, California, was the first breeder to rear successfully the beautiful little Hooded Parakeet of Northern Australia.

In 1937 I brought back to this country eleven Hooded Parakeets, the first specimens of this splendid little parakeet ever to reach these shores. Four pairs of these birds were sold to various fanciers—one in New York and the other three pairs in California. But the remaining three birds, two males and one female, I turned over to my friend Putnam.

In the wild state this parakeet has the unusual habit of breeding in the nests of termites or white ants, making a burrow in the side of the anthill and hollowing out a chamber at the end. Because of this habit these birds will not use nest boxes, hollow logs, or other containers ordinarily used for breeding parrot-like birds in captivity.

The four different fanciers who had each purchased a pair of the Hooded Parakeets at the time of my arrival in America with them had all tried every way they knew to breed them. Also a number of fanciers in England, where importations had arrived from time to time, had failed over a period of many years to induce these rare parakeets to nest. Putnam, however, by the use of stiff clay plastered over a form made of wire netting, constructed a duplicate of an Australian anthill, with a hole left near the top giving the birds access to the hollow inside of his "anthill."

This did the trick. In a little while he noticed the female going in and out of the hole carrying grass, moss, and other nesting material. Since then he has raised eighteen or twenty of these beautiful, exotic parakeets. His custom is to allow the hen to mate with one of the males, raise a clutch of young, and then put her with the other male for the next clutch, so that the young will not all be full brothers and sisters and future matings will not be too closely related to produce virile stock.

Crows, while poor substitutes for the exotic parrot-like birds, have been taught to imitate human speech, but in every instance that I have known they have barely gone beyond the "Hello" stage. I have heard many stories of various species of the *Corvinæ* family having been taught to speak more or less fluently and distinctly, but I am still skeptical.

During the several years that I had an animal headquarters and show place at Amityville, Long Island, my helpers each spring would bring in a number of fledgling crows taken from nests in the woods which bordered our property.

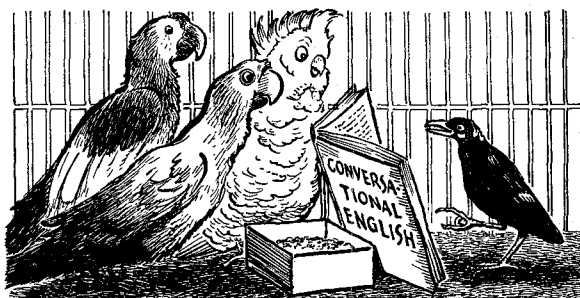
These birds were carefully raised and a great deal of pains taken in an attempt to teach them to talk, but only two out of twenty or more ever got beyond the "Caw" or crow-call; one of them on rare occasions would say,

"Howdy," and another would sometimes call out, "Chow," when the keeper arrived with food. But many people contend that all members of the crow family can be taught to speak.

The *Corvinæ* are almost as numerous in varieties as the *Psittaci* and they are found on every continent on earth. In size they range from the big European raven down to the black and white magpie of our Western plains country.

The most dependable and reliable of all talking birds are the Hill Mynahs. There are several varieties of these birds, the largest of which is the Javan Hill Mynah found in Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. This bird is the finest talker of them all; in my opinion it surpasses even parrot-like birds in this respect.

If birds are taken in the fledgling stage, when they are about ready to leave the nest, they become tame in only a few days, and after a month or two they usually begin trying to imitate sounds and noises that they hear frequently. A young Mynah, barely out of its pinfeathers, will try to imitate a cock's crow. He will try time and time



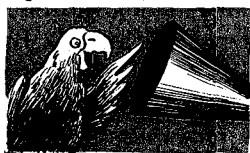
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

again and improve as he grows older, until eventually it is difficult to tell his imitation from the real thing.

It is the same with whistling and with the spoken word. The birds learn quickly to imitate everything around them and are almost constantly whistling, singing, or talking. They seem to take great pride in their accomplishments. I have raised hundreds of these Hill Mynahs from the nestling stage at my compound at Singapore and brought them back to this country for zoos, the pet-shop trade, and individual fanciers.

My Malay boys once returned from Borneo with about three hundred fledgling Mynahs and a half dozen mature birds that they had picked up at Pontianak, the principal port on the West Coast. These mature birds had been raised by native Dyaks as pets, and had been purchased directly from their owners with a few beads, pocketknives, and other trade goods carried along for that purpose. They were all fairly good talkers.

I picked out the best one of the lot and put it into a roomy bamboo cage which was hung on the veranda. The Mynah had no sooner settled in his new location when I heard a distinct and clear Malay voice shout, "*Bawa makan*," which is Malay for "Bring food." It is the usual expression one uses with Malay servants when calling for breakfast, lunch, or dinner to be served. The order, "Boy, *bawa makan*," is one of the familiar sounds of the Far East. At first I thought it was one of my Malay servants shouting to someone, but after the call was repeated several times I walked out on the veranda



and found my new Mynah bird stretching his neck and shouting at the top of his voice for food in his best colloquial Malay.

Green Mountain Boy

By FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH

THAT'S Ethan Allen on the monument,
Some say, and then there's others say it ain't.
Now Ethan Allen never looked like that,
Officer's dress coat and sword and hat.
He carried a tomahawk and wore the thing
That came the handiest; but I can't bring
Myself to saying that ain't Ethan there,
Looking at Equinox. He's got a stare
Like Ethan must'a had. They dressed him up,
That's all. It's him, standing there with his back
To the Congregational Church and the old clock's
chime;
Stubborn as stone and set to wear out time.

Mother and Brat

By GORDON KAHN

THE solemn moment had come for the enthronement of "Little Miss America" and "The All-American Boy." Crowned with full Druidic rites, and liturgy as ordained by the Screen Children's Guild, they were to reign, sultan and sultana of juvenile filmdom.

The sun beamed inclemently upon Hollywood Bowl. The candy-butchers had sold the last of their goodies, tasties, and indigesties, and the 7-Up countermarched in a thousand slaked throats.

Just as the selected cherubim were made manifest, before the coronation, a mighty hosanna went up from the spectators — "Fake!"

Only two matrons of the hundreds present at this saturnalia were smug and aggressively silent. These were, naturally, the queen mothers. But no matter on which two cubs the purple had descended, the identical *brouhaha* would have detonated on Calhuenaga Pass.

For these are movie mamas, a species that roams the studio casting offices, artists' agencies, broadcasting and television stations. At eight o'clock in the morning they squat on apple boxes in front of theaters where premières are scheduled for 9.00 P.M. They know the private telephone numbers of most of the film directors in Hollywood and of all the assistant directors. And when herds of movie mamas gather at the salt licks in Culver City or Fox Hills they make gentle, lowing sounds like, "Saw Cary — Barbara — moo — Beverly Hills Brown Derby — moo — my hairdresser — same as — moo — Claudette Colbert — moo — Olivia — upswept hairdo — Ronald — moo — Romanoff's — moo — cute — terrific — moo." —

The genus movie mama has a thick hide like an alligator's, the sharp eye of a condor, and is a mammal. It is gregarious, and when calling to others it makes the shrill skirl of a magpie. Its habitat is principally the Northern Continent, and it is believed to have originated in Southern California, where a prehistoric specimen was recovered in the La Brea Pits, well-preserved, holding a scrapbook of clippings in its mandibles.

Dam and young browse together, but the wean-

This is the fourth in a series about Hollywood which GORDON KAHN is writing for the *Atlantic* from an observation post in the midst of the movie capital.



lings of different mothers are kept carefully apart for fear they will steal each other's stuff. The movie mama breeds but once — in rare instances twice — and frequently separates from its mate as soon as its young has learned to tap dance and simulate Betty Grable or Fred Astaire. Some years ago it was Greta Garbo, then Mae West. More recently it was Sonja Henie. During that epoch proprietors of ice-skating rinks grew fat and rich, and orthopedic surgeons repaired sprained pasterns and collapsed ankles in the hundreds.

The mama early settles down to regulate the life of its get in every particular, sublimely ignorant of the fact that it will some day turn on her. Lacking its mother's anthropophagous malignity, the young is satisfied with banishing her to a hotel called the Poinsettia Villa and Bungalows, there to end her days knitting snoods, backbiting the other exiled movie mamas, and keening in her rocker — bitter but well-fed.

Happy is the mama with twins, because they get social security numbers while they're still in diapers and are forthwith farmed out to work in pictures.



Since there is a state law prohibiting the continuous appearance before the camera of an infant for more than a few minutes, little Cotton Mather goes into the breach while Poindexter cools off, and at the end of the day there is fat check for mama at the pay window.

Until another law was passed, mama could appropriate this check and every other that her tyke earned. Now she is obliged to account for the money at regular intervals until the little provider comes to legal maturity. Independence may demonstrate itself earlier, depending on the size of the adolescent's allowance of pocket-ivy or its social precocity.

Actual dominance ends when the sprout acquires a hopped-up Ford and has plotted a flight-plan for his first rendezvous. He suddenly stops calling his mother by her first name, and informs her, "Going out tonight, Ma. Not with you, so don't reach for that fascinator. It's me and that chick from Del Rey. We're going down to the Palladium and tear off a hunk of Bokhara. And one thing more: it's her from now on!"

At this stage there will be a flood of tears and a fugue of majestic wails on the theme of "Ohhhh,

my bay-bee!" If the adolescent weakens there, he is doomed. One superannuated boy-actor came within a hairline of ruin. Under the claws of his afreet of a mother he was for a time the only child-player with Lord Fauntleroy curls and a speaking voice of baritone resonance. The youth was sappy with love, but mama refused consent to her darling boy's marriage. So tight was her rein that he had forgotten he was already thirty-two years old and needed nobody's consent except that of his Dulcibella. But at last the veteran boy primed himself with two stiff Cuba Libres, went home, and sent the old gargoyle packing, hag and baggage. He married soon afterward and lived happily with his bride for three long years.

Being a movie mama is not a hobby but a full-time job. The day begins with the reading of the trade publications to see what productions are being cast and what pictures are contemplated. If her child is a registered performer, the call for its services will come by telephone. Her instrument has a thirty-foot cord and she takes it everywhere with her but shopping. She not only reads the trade publica-

tions, but she studies them like a horse-player with a Racing Form. She reads that a studio three months hence will make a musical film drama tracing the history of the ballad "Down Where the Wurzbarger Flows," and there will be a part in it for a child who washes beer seidels in the brew-master's home and is beaten because she can't read the mottoes on the rims. Mama hotfoots out in a fine surge of power to snare that role for Lambie LaTouche — her own Lambie.

When Lambie isn't working, mama mustn't forget the weekly visit to the State Unemployment Bureau, where the child is required to affirm solemnly that she earned no money during the past week in order to be eligible for her unemployment insurance check.

Lambie's meals are usually taken at chain drug-store fountains, pieced out with vitamin tablets. Lambie's wardrobe is much more important. Mama regards with dismay that last spring's dress is all out of hem and can't be lengthened. Lambie is growing. Actually expanding to gawkinsness. Mama chokes back a sob. Perhaps, she muses, the next time Lambie is called on an interview she'd better

FACTS ABOUT THE PACIFIC COAST

1. A Growing Market

For decades—during wars, depressions and booms—this region has made steady increase in population and now has over 11 million enterprising people.

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(SM Survey of buying power)

3. Diversified Industries

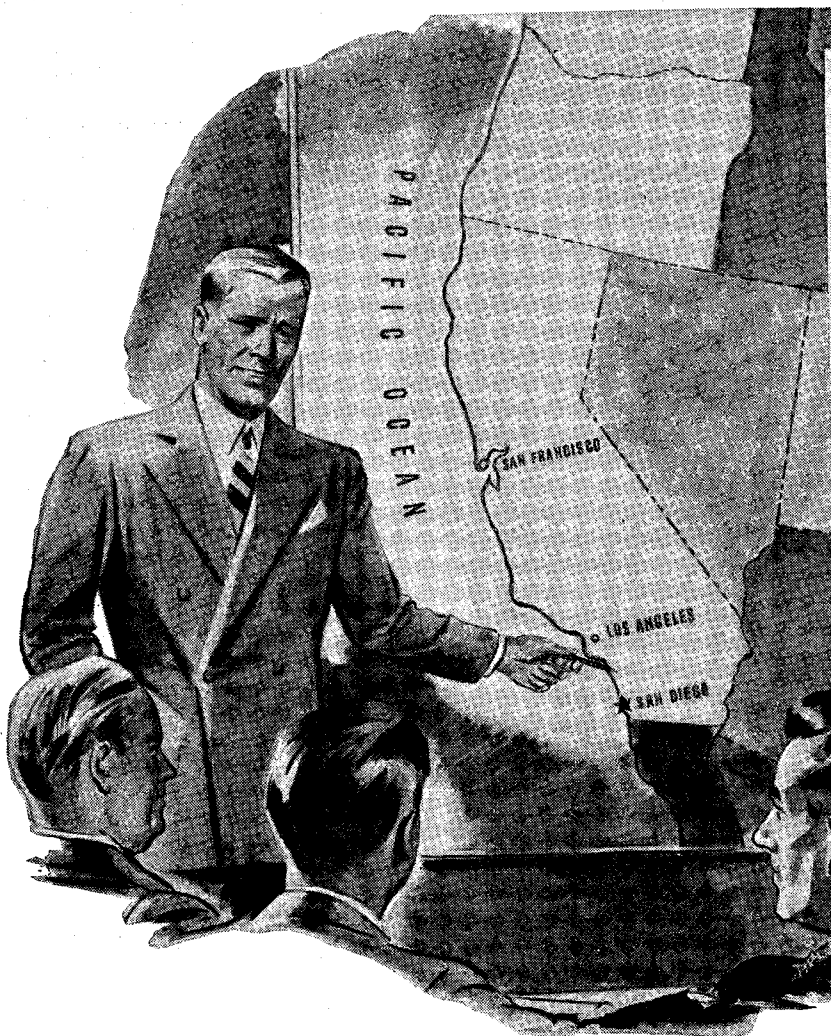
Advanced at least 25 years industrially due to the war, the Coast faces easier conversion due to its great agricultural development, oil, lumber, mining, motion pictures, wholesaling and widely diversified manufacturing.

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Modern, well equipped plants, easily convertible to peacetime production, plenty of skilled workers, and seasoned management mean economical manufacturing costs.

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... THE FACTS PROVE IT

War-busy executives who are informed on the basic economic trends of the Pacific Coast know that this mighty industrial and agricultural empire offers a practical approach to their company's reconversion problems when hostilities cease:

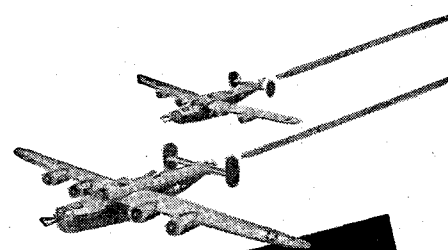
"Ready-Made" Facilities Here

Tremendous sales opportunities will open up from this region in both domestic and foreign markets.

Since constructive planning is the first step in a successful return to peacetime pursuits, the economic advantages of manufacturing in and distributing from the great Southern California industrial area are worthy of complete and objective study.

Rohr management and manufacturing facilities are still on the front line of the Battle of Production. They will remain there until the last shot is fired, because Rohr equipped Liberator bombers, the Lightning fighters and the Rohr converted Coronado cargo carriers are on the front line of

attack and supply operations. "When it's over", Rohr's ideal location, directly on San Diego Bay, in the most uniformly favorable year-round climate in the United States, has ready-made ingredients of management, skilled labor, plant facilities and cheap recourse to vast markets.



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carry a pet of some sort. A kitten maybe — or a marmoset would be better. Something cute. Cuteness is the alpha and omega.

Then there is the tap dancing lesson. It's time to perfect Lambie in a new routine of steps. Every chowderheaded kid on the set in the last picture knew the very routine which mama thought she was getting exclusively from the teacher for her own Lambie. After that there is the singing lesson since Lambie, after all, is billed as a "personality blues singer" on the souvenir blotters that mama had printed.

One studio is attempting now to introduce a new class of child performer to the films. The announcement of the enterprise states that the troupe of youngsters will be called "Lillipurties" and hastens to explain that the word designates the whelps as l'il and purty.

Movie mama is always fighting with the agent who represents her child. Unless the harried representative can keep the boy or girl in continuous bondage, or secure a long-term contract for it, mama herself goes to bat. If a call is for barefoot boys and girls with cheeks of tan, mama will take her young down to the beach and have it bombarded with actinic rays so that it will freckle. She will rumple its hair, muddy its clothes, and do everything but kick its front teeth out if the Dead End gamin effect is needed.

Directors and production authorities at studios agree that where groups of movie mamas are on a sound stage, their interminable gin-rummy games are a nuisance; but there is no way of barring them when large groups of children are used in a picture. Their gabble affronts the rhythm of sensitive actors, and they are constantly nagging and heckling their own kids. It is often necessary to appoint one of the assistant directors as mom-herder to keep the frolicsome hags quiet when shooting is in progress.

The current official directory of players most often consulted by casting directors lists more than a hundred child performers. These are the vested ones who have already worked in one or more motion pictures. Each child's listing bears a picture and a brief account of its accomplishments. The skills possessed, or claimed for them, include everything but moose-calling and electro-chemistry. They are, in addition to the essential tap and ballet dancers, skilled fencers, equestrians, calf-ropers, Aeolian harpists, and holders of Red Cross lifesaving certificates.

Only one, a six-year-old, is listed as merely "alert and obedient," and he's the boy for me.



The Pea Coat, or Jacket

By W. S. B. TATE

Ever watch a blue-jacket maneuvering to put on his close-fitting, short coat without mussing the big, awkward, to say nothing of perverse, collar of his dress jumper?



AS EVERYONE knows, there are ways and ways of doing things. There is the right way and the wrong, the good way and the bad, the easy way — and the way most of us do it. In the Navy, however, there is but one way of accomplishing a task. This is known as the Navy Way.

Occasionally, the Navy Way is relaxed to the extent of permitting the doer an alternative; that is, it may allow him his choice of as many as two (2) courses of action. This is true in the case of the donning, or putting on, of the overcoat worn by blue-jackets.

This garment is dark blue in color — at least when new, and for a short period immediately after it leaves the hands of a competent cleaner. It is equipped with twin rows of large buttons, any one of which is likely — nay, guaranteed — to detach itself with or without the slightest provocation; this usually occurs just prior to Captain's Inspection or when the owner is attempting to shove off hurriedly on a week-end liberty in Boston. Finally, it is of a length designed to permit the wearer to chill his posterior thoroughly on leather bus seats of a winter's morning while returning from such a liberty.

According to the Navy's quaint nomenclature, the garment in study is customarily titled a "pea coat" or "pea jacket" — although it is frequently called other things. This name has its origin shaded in antiquity, all research on the subject having proved fruitless.

The writer, an antiquarian of some repute, confesses himself baffled as to the source of the vegetable part of the title. Certainly the pea coat, or pea jacket, is not so named because of any legume-like hue — although, on second thought, this might be possible after the wearer has undergone a brisk

W. S. B. TATE is editor-in-charge of the Service Schools' section of the *Navalog*, weekly publication of the U. S. Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island, where he is a Specialist (Teacher) First Class. He received part of his education at Andover and at Middlebury College. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

Are more boy babies born in wartime?

In normal times more boy babies than girls are born, and the ratio is increased during and after wars, say statistics . . . but whether your infant be boy or girl, the most important experience you can know is this miracle of birth.

As you watch the gradual, fascinating unfolding of this new personality—with its hopes, ambitions and problems—you realize that while society is geared to protect your new son or daughter upon arrival, the protection of your baby's future lies in *your own* hands. You must train and guide it and provide for its future development.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

workout in the mess hall. Nor can it be because of the garment's texture or weight. After exposure to a Newport (or San Diego) shower, any thought of a resemblance in heft between the jacket, or coat, and a pea, or even a barrel of peas — well, it's just too ridiculous!

But to return to our original thesis — the putting on of the coat, or jacket. Let us assume a situation. You are a young bluejacket fresh out of a recruit battalion, home on your long-awaited "boot leave." You have taken your girl to dine in one of your town's better hostelryes. After an enjoyable dinner, you obtain the check from the waiter, indulge in some rapid financial calculations, and, ready to leave, reach for your pea jacket, or coat.

At this point, we must digress for a moment and explain the two methods of installing the garment so that the finished job will conform fairly closely to regulations. The first of these is the Overhead, or "Salty," method. This entails grasping the garment with both hands in front of one and then — with a series of convulsive movements — elevating it sufficiently to clear the top of one's head, finally permitting it to settle like a feather over one's back and shoulders. One detail of this operation is that, during the process, one's arms should somehow find their way into their respective sleeves. Of course, this is merely a detail.

At any rate, eager to impress your girl, you decide upon the use of the "Salty" method — for the first time in your Navy career, it so happens. At once all hell breaks loose. Through some error of judgment or timing, you have already put on your hat: with your first motion, it lands three tables away. Retrieving it, you try again. This time, using too small a sweep, you uppercut yourself smartly with the collar. A quick recovery off the ropes and you are ready once more. This time you effect the garment's trip through space without interruption, and you note with satisfaction that your arms even have sleeves around them. But what's this? Your first attempt at a sigh of relief reveals a shocking fact: the damned thing is on backwards.

At this point you leer sickeningly at the girl friend, with an "I planned it that way" expression. Quickly, you remove the coat, or jacket, — although by this time there is no doubt in your mind about what to call it, — and switch your tactics to the use of the second, somewhat more familiar method.

This second method, known as the Reverse Anterior, or "Shrug," system, was developed, it is now believed, by a Pawnee medicine man who owned a portable wigwam. (Hence "tepee jacket" — later contracted?) It is also, though more formally, called the Physical Drill With Arms method. This

involves the conventional successive insertion of the prospective wearer's arms into the sleeves of the garment, followed by a leaning backward in a manner similar to that used by lady contortionists in picking up handkerchiefs from a stage.

From this position one lunges forward at the psychological instant, at the same time flapping one's shoulders in a violent, though imaginary, rhumba. Coming to a sudden stop, one determines the success of the operation by an exploratory probing with the hands at the back of the neck. An excessive bunching of heavy cloth at that point indicates the need for further attempts.

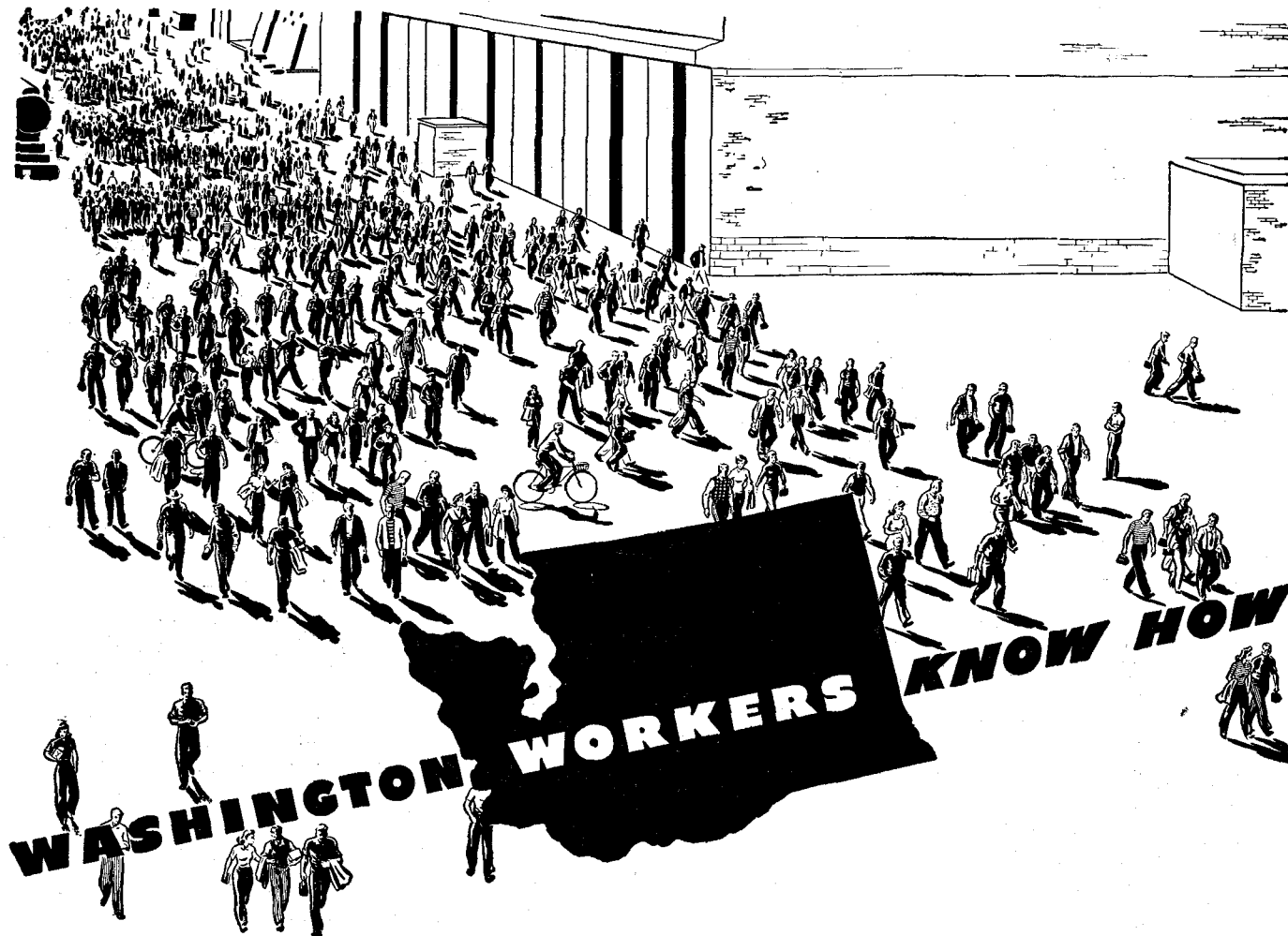
You swing, then, into the routine of the "Shrug," confidently and with even a suspicion of nonchalance. Ah, just as you hoped: success the first time! Grabbing your hat, you put it on — only to find that it will not fit over both your head and your jumper collar, which is now hugging the back of your neck in true Elizabethan fashion. You tear off the jacket, or coat, and try again, backing into a laden coat rack, which topples heavily to the floor. This attempt is also unsuccessful and, what is more, you manage to gag yourself with your neckerchief.

Rallying every resource and all of your determination, you make what is to be your supreme effort. You creep up on the heavy blue nightmare in approved commando style, seize it firmly, take your proper stance, follow every remembered direction explicitly, and eventually succeed in encasing yourself snugly within its folds.

You escort your patient friend to the door; and a kindly, though firm, old gentleman taps you on the shoulder and suggests that you return his overcoat.

Not long afterwards, on the sidewalk outside the restaurant, you exchange a mutually cold and formal farewell with your erstwhile girl friend. Then you turn and stride away into one of the worst blizzards in New England's history — your pea coat, or jacket, dangling over your arm.





No force less than war could have assembled the remarkable pool of skilled workers accumulated in the State of Washington since before Pearl Harbor. These workers came from every state in the union . . . by tens of thousands . . . to put their capable shoulders to the gigantic industrial wheels now whirling for Victory. These men and women have indicated that they are going to stay in Washington. Cooperative, intelligent, responsible—the industrial workers of Washington are experienced in light metal crafts, airplane and ship building, chemical industries, aluminum and magnesium production, mechanics and metal working . . . and scores of other exacting trades and skills. This great labor force is backed up by Washington's amazing and undeveloped natural resources, its cheap hydroelectric power . . . and the great new markets of the Pacific. To industrialists everywhere, Washington labor says: "We know how. Build your postwar plants in Washington."

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Limitation**By LEWIS THOMAS**

TELL the time around the clock.
Set the hands and know the hour.
Hear the tick and then the tock.
Sixty count, and sixty more.

Tell the compass by the arrow.
See the North by its deflection.
If it does the same tomorrow,
That, conclude, is that direction.

Mark the stars and measure heaven.
On a chart record the tides.
Have a ledger for the seven
Places where the week resides.

Read equation, fix a constant,
Tell the table, speak the Rule,
Make a wish and in the instant
Flickers here a spinning tool.

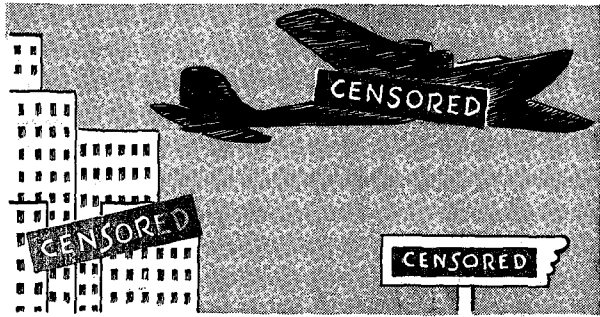
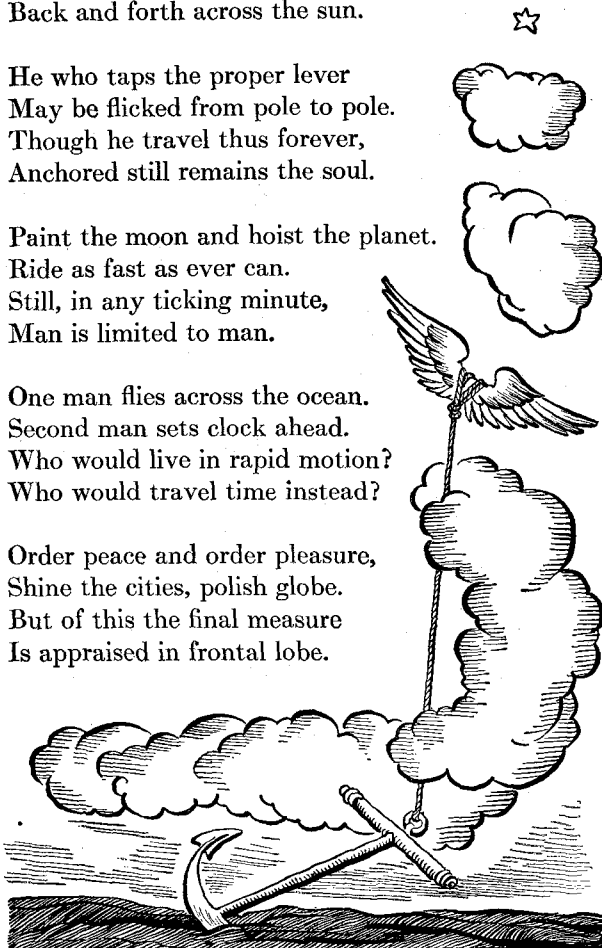
Steel encased and on a cushion
Sits the half-transfigured one,
Whirling, streaking, bullet-fashion,
Back and forth across the sun.

He who taps the proper lever
May be flicked from pole to pole.
Though he travel thus forever,
Anchored still remains the soul.

Paint the moon and hoist the planet.
Ride as fast as ever can.
Still, in any ticking minute,
Man is limited to man.

One man flies across the ocean.
Second man sets clock ahead.
Who would live in rapid motion?
Who would travel time instead?

Order peace and order pleasure,
Shine the cities, polish globe.
But of this the final measure
Is appraised in frontal lobe.



The Navigator

A War Play

By SERGEANT JOHN WHITE, U.S.M.C.

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE
(The Only Act, The Only Scene)

As the curtain rises, so does the plane, a big transport laden with war materials, such as spare parts, passengers, coconuts, and boxes. ZOONOM.

The ship labors to gain altitude, eardrums pop. POP. The passengers sit stolidly along the sides, regarding their fingernails. ZOONOM.

PILOT: I think there is a little too much censored in the censored.

CO-PILOT: Right.

He adjusts the censored. ZOONOM. (This ZOONOM should be kept up throughout the play, made louder when nobody is saying anything.)

NAVIGATOR (*standing in his chair and peering out of his dome*): Well, there goes the island. Wonder if we will ever see land again?

RADIOMAN: Not unless this radio keeps working.

CREW CHIEF: Remember the order of jettisoning in case of trouble. Radioman first —

FIRST MECH.: Then the parachutes —

NAVIGATOR: Then the life raft.

CREW CHIEF: Water?

He serves water all around, in paper cups, from a water can above Navigator's desk, which leaks just enough to soak Navigator's chart completely.

Navigator peers intently down through drift sight, occasionally punching a stop watch in his hand. Near-by passengers observe him with dull curiosity.

PASSENGER (*whispering*): What is he doing?

FIRST MECH.: Looking for submarines.

ZOONOM. (Note should be changed a little to indicate level flying.)

Radioman falls asleep with sweet music in his ears. Crew Chief falls asleep on a pile of parachutes. First Mech. plays solitaire in the tail.

JOHN WHITE was a *Boston Traveler* reporter when he decided early in the war to join the Marines. From an overseas Pacific base he writes us, "Life here in FPO is better than you could imagine." He is now a navigator, doubtless the principal of this little drama.

Navigator climbs into his chair, hangs his black, outrageous-looking octant on a hook in the dome, and — apparently hanging from the octant — shoots the sun, writhing serpentinely as the ship wobbles about. Sits at desk and plunges into stack of books. One of the passengers makes his way forward and peeks timidly over Navigator's shoulder. Navigator thrashes furiously through books and in and out of notations on scraps of paper. Figures accumulate rapidly in a small tumbled pyramid.

FIRST MECH. (*strolling by*): Over Berlin yet?

NAVIGATOR: I understand one of our motors fell off.

FIRST MECH. (*angrily*): Engines! Engines! Not motors. Motors are powered from —

NAVIGATOR: Oh, well. Anyway, one of those machines dropped off.

FIRST MECH.: I expect we can coast in.

Navigator returns to his labors. Scowls at pyramid of figures, glances darkly at First Mech., who shakes his head sorrowfully and walks away. Navigator seizes red pencil, measures this way and that, and with slow elliptical motions of his head huddles over the chart and makes a sudden jab. Straightens up with sigh. Passenger sees only a tiny red line on chart. Looks at Navigator.

PASSENGER (*almost in whisper*): Where are we?

NAVIGATOR: I don't know.

CREW CHIEF (*aroused from nap*): Excuse me. O.K.?

He shoves Navigator aside, produces a high pile of bread and canned fish, marmalade, lunch meat, and jelly. Using Navigator's desk as a table, and chart as a tablecloth, he makes thousands of tremendous sandwiches, cutting the bread with a Jack the Ripper sheath knife. Serves everyone, with pineapple juice as chaser.

Navigator broods glumly over drift sight.

PILOT: Is that left censored censored enough?

CO-PILOT: No. (*Censors it.*)

Navigator returns to desk. Stares impassively at chart covered from Island X to Island M with fish.

PASSENGER: When will we get there?

NAVIGATOR: Should have been there an hour ago. ZOONOM.

CREW CHIEF *sings*: "My bonneeee lies oooooover the oooooocean —"

CO-PILOT to FIRST MECH.: Better check the censored.

First Mech. checks it.

Navigator climbs up to take sunshot. Sun disappears behind cloud. Radioman closes eyes and crosses self.

Navigator goes to drift sight. All he can see is blind-ing white undercast. Radioman puts on Mae West.

Crew Chief and First Mech. converse worriedly in corner. They are discussing possibility of missing

chow. Absent-mindedly they manufacture a few dozen more sandwiches.

Navigator scrapes fish from chart, mops up water which drips steadily from can above.

NAVIGATOR: Excuse me.

He looks over shoulder of Crew Chief, who is seated now at his desk working on his "yellow sheet," but can't see that part of his chart dealing with the present position. Shrugs shoulders, writes down new heading, gives it to Pilot. ZOOM.

Navigator confers with Pilot amid much shaking of heads, pointing this way and that, spying with spy-glasses into the thick white stuff and all sorts of goings-on. Ship starts to let down. Ears pop. Navigator methodically packs all instruments away, takes last long gloomy look at chart, now quite reduced to foul-smelling pulp, crumples it up and throws it to the deck, puts on Mae West, straps self to seat. Radioman smiles cynically.

It is now six hours twenty-eight and one-half minutes since take-off. Pilot glances back at Navigator, who nods.

PILOT: Censored down?

CO-PILOT: Censored down.

PILOT: Censored down?

CO-PILOT: Censored down.

PILOT: What did you say?

CO-PILOT: Everything is down.

PILOT: O.K. There is the Island. Dead ahead. Right on the nose. What wonderful navigating. ZZOOOOOOM. WOP.



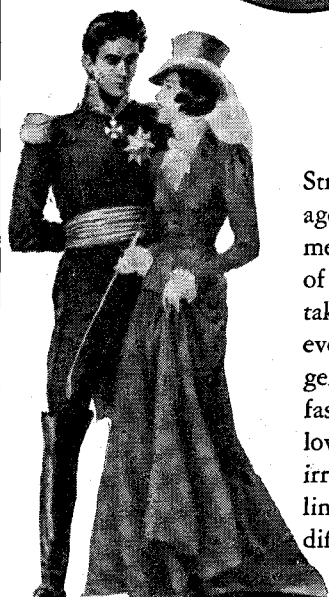
Sonnet

By CORPORAL J. S. HARDY

NAUGHT is lost to us save every hour.
The gold this folly costs can be repaid,
The temples built again; the trampled flower
Will bloom once more; the world can be remade.
Our friends are still, and there are other friends;
Love stays, or we find loves we cherish more.
Aloneness, hours of pain — these have their ends,
And soon, for us whose years are scarce a score.

But when we measure hour by hour the day,
And say, "I give this; it is part of me!"
And know, of all the things we seem to pay,
That these alone are lost eternally —
We know that what we give is very great,
And find in this the reason for our hate.

Being Met Together



By Vaughan Wilkins

Author of *And So—Victoria*

Strong, bold characters—some of them personages from history—throng the pages of this immensely colorful, exciting novel. The adventures of Anthony Purvis, born in Virginia in 1781, take him to France, to England and Wales and even to St. Helena. He plays a strange and dangerous role in the Napoleonic Wars, as does the fascinating and elusive Garland Vane whom he loves. BEING MET TOGETHER carries the reader irresistibly back into those romantic, swashbuckling, violent times—not, oddly enough, so very different from our own.

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By Gerald Moore

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This is a superb novel about ordinary people and how they act in a crisis. The members of the Sharp family are like most of us, except that they moved into a subway shelter and embarked upon a new life of no privacy, of excitement and terror, of strange associations. What happened to them is told in Celia Dale's fine and exciting novel.

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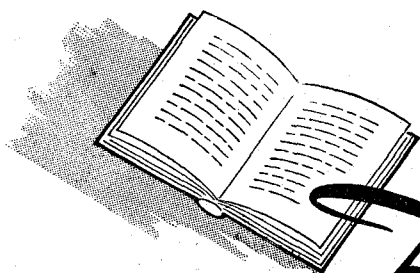


State OF THE Nation

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

Price \$3.00

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THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN THE early days of a war, when victory lies far ahead, men and women submit to whatever physical changes and sacrifices are necessary to win. We take rationing without a grumble, our only resentment being aroused by those who play the black market. Families double up with unfailing good temper; wages are frozen; taxes have increased to five times what they were in 1938 — yet they are paid. Middle-aged couples, used to comfort, cook and clean up for themselves, now that maids have gone into the factories. Young army wives take the burden of children and housekeeping as they would never have imagined in the 1930's. The bridal photograph and the mother and child on a hot, crowded train are two aspects of one loyalty. And everywhere, young and old live without the men who are their brightest hopes.

We can accommodate ourselves to so much change because we have to. But in our minds and often unconsciously a reaction begins to back up. We begin to fear that the changes will never stop. Vaguely the apprehension grows that the American life we have known and loved is becoming misshapen and insecure. Physical change and mental sacrifice are deeply exhausting; instead of making us more resilient, more generous, they provoke first a suspicion and then a

resistance towards further change. It is as if the mind said, "So far, but no farther."

This reaction hit us hard in 1919. Needing a scapegoat, our suspicions then lashed out at anything "un-American." The Red hunts which flourished under Attorney General Palmer, the revival of the Klan in the South and even in such spots as Pendleton, Oregon, were outbursts of this determination to "clean the place up" — and in the cleaning to throw out any ideas that were new or foreign. Opponents of the League enlisted both this suspicion and this resistance in their defeat of Wilson.

At the same time a repressive force began to make itself felt in literature. In Boston the Watch and Ward Society, in New York the Society for the Suppression of Vice, were in full cry. The banning of Theodore Dreiser's *The Genius* (and the suppression of *September Morn*), the shock and disillusion with which parents witnessed Laurence Stallings's play, *What Price Glory?*, the fire tongs with which *Jurgen* and *The Well of Loneliness* were lifted into the flames, the under-cover intimidation which placed some sixty-eight volumes on the list of books "Banned in Boston" (a list which was advertised

with glee in the other forty-seven states), the arrest of Henry L. Menck-en on Boston Common for selling a copy of the *American Mercury* containing Herbert Asbury's "Hatrack," and the trial and condemnation of Upton Sinclair's *Oil* and Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, only a few select

pages of which were allowed to be read to the jury — here were the signs of middle-aged resistance to any change in ideas or morals. When books were too outspoken they were suppressed, sometimes because

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TERS • BY JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL
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MARGERY
Sharp

creates
the ideal companion for Julia, of
THE NUTMEG TREE

CLUNY BROWN



Cluny was an orphan—niece to an unusual plumber.



Cook said she always looked "pro tem."

Betty Cream said she looked like "someone."



Cluny had as much sense as most girls, was tall, willing, good-tempered, not a "Lovely."

One Sunday, she stayed in bed all day, eating oranges, to relax the nerves.



Shipped off to Sir Henry Carmel's estate, to escape the probability of being seduced, she confused everybody . . . except the famous Polish writer, Adam Belinski.

Cluny and Adam Belinski, in fact, suddenly startle you by solving the plot.



"You will lose your heart to Cluny Brown . . . The book is delicious in charm and humor and in a deeper feeling, too."

—Christopher Morley,
Book-of-the-Month Club News

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a fascinating and sinister man*

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The story of a man of breeding and charm, who became a party politician. The story of a liberal reformer who favored international organization, but not when it was proposed by his political opponent, Woodrow Wilson. The story of a scholar who might have become America's leading historian, but preferred the excitement of manipulating men and events. A dramatic story of a career that is a warning to us today . . . told with neither fear nor favor. \$3.00

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of the four-letter words, sometimes because of the ideas behind them.

But what middle-aged stay-at-homes forget is that war is both profane and unmoral. The veterans who come home are realists in the toughest sense of that word. They are conditioned to hard facts and vermin, to brutality and the utmost of discomfort. They are not afraid of change, and to them the four-letter words are simply the cheap currency of a common misery. Writers from the ranks in 1919, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Stallings, T. E. Lawrence, and Remarque, to name five, never hesitated to shock their readers. For what was hard truth to them was shocking to middle age.

Here we go again

Here in America the struggle has again flared up between liberty — those who disapprove call it license — and the repressive force. In Washington the Postmaster General cracked down on *Esquire*, a magazine which the GI Joes are certainly old enough to laugh at. Here, too, the antagonism took a political turn. When Senator Taft attached a rider, Title V, to the Soldier Vote Act, his legislation was inspired by the wish to keep the Administration from handing out political propaganda to the troops. It was spurred on by the wildest kind of Washington gossip. The Democrats were said to have millions of leaflets already printed and ready to send abroad, skits for the camp shows had been politically indoctrinated, etc., etc.

In his haste Senator Taft had written with ridiculous severity. He made it a criminal offense for any Army or Navy officer to distribute political argument "of any kind designed or calculated to affect the result of a [Federal] election" — a criminal offense carrying a thousand-dollar fine and a year's imprisonment. The Army rightly interpreted the amendment according to the strict letter of the law and with a dead-pan expression proceeded to make the Senator ridiculous. *Yankee from Olympus*, Catherine Drinker Bowen's biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was one of the first contaminating documents which the Army refused to circulate to its men — you certainly could not have that old reprobate around in an election year. Then the list began to grow. *The Republic* by Charles Beard, *The Time for Decision* by Sumner Welles, *America Unlimited* by Eric Johnston, *Ten Years in Japan* by Ambassador Grew, and even a work of the Senate itself, *Tell the Folks Back Home* by Senator James Mead — each came under the ban because of its potential political dynamite. *One Man's Meat* was added — possibly because, in his delightful essay on lime, E. B. White acknowledged that the gov-

ernment distributed that necessity free of charge to himself and other farmers.

The height of ridiculousness was reached when the Army held up an edition of 525,000 copies of the *Official Guide to the Army Air Forces*, a well-written, well-illustrated booklet which had a pencil sketch of President Roosevelt as its frontispiece, with the simple caption, "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy." There was no tainted biographical matter about the President elsewhere in the book, but the Army, reasoning that the Republicans might construe this caption to mean that F.D.R. was a *good* Commander-in-Chief, firmly put the whole edition under lock and key.

Senator Taft was at last assisted to see the light. His amendment was revised so as to apply to "anything which considered in its entirety constitutes political propaganda obviously designed to affect the election," and instead of being written on the books for an indefinite time, his prohibition will extend only until six months after the war's end.

Boston averts its eyes

The repressive forces that made Boston's "Banned Books" a national joke in the 1920's are on the rise. The Roman Catholics in political office and the old-line Puritans, the Watch and Ward Society in their self-elected guidance of public morals, by bringing pressure on the Boston booksellers, have it in their power to suppress by intimidation any book which they suspect of being infectious. The bookseller has no wish to risk his neck for a book he did not publish; and the New York publishers, most of them, shun the notoriety of a book trial. When in the 1920's the works of H. G. Wells, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, and some three-score other writers were driven off the counters, it was for the same reason that has been urged against the novels *Strange Fruit* and *Rome Hanks* today: that they contained words and scenes which shocked a righteous parent.

This battle of minds between war-conditioned authors and home-bred conservatives is not easy to arbitrate. Your novelist explains honestly enough that, unless he uses the blunt Anglo-Saxon terms which men use in battle or under stress, he cannot make the scene "convincing." The reader replies that such details are "needlessly offensive." Which brings us to the borderline of taste.

Americans read with mental decency. When they see an author with the truculence of a small boy writing dirty words on alley fences, they wonder how much they must take before they arrive at the truth he has in mind. The hard-bitten Army talk in *A Bell for Adano* fits so naturally into its context that one

Sun in Their Eyes

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Indianapolis

BOBBS-MERRILL

New York

reads it without protest; the same Anglo-Saxon terms when used to describe the lust, lechery, and perversion in *Rome Hanks* carry many a reader beyond the point of acceptance. Now who is to decide when a book has gone too far? Why, first and last, the reader, who, by ceasing to read or by returning the book to the lending library, registers his individual protest.

The trouble comes when some zealot thrusts a new book into the law courts. And the trouble will increase in Boston as writers who have been conditioned by the war have their work scrutinized by the conservatives at home. Given the Boston juries and the rising temper of the community, I fear that we may have more rather than less suppression. But for that court which I most respect, the individual conscience, let me quote from the verdict with which Judge Woolsey cleared the reputation of James Joyce's *Ulysses*: —

The words which are criticized as dirty are old Saxon words known to almost all men and, I venture, to many women, and are such words as would be naturally and habitually used, I believe, by the types of folk whose life, physical and mental, Joyce is seeking to describe. In respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the mind of his characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season Spring.

Whether or not one enjoys such a technique as Joyce uses is a matter of taste on which disagreement or argument is futile, but to subject that technique to the standards of some other technique seems to me to be little short of absurd.

Accordingly, I hold that *Ulysses* is a sincere and honest book and I think that the criticisms of it are entirely disposed of by its rationale.

New York at war

In her first book, *With Malice Toward Some*, Margaret Halsey smilingly described the domestic adventures of a young American wife whose husband was teaching as an exchange professor in a provincial English college. Her account of English life, food, and manners tickled Americans — and Londoners slightly less. Her new book, with its self-conscious title, *Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers*, is again speaking for an American wife — this time a grass widow of twenty-six, whose husband took to drink, and who now finds solace from the hard work and exasperation of the home front by writing every second or third day to her brother in his training camp. Gretchen's letters are all about the little apartment in New York which she struggles so hard to keep going; about her father, who, when asked to balance his checkbook, says, "Character is destiny," and goes to bed; about Tom Garnett, an aviator wolf who rents the brother's bedroom and has most definite designs on Gretchen;

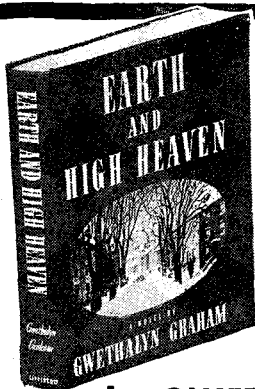
and pages on pages about the Negro problem as Gretchen encounters it as a hostess in a Columbus Circle canteen.

This chronicle is too rambling and garrulous for much tension. "As a correspondent," writes the heroine, "I seem to have contracted middle-age spread." Much easier to read the pages for their mischievous and feline observation, and best of all for their peppery comment on a small segment of uptown Manhattan. Not many Americans could be capable of such Halseyisms as these: "Rayon stockings feel as if you had painted molasses on your legs and it was slowly running down"; "A sergeant is only a man who accepts cash money for behaving just like father"; and "Fighting for democracy isn't the exclusive privilege of tail-gunners."

The power of print

Howard Spring is a modern novelist who has capitalized to the full his Victorian heritage. He writes a spacious story, a story alive with many characters, a story in which the worldly success of one group of characters is contrasted with the ascetic poverty of another. Poverty both mean and ascetic Mr. Spring knows from his many years as a journalist in Manchester. The glamour of publicity in high place he witnessed in the London of the Long Armistice. Violence has come home to him from two wars and in the Irish Rebellion, which he reported at first hand. Here are the elements and the exposure from which he has drawn the substance of his novels.

For Mr. Spring, Manchester will always stand as the capital of the Industrial Revolution — Manchester with its immense, fog-ridden vitality, its close-packed streets, its coal grates, tea caddies, and small creature comforts such as the Midlanders, however poor, devise against the drudgery. Mr. Spring both loves and hates his City of Dreadful Night. He loves the buoyancy it breathes, and he hates the power and poverty which close in on its men of promise. In *Fame Is the Spur* he singled out for his hero a rising Labor leader and politician (was Ramsay MacDonald the prototype?) who rose to fame but lost himself in the struggle. In *Hard Facts* Mr. Spring has written another success story (success and its contamination). This time it is the story of a young printer turned publisher whose penny sheet makes him one of the great powers of his day. You think of Northcliffe, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Birkenhead, for any one of them might personify the power of the press. But you note that the author carefully did not choose as his model the fighting editor of Manchester's most famous paper, C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.



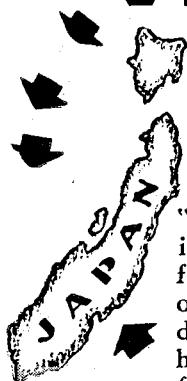
The story of a love too proud to bow to grim taboos of "nice people" . . . and of a man and woman who defied earth and high heaven to make their vision real.

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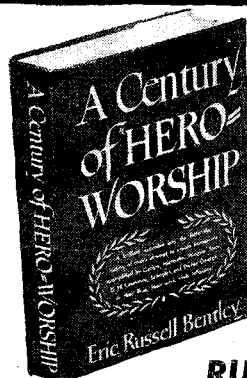
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to intellectual
history

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"One has throughout a sense of moderation, of competence and strength, which make one inwardly exclaim: 'Here is the work of a young master'."—Jacques Barzun. \$3.50

A CENTURY OF HERO-WORSHIP

The rise of young Daniel Dunkerley is to me a matter of steadily increasing fascination. I respect his industry; I admire his tight-lipped purposefulness which permits him to confide in no man until his plans are in effect. I see the shrewdness with which he lays out the tentative first editions of *Hard Facts*. I accept with some incredulity his capture of a million readers within the first year, and then I begin to enjoy the effects of his new-found acquisitiveness and power. This is the story of what the power of print does to Daniel, of what it does to Agnes his wife, to Alec the poetic young editor he dragooned into his employ, to Theodore Crystal, the sycophantic vicar who is one of his charter investors; and in less personal terms it is the story of what the popular press has done to Manchester and to England.

It is a leisurely book, a book which is lit with lovely descriptions and warmed by the conflict and ambitions of vigorous people. Here, as in his earlier stories, Mr. Spring resolves his more difficult situations with a Rossetti-hued melodrama. But we can certainly forgive him this in exchange for so capacious and absorbing a narrative.

People on Our Side

By EDGAR SNOW

+ + +



EDGAR SNOW

EDGAR SNOW knows India and China and Russia well. His newest book, like his others, is fair, well documented, and persuasive. It labels clearly those peoples who can be relied on to cooperate with us in case we are able to fetch out an American policy at the end of the war and stick to it.

This book takes the form of narrative into which are woven vivid descriptions and accounts of his talks with the leaders and with the rank and file. At convenient points he pauses to give us the conclusions that an honest man cannot dodge. While he spares us the details of the firing on the unarmed mob at Delhi in 1942, which he witnessed, he makes clear enough the logic of that action and of all the other pathetic happenings in India and Russia and China which mark the increasing rebarbarization of the world. If it is true that we in America are incapable of comprehending cause and effect in history — Emerson's two austere "chancellors of God" — then the book will be a mere crying in the wilderness. Its sober purpose is to untangle the causes of this mess.

Mr. Snow's accounts of the phenomenal success of the food and arms production in Russia, and of the progress among the Chinese Communists, suggest that our own muddling through under vastly easier conditions is no great matter for pride. But the book is not a piece of Leftist special pleading. No one can deny the plain fact

that some millions of Chinese on our side have been ignored and neglected by America where, unreached by Lend-Lease, they have stood alone for seven years against the Japanese. Nor is it possible to forget that we persist in sending to Washington Senators and Representatives who play Hitler's game by thundering against the peoples of Russia — who are on our side.

According to Mr. Snow, the best hope for American cooperation with the large body of staunch and proved Chinese Communists lies in two facts: (1) that the Communists hold the territory closest to Japan, just where we want bases for our bombers; and (2) that they want so little from us in the way of supplies. Surely an embarrassed State Department, hitherto blinded by Chungking to the fact that the Communists are on our side, can save face — ours and China's — by entering into effective contact with these most desirable allies. Americans who know and love China tell us that the Generalissimo could be persuaded to shake off the bonds imposed on him by our unfriends in the party he heads and gradually recognize the Communist millions.

As for our friends in Russia, we need to show some belated enlightened self-interest and to learn from them how they have secured the race tolerance that Americans yearn for at home. It would be healthy also for us to admit that they are making far better weather of it with their recently bombed fields and factories, their new-dug mines, and their man and woman power, so lately discovered, than we are, though our earth is unscorched.

As for India, Mr. Snow reviews the various factions, gives us the gist of his talks with the leaders, and, without raking up the old tales of England's failures, makes it seem possible that something can yet be done. He does not say so, but one gathers that he believes America might be of some help, even in so touchy a situation. This war is not for race or color or creed. In this sense India is very much the business of all the United Nations. Possibly the rest of us should leave it to England to manage, but perhaps it is impossible for her to do the job alone in the face of Indian prejudice.

This book should be a textbook for Army and Navy training schools. *Random House, \$3.50.*

LANGDON WARNER

Day of Deliverance

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

+ + +



W. R. BENÉT

MR. BENÉT gives his book the subtitle "A Book of Poems in Wartime," which must limit the period of survival of many of the pieces, no matter how skillful — and Mr. Benét is nearly always skillful. The whole subject of war poetry is delicate at a time like this when historical perspective is for a while suspended. We do know that the impassioned witness of the immediate will have little to say to the future.

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By JACOB AXELRAD

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flinched, but threw himself into the cause of justice . . . a man neither saint nor satyr, but a fallible human being and a great one. Illustrated. \$3.75

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A VIOLENT, often shocking picture of what total war means to the men who do the fighting. The qualities of battle—uncertainty, fear, friction, pain, loneliness; how generals, soldiers, correspondents, peasants, respond to it and are affected by it; a gutted city; a long retreat; a seige; an attack; the realities of war are here set down in a book of lasting importance by the brilliant young author of *Retreat With Stilwell*. \$3

Yankees Were Like This

By EDITH AUSTIN HOLTON

Author of "Stormy Weather"

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On the other hand, Mr. Benét's justification is that he speaks with rare eloquence for so many of us, and that he includes in his collection a sufficiency of themes which rise above the distorted moment.

The poet handles the two-stress line with finesse, and at least three poems in this subtle measure are among the most memorable: "The Myriad Ghost," "R.A.F.," and, perhaps best of these, "The Cuttle Fish." The title poem, a combination of homely conversation and noble rhetoric, is unusually successful except for the refrains in six- and seven-stress lines. The five-stress lines of the body of the poem are so good that they set off the jingling of the longer lines to a disadvantage.

The longer lines are used very effectively, however, in "Shenandoah." Mr. Benét's poem in memory of his brother takes its place among the moving tributes of poets to their dead confreres — a tradition as old as Occleve's "Lament for Chaucer." "Ben Franklin Asks the Time" is a rewarding work, and among the dramatic pieces "Middle Watch," with its clever interweaving of actual quotations from history, is a small masterpiece. The book ends with "The Question," a sustained sonnet, and the grave "Prayer for the Nations."

In short, here are ballads, stories, reminiscences, seascapes and landscapes, moods, and propaganda, with a corresponding profusion of metrical virtuosity. The book needs to be winnowed, but the careful reader will not begrudge the task, for Mr. Benét is a poet we can always depend on for honest craftsmanship and often for the authentic flash. *Knopf, \$2.50.*

ROBERT HILLYER

Trumpet Voluntary

By G. B. STERN

+ + +



G. B. STERN

G. B. STERN has a very nice ear for words — something close to absolute pitch. So a reviewer must be very careful about the adjectives he applies to this third of her volumes of personal facts and fancies. Thus, he must not call *Trumpet Voluntary* "charming"; though parts of it would charm the birds from the trees, the spirit which carried Miss Stern through illness and the London blitz is of sturdier stuff than mere charm. And surely he must not call it "intimate"; though the reader closes the last page with the almost physical pang which he might feel at watching the departure of a cherished friend, Miss Stern has not indulged in that embarrassing orgy of self-revelation which seizes on so many talented ladies when they are discussing their talented lives.

Trumpet Voluntary is an affirmation of Miss Stern's delight and interest in living, and its artless, unformed pattern a masterly example of how very well an author must learn to write before he dares write with what seems to the casual eye a chatty abandon. In this book, as in

Monogram and Another Part of the Forest, Miss Stern uses the little two-bits coincidences to link past with present, blitz with walking sticks, a yellowed wine card from the South of France with a movie set in Hollywood. Her appeal is to the company of true nostalgics — those people who are not afraid to love their own past while energetically living whatever their present may disclose. Of all her conceits, I like best that state of mind which she christens "waifage."

Miss Stern has no need for the esoteric, and no fear of the banal. I was bored to death, for example, by her Dorothy Parker dream. But all dreams except one's own are boring. And Miss Stern found hers unique and memorable. There you are. She tells you what she has thought about and cared about. Many times she is witty, and a few times profoundly wise. So warmly, with such generous detail, does she share her world with you that, for me at least, she has set one more fear lurking in the headlines. I never want to know that a robot has harmed her Phoenix-flat in Albany. *Macmillan, \$2.75.*

FRANCES WOODWARD

Gerard Manley Hopkins

By ELEANOR RUGGLES

+ + +



E. RUGGLES

BORN a century ago, Gerard Manley Hopkins is a "Yea-Sayer" for our day. Yet general ignorance of him still prevails: I find one standard anthology of modern poetry dating his death 1898, and another 1899; whereas he actually died in 1889! The pressing need for lucid, nonpartisan interpretation

of Hopkins is answered opportunely by Eleanor Ruggles's authentic and moving biography.

Her book brings this obscure recluse vividly to life in spite of the pietistic tone of much of the material. A character, a poem, or a period is often captured in a deft phrase.

There is dramatization without exaggeration. The mixture is flavored to taste with astringent humor. Though hampered by an awkward beginning, Miss Ruggles soon swings into the pace of the narrative, showing her potential command of the scientific precision and artistic skill required to create a living portrait from the multiplicity of sources available.

The musty odor of Victorian authorities seems to have crept into the opening chapters and into the setting of Hopkins's childhood and Oxford years. We feel uncomfortably conscious of the presence of the author, pulling strings from behind the scenes, afflicting us with a premature realization that here is a poet-in-the-making. The boy is not allowed to grow into the reader's affections and belief by letting the genius emerge gradually, inevitably. Yet when Hopkins comes of age and begins to shape his own spiritual and artistic destiny, author and reader alike are swept into a new current. The style be-

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comes simpler, and the rising action in the drama of Hopkins's innermost struggles culminates in cadences of clean, muscular prose.

The sociological significance of Hopkins's ministrations is explored. His relations to "the Poor" and "the increasingly cocky lower middle class" humanize the generally cloistered atmosphere. Eleanor Ruggles gives us a glimpse of the alembic through which some of his most transcendent poems, such as "The Bugler's First Communion," were drawn.

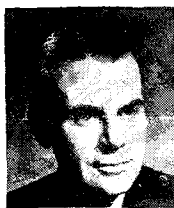
In this connection a startling affinity between Hopkins and Walt Whitman is pointed up by Miss Ruggles with the emphasis that it merits, since she is the first to point it out. Among the elements shared by these seemingly dissimilar poets, she notes the underlying religious purpose of both, their pervading consciousness of selfhood, certain parallel exploitations of "the lawless germinal strain" in speech, and in particular their all-embracing humanitarianism arising from their common "bias in the direction of an emotion called by Whitman 'the dear love of man for his comrade,' which means not only the feeling of man for mankind," explains Miss Ruggles, "but also of one man for another." It is not hard to understand Hopkins's honest confession to Robert Bridges: "I always knew in my heart Walt Whitman's mind to be more like my own than any other man's living." Norton, \$3.50.

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

Rome Hanks

By JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL

+ + +



J. S. PENNELL

ADMIRERS of Thomas Wolfe will experience a nostalgic thrill in reading this strange, inchoate book: *The History of Rome Hanks, and Kindred Matters*. The comparison between the work of Wolfe and this young author is inevitable, for Mr. Pennell has, consciously or unconsciously, adopted the form — or lack of form — of his brilliant predecessor. The method of casting back, of re-creating the past and the past lives of many people through their own soliloquies or those of their contemporaries, all being strained, sifted, and annotated in the consciousness of the narrator, has obvious virtues and corresponding defects. The sharpness and brilliance of occasional episodes or characterizations do not always compensate for the irrelevancies, the gaps in narrative, and a disturbing atmosphere of confusion.

In this book the author has chosen as the *compère* of the piece a modern young man, Lee Harrington. In love with a coldly modern girl, Mr. Harrington finds himself romancing about his family — how his grandfathers fought on different sides in the War Between the States, how brothers, even, were divided in that struggle, how his great-uncle Pinckney marched in Pickett's Charge, and so on. To these not wholly untrue stories, his beautiful but bored Christa replies with a notable absence of

enthusiasm: "I am sure your grandfather must have been a fine old Southern gentleman."

A doubt lifts its ugly head in Mr. Harrington's spirit, and he sets out to discover and determine what kind of people his grandparents, their forebears, and their descendants really were. So he visits the homes of certain of his relatives and listens to long stories about others from men and women who had known them, and in reporting these scenes and memories, he re-creates the Civil War years and those who were his people sixty or seventy years ago.

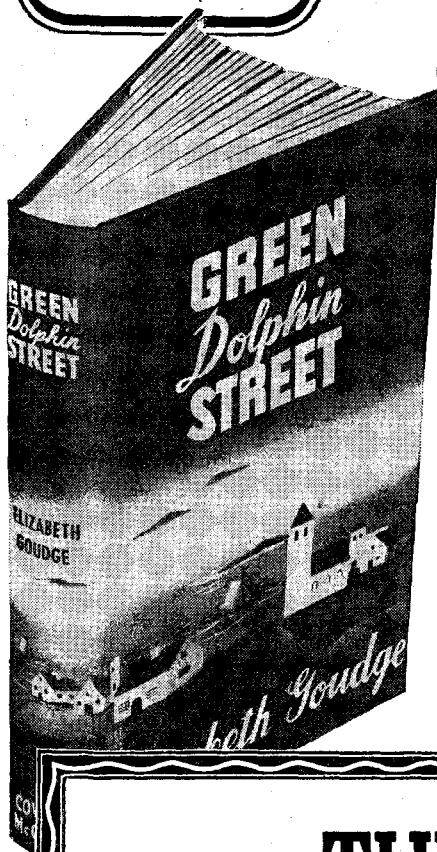
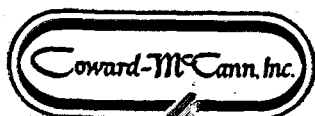
They were neither noble nor aristocratic, neither plumed knights of the Southern tradition of chivalry nor picturesque Yankee adventurers. But they were people, real people who had known great moments and years of shriveling trivialities. They were profoundly American in their virtues and their vices, but why? In some — perhaps in most — instances, that curiosity is satisfied by the presentation of a person whom one understands and accepts. In others, there is debatable ground, there are unanswered questions, curious, inexplicable actions.

The portrait of Brigadier General Clint Belton, the political soldier, who rose to be Secretary of War and then fell like Lucifer, is brilliant and objective. Great-uncle Pinckney Harrington, a hillbilly hedonist who has gladly retired from a life involving effort in any form to the vine and fig tree of his unpainted cabin in the North Carolina mountains, has an authentic philosophy about him. All of us have known an American not too unlike him.

But Rome Hanks himself is the least clear figure in the cast. We are repeatedly assured by his friends and family that he is a very fine man. We know, from the book, that he was a good soldier and a modest one in the dreadful carnage of Shiloh and the campaign of Grant and Sherman which followed. We know, too, that he was loath to think evil of any man or to suspect his motives, and that he had great difficulty in arriving at any clear or definite opinions about life. But the reader is left unhappily uncertain as to whether Rome's trustfulness, his readiness to indorse a rogue's note and thus ruin his own family and his own career, proceeded from a kind of spiritual weakness or an almost inhuman goodness. One has a similar difficulty in seeing the narrator himself. In short, the development and exposition of the characters in this book are uneven and uncertain.

There can be no doubt, however, as to Mr. Pennell's ability to re-create the atmosphere and the emotion of a past episode. Through "Uncle Pink" at Gettysburg, Rome Hanks at Shiloh, Tom Beckham at Gaines's Mill, he presents the red fog of Civil War battle as brilliantly and convincingly as any writer since Stephen Crane. Quite as competently he handles the American small town, whether in Kansas, or Iowa, or North Carolina. He falls into the error he despises, the old Southern myth, when he describes the decadent family of Mississippi aristocrats whose ghostly daughters play hob with Clint Belton. Obscure, as it can be, this is yet a book of real power and promise. Here, we feel, is a writer who conjures up hot frenzy and cold despair, horror and base, violent death, courage and fear, hatred and love, out of the smoke and dust of battle. Scribner, \$2.75.

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON



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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

FOREWORD. — Against the background of an eager, adolescent nation, Van Wyck Brooks shows us the American authors of the early 1800's, the statesmen they admired, the artists who painted them, the scientists, native or immigrant, who brought wonder to a society that was already outgrowing its provincialism. The world of Washington Irving was far wider than the thirteen colonies, and those who peopled it were, many of them, citizens of the world.

In the opening chapters we met that traveling bookseller and shrewd, gossip biographer, Parson Weems; William Bartram, the naturalist who saw Florida in its untouched beauty; William Dunlap, who made the New York stage cosmopolitan; young Washington Irving, a collector of stories at home and abroad, who sought out the dwindling Dutch settlers; James Fenimore Cooper, whose knowledge of the forest and the sea was to yield the material for his novels; William Cullen Bryant, the poet who broke away from European models and sounded an authentic American note; and that genius, Edgar Allan Poe, with his peculiarly Southern imagination, who longed to establish a magazine that would make him a literary dictator.

33

THE literary evenings of Mrs. Legend, in the early 1830's in New York, were the "focus of American talents," this lady said, for there the literati, as they called themselves already, assembled for a weekly flow of soul. There one found Mr. Pindar, who occasionally threw off an ode, Mr. Moccasin, who had written two Indian novels, the author of *Lapis Lazuli*, Miss Annual, Julietta, and the Pottawattomie prophet, "Single Rhyme." D.O.V.E. was usually present, and a dozen female "Hajjis," who had made the pilgrimage to Paris, the American Mecca, and who had seen pictures and statues abroad and appeared in this society because they were able to talk about them at home.¹ In order to give her literary fêtes an air of cosmopolitanism and a sprinkling of the European tongues, Mrs. Legend was obliged to stoop a little. She invited a German linen-merchant, an Italian who sold beads, and certain dealers in gin who came from Holland.

The conversation at Mrs. Legend's was animated, if somewhat vague, and it largely consisted of questions of a literary kind — for instance, whether Byron was a development of Shakespeare or Shakespeare was a shadowing forth of Byron. What was the right pronunciation of the name of Byron's lady-love — was it properly Guy-kee-oh-ly or Gwy-ky-o-lee? And which feeling was the more ecstatic, love or despair? Was the soul of Chateaubriand more expanded than his reason, or his reason more expanded than his soul? And was there more pathos in the sacred songs of Moore than there was in the profane songs of Little? These were the questions that con-

¹ "They are Hajjis, and were much in society last year."
"Hajjis! You surely do not mean, Grace, that they have been to Mecca?"

"Not at all; only to Paris, my dear; that makes a Hajji in New York." — Cooper, *Home as Found*.

fronted the worthy Captain Truck, who was taken for the "celebrated English writer and wit," when the Effinghams, just off his ship, appeared at Mrs. Legend's, and the honest tar followed in their train. The captain, whose head was "so Byronic, with a little of Milton about the forehead," was mystified at first in these strange waters. But he soon rallied and parried the assaults of all the petticoats and became, in fact, the lion of the occasion.

The scene occurred in Cooper's *Home as Found*, and the Effinghams — the Coopers in a thin disguise — had set out to make an evening of it. Having lived for so many years abroad, they were eager to note the changes that had taken place in America during their absence, and they went on to Mrs. Hawker's party. In fact, they went to three parties, finding Hajjis everywhere, together with monarchical opinions, for the general braggadocio and democratic spread-eagleism had bred a distaste for the republic.² That a republic was odious because it was full of odious things was a budding notion everywhere in the social world, and the Effinghams were shocked by this, as Cooper had been shocked abroad when he heard it expressed in the legations. However, the Effinghams, who scorned New York as a market-town and a mere "huge expansion of commonplace things," returned at once to Templeton, as Cooper returned to Cooperstown, to enjoy a permanent and elegant *villeggiatura*.

² "When the writer went to Europe, it was so unusual to hear anything against the system of America that disaffection may be said to have become extinct. On his return, however, after an absence of less than eight years, he was astonished to hear monarchical sentiments openly declared, and he believes that it will be generally admitted by all candid observers that their avowal is now more open and more frequent than at any time, within the present century." — Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe* — *England*.

Country life, for Cooper, was the only worthy American life, and in spite of Mrs. Hawker and Mrs. Bloomfield, who lived in the good old style in Hudson Square, he despised the commercial metropolis and its works and ways. He scorned the Hajjis and other Americans who had acquired in Europe whatever notions they had of civilization, without the knowledge of the social usages and distinctive features of their own land that gave one a proper scale for measuring others. With what pleasure he presented as a social paragon the lady who had never been abroad, — "Not a foot out of my own country, scarcely a foot out of my own state," — yet who could have been more completely a woman of the world? The charming, intelligent, simple-hearted, well-bred Mrs. Bloomfield had visited "Lake George, the Falls and the Mountain House," and she knew the rest of the world by report alone.

Cooper, moreover, disdained the literati as much as another novelist, Hemingway, later. But no doubt he had seen Mr. Pindar and the author of *Lapis Lazuli*, Miss Annual, Julietta, and D.O.V.E. at some such party as Mrs. Legend's that might have been an evening in the latter days of Edgar Allan Poe. For the first time, in *Home as Found*, the literati appeared on the scene with a capacious mind to take their measure — among them, possibly, George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," and Samuel Woodworth, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket." Halleck perhaps was another of them, and probably McDonald Clarke, who walked the streets composing his *Elixir of Moonshine*, with various feminine counterparts of Miss Sarah Soothings; and still another who might have been present was the essayist Willis Gaylord Clark, on a brief visit from Philadelphia. This twin brother of the editor Lewis Gaylord Clark was a rival of Cooper's Mr. Steadfast Dodge in spreading the literary eagle.³ One glance at the literati was enough for Cooper, who preferred Lafayette and Captain Truck; and as for the new New York society, with its "hundred dollar handkerchiefs," what was Cooper to this or this to Cooper?

For times had changed in every way, and Cooper, like Scott, was out of date in a world in which Bulwer's novels were the latest vogue. The "band-box" — Tennyson's phrase for Bulwer — appealed to the new generation, for which nothing was too flamboyant and artificial, and the simple, heroic tales of Cooper seemed flat and trite and obvious in the light of the glittering, dandified author of *Pelham*. The sophisticated public, which had had too much of Jacksonism, was bored by stories of woodsmen and sailors also, and it preferred the "elegant polish of the female pen" and what it called "fashionable intelligence" and news from Paris. It was true that Cooper knew more about Paris than anyone else in New York, save Irving, who had also lived and worked there, but

the Paris that Irving and Cooper knew, in terms of their masculine tastes, was not the town the new age wished to hear of. It was not the milliners' paradise or, as another writer said, the "yolk of the world's egg of pleasure"; and this was the Paris of bonnets and scarves and royal entertainments which the new age could not hear enough of.

For the new age was largely in the hands of women. The cultivated statesmen of the days that followed the Revolution had given place to leaders of another type, and the interests of the new men were narrow and special, engrossed as they were in local affairs and trade. They had lost the wide horizons of the men of ideas of an earlier day, and they left questions of taste to the other sex, while the new wealth fostered luxurious living and turned the minds of women abroad to the magic circles of "foreign counts" and fashion. These women were keenly aware as well of the national faults and foibles, which the rise of the humbler classes had brought to the fore, and they scanned every book of travels in which their manners were discussed and longed for a closer knowledge of the wider world.

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MEANWHILE, in this age of sensibility, the female mind spread through the press and filled the annuals and the magazines, the "Souvenirs" and "Tokens." The effusions of "Ianthé," "Viola," "Ellen," "Amelia," "Singing Sibyl," — "Heart Questionings," odes to the moon, and mothers' laments, — were interspersed with steel engravings, fanciful tales of Naples and Venice, and echoes of Silvio Pellico and the troubadours. Sometimes these poetesses aspired to an astral communion. There was "Ione S.," for instance, — the pen-name of Miss Phoebe Jones, — who wrote the poem addressed to her spirit-husband, the masculine essence, all soul and romance, whom she was to find in the regions of space and with whom she would finally soar to their native star.

These tendencies of the new generation, the Bulwerism and "elegant polish," the feminine sensibility and the hankering for Europe, were all expressed in a writer of the thirties who might also have appeared at Mrs. Legend's. Another transplanted New Englander, like Bryant and Halleck, and, like Cooper, an offspring of Yale, Nathaniel Parker Willis described himself as a "here-and-there-ian" and a "constant servant of the ladies." Tall, good-looking, lively and clever, always in good spirits and always a little overdressed, Willis had come to New York from Boston in 1829 and had presently gone abroad as a foreign correspondent. He was connected with George P. Morris, who had established the *New York Mirror*, and his letters from Europe, later collected as *Pencilings by the Way*, were perfect responses to various demands of the moment.

He had called upon Cooper in Paris, where he was meeting all the lions, rejoicing in all the "lures to pleasure" there, at the opera, on the boulevards, in the shops, as indifferent to the serious interests of Cooper as he was to the romantic past that charmed the imagination of

³ "The fact is as undeniable as it is generally acknowledged that since the death of Lord Byron, the best fugitive poetry of the United States has been greatly superior to that of England. We have bards among us whose productions would shine by the side of seven-tenths even of the authors collected in those ponderous tomes entitled the 'British Classics,' or 'Select British Poets.'" — Willis Gaylord Clark, *Literary Remains*, 1844.

Washington Irving. Light of heart, as of hand and head, he preferred the immediate and the present to the past or the future, captivated by what he called "the good things as they go along," in the spirit of the Cyrenaic "happiness is motion." Everybody liked him and gave him letters of introduction, the ladies who were painted by Lawrence, and earls and dukes, and he floated about on magic carpets from the Countess of Blessington's drawing room to the Florentine house of the poet Landor, who gave him a beautiful picture by Cuyp. He dined with Jeffrey and Christopher North, went shooting with the Duke of Gordon, and stayed for weeks at the castle of the Earl of Dalhousie; and he breakfasted in the Temple with Charles and Mary Lamb and hobnobbed with Barry Cornwall, who wrote a preface for his poems.

Two nieces of Sir Walter Scott copied his manuscripts for him, and "good old Thorwaldsen" told him tales in Rome, where he shed an appropriate tear at the grave of Shelley. He followed the footsteps of Childe Harold through Italy and the Isles of Greece and called on the Maid of Athens, Teresa Makri, the lovely lady whom Byron had begged to give him back his broken heart and who was now living at Egina as Mrs. Black. Willis's letters abounded in morsels for every taste, "sketches of the whims of the hour," ephemeral trifles, glimpses of living celebrities and the "magic circles of fashion and genius" that delighted romantic souls in the "interior" at home.

He was the joy of the Hajjis, too, for he had an ever so knowing way of referring to French society behind the scenes, and he told them all about Lady Jersey and the beautiful Lady Clementina, whose portraits they had seen in the annuals, no doubt.⁴ Then he spoke of the Honorable Mrs. Norton, the poetess who had been "tried by fire" and whose sorrows were so touchingly present in her fugitive pieces, and he pictured the glorious abandon with which Tom Moore sang "Fly not yet!" with the glass brimming in his hand. Once, at the piano, as the last words faltered out, Moore swiftly rose and pressed Lady Blessington's hand and was gone before a word could be uttered. Willis had, from a source "no less than second hand," the most amusing stories of the King of Holland and all manner of anecdotes also about other men of mark who were held in affectionate veneration in many a village at home.

With his views of the lordly parks of England, with his constant eye on the "husband market," with his pictures of Anne Hathaway's cottage and Kenilworth and Warwick, and the room in which Scott died at Abbotsford, Willis combined a tone that was singularly winning, for his veins were so full of the pleasure of health, his fancy was so bright and gay, and he was so amiable and genial and stirring and vivid. There was something infectious in his appetite for novelty and adventure, and he gave so much pleasure because he was so ready to be pleased.

⁴ Willis was much criticized, especially by the *Quarterly Review*, for his published indiscretions, but, as he pointed out, they were nothing to the vulgar gossip in which the editor of the *Quarterly*, Lockhart, indulged.

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IT WAS easy to make fun of Willis, but he was an artist, nevertheless, in spite of his flowery mannerisms⁵ and his fripperies and fluff. Save here and there for a lapse of taste, his style was almost as good as Irving's, with the natural flow and amenity and elegance of the *Sketch Book*, and a handful of his later stories proved that he was a writer born and one that a careless country should not have forgotten. Nor was he quite the "heartless puppy" whom his sister "Fanny Fern"⁶ described, when she wrote her novel *Ruth Hall* in the middle of the fifties. This pet of the periodicals, who married James Parton, the author of the biographies of Jefferson and Jackson, satirized Willis as the editor Hyacinth, a toady and a cad who would not publish a line of his sister's writings. He told the humble little Ruth to seek "some unobtrusive employment" that would not bring her into his glittering circle.

Now, Willis was a good-hearted man, as he showed in his treatment of Poe and others, but this picture was partially true, beyond a doubt, and Willis perhaps described himself in the youthful artist Paul Fane, who went abroad smarting from a social slight. A cold girl had rejected him because he was not her social equal, and Paul rushed off to Europe with "a fever in his blood": he was bent on placing himself on a level with "the rarest and proudest in older countries" and perhaps bringing home the daughter of a hundred earls. Willis's career and marriage in Europe suggested the reality of both these tales, and the "cold girl" might well have been Boston, where Willis had grown up obscurely and experienced a broken engagement for some such reason. He was probably snubbed all round in Boston, where he might have been thought a little cheap, and he had taken this to heart because he was ambitious and acutely aware of social distinctions and values.

Besides, his family disapproved of his worldly tastes and his theater-going and his light-hearted drives to Nahant for a spin on the beach. His father, a journalist who had established the *Youth's Companion*, was a deacon of the church at "Brimstone Corner," and Willis had been sent to Yale precisely because of the brimstone there and to save him from the frivolities and corruptions of Harvard. Naturally, he became more frivolous than ever; and if he was not the proverbial minister's son, he behaved for the rest of his life as if he had been. The steep and thorny ways were not for him: he preferred the dalliance and the perfumes of the primrose path. Long before

⁵ E.g., his description of Daniel Webster's forehead, "with the two lambent stars set in the dark shadow of its architrave."

⁶ The pen-name of Sara Payson Willis. According to Elizabeth Oakes-Smith, in her *Autobiography*, Willis started this fashion in feminine pen-names. A writer named Emily Chubbock complained to him that she seemed to be making no progress. "How can you expect anything better?" said Willis. "Who will read a poem signed Chubbock? Sign yourself 'Fanny Forester' and you will see the change." Mrs. Oakes-Smith says, "She did so, and her success was complete. . . . From this hint of Mr. Willis arose a small army of alliterations, 'Minnie Myrtle,' 'Minnie May,' etc."

he left Yale he knew the fashionable watering-places where the belles and the beaux philandered in the big hotels, and he was planning stories already about young men at these resorts, wandering from one to another, dancing and flirting.

During his vacations, he went to Saratoga, where Congress Hall sparkled in the dim old forest, the smart hotel with the long wings and spacious vine-covered colonnade and the band that played for the nightly balls in a style to make the candles quiver. On one of the Erie canal-boats, with its drawing room and library, luxurious with sofas and curtains and Venetian blinds, he made a little trip to Niagara and beyond, stopping on the way at Trenton Falls. This new resort, fourteen miles from Utica, had first been discovered, like Paestum, by a wandering artist, and there already another huge hotel stood, with a French chef, olives and soda water, and still more belles. He passed large cities that had risen overnight to vindicate the title of the Empire State, and he saw Colonel Rochester sitting at his front door in the twelve-year-old metropolis that bore his name.

Already an observer and traveler, with a keen eye for the picturesque, he visited the Saint Lawrence and the Thousand Islands, and he missed nothing in New Haven, with its sunny gardens and leafy streets, which Anne Royall called the "Eden of the Union." At least, he never missed a pretty girl. He had begun to write for the gift-books, and his deft though somewhat watery verses were known all over the country while he was in college. Some of them were Biblical tales, prettified in the current style, entangled with eglantine, jessamine, and the rose of Sharon; others were lines composed on a balcony at day-break while a ball was still going on within. With his harps and lyres and his fays and bowers and Ermen-gardes and Melanies, Willis stood for a hundred poets of the day. His specialties were moonlight on the lake and twilight in the vale and the love that did *not* wish to live in a cottage.

Already a favorite in feminine circles, this dashing young man, just out of Yale, had reconnoitered New York, where he met Halleck, finding his natural habitat there, and his subject too, in the "upper ten thousand," a phrase that Willis coined a few years later.⁷ He learned his editorial craft, picturing himself at a rosewood desk, with ever fresh japonicas, in a crimson-curtained sanctum; then he set out on the pilgrimage that he "pencilled" in his letters, returning to New York in 1837. He became what another young poet described as the "topmost bright bubble on the wave of the town." It was true that he lived for several years in the country. On an excursion up the Mohawk, he found a spot on Owego Creek, not far from the valley of Wyoming of which Campbell had written, and there, at "Glenmary," among the hills, he set out trees and planted corn, while his pen, as everywhere else, "capered nimbly away." There he wrote *Letters from Under a Bridge*, on a stone seat by the stream, sketching the rustic scenes about him, the wild life of the lumber men, the rafts gliding through the meadows along the creek and the Susquehanna.

⁷ "Town Topics" was another of Willis's phrases.

These letters had a fragile charm, like many of the other miscellaneous writings that Willis produced in his "scenery-hunts" and travels, for he was a tireless gadabout and everything served him for copy — inaugurations at Washington, observations along the way. He wrote about the West Indies, Kentucky and the Mammoth Cave, the hedges and majestic elms of rural Stockbridge, and the old Virginia houses on the Rappahannock, with clever pen-sketches of well-known men⁸ interspersed with stories of artists and bandits in Venice, Palermo, Vienna, Florence, and Rome.

But Willis's element was Broadway and the gay procession there, along with the watering-places and springs that had risen and spread all over the country. With an eye on his lady subscribers, he kept them informed of changes in fashions, observing, as Cooper had observed when he returned to Cooperstown, that the modes of Paris were instantly followed even in frontier hamlets. Willis reported all the events of the theater and the opera and the progress uptown in New York, where "Friend, go up higher" had become the motto, and he watched and described Broadway at all times and seasons, in its various fluxes and refluxes.

He followed the morning tide downtown, the country-folk at their early shopping, the old merchants and junior partners and the lawyers bound for Nassau Street, the errand boys and newsboys, the ladies in their close veils, the side-streets that were tributaries of silks and velvets, feathers and flowers. In the late afternoon Broadway was thronged with carriages moving towards the ferries for a drive in the country. Willis delighted in Niblo's Garden, with its labyrinth, mirrors, shrubberies, and fountains, the greenhouse full of rare plants and the glitter of the lights. He haunted the French theater there, and the Battery, too, with its nursemaids and children and shops of French bootmakers and German toymakers, looking over at the Jersey shore that was fringed with willows and islands, and at the bright and verdant heights of Brooklyn.

On a Sunday he strolled along the river, where the bowsprits projected over the street and the long line of carved figureheads looked down upon him and ships rubbed noses against the piers that had nudged the tropics and the poles and felt the breath of icebergs and far spice-islands. There were superb French packet-ships and Swedish and Norwegian tramps and vessels from the North Sea unloading hemp and iron, and the sidewalks were lumbered with pitch and molasses, flour and red ochre, barrels and bales. New York was all fresh, buoyant, new, or so it seemed to the casual eye, and travelers were surprised by the absence there of raggedness and poverty, but Willis knew the Five Points, between the Bowery and Broadway, where the wretched population starved in a chaos of rub-

⁸ For one, John C. Calhoun: "When speaking in the Senate, he is a very startling looking man. His skin lies fallow and loose on the bold frame of his face — his stiff grey hair spreads off from rather a low forehead with the semicircular radiation of the smoke from a wheel of fire-works just come to a standstill — the profuse masses of white beard in his throat catch the eye like the smoulder of a fire under his chin — and his eyes, bright as coals, move with jumps, as if he thought in electric leaps from one idea to another." — Willis, *Hurry-Graphs*.

bish and dirt. The broken, filthy staircases between the dingy brick walls connected crowded cellars with floors that were covered with sleepers in rags.

36

YOUNG America already had its city proletariat, together with its somewhat disheartening *jeunesse dorée*, though the "dandies in idleness," Willis observed, lasted only a summer or so before they went "into a store" or went to Paris. They were mostly pale and narrow-chested, weak-limbed and undersized, and they were as vapid mentally as they were puny: they knew that Cellarius invented the polka, that Derby and Corraz could cut a coat, and that Asia Minor was also a part of the planet, but they left all other knowledge to the baldheads. Inasmuch as work was the only pleasure that New York made any provision for, the wonder was that they could exist at all, and, largely owing to the national distaste for manly exercise, they looked like invalids beside young Englishmen.⁹

Willis remarked that inherited wealth caused them to dwindle physically, as Englishmen seemed to grow healthier and taller under the same conditions. Was this not partly because in America they had lost their function as social beings whereas in England the political system absorbed them? Their main concern had come to be merely the art of making money, not farming or learning or statecraft, as in earlier times, and Cooper had been struck by the trivial aims of this younger generation, of which Willis was a frequently shrewd observer. The physical advantage was all with the mechanics and the farmers.

But Willis, like later American writers who were drawn to the world of gilded youth, was much more concerned with the women than he was with the men — the belles of New York and the Southern beauties from the "latitudes of lovely languor" whose characters he sometimes studied by examining their hands. His stories were full of them — "Such belles! Slight, delicate, fragile-looking creatures, elegant as Retzsch's angels, warm-eyed as Mohammedan hours." Then he observed the growth of luxury, which had come in like a flood since the first wave round 1835, when there were only three musicians at the most distinguished ball in New York and the fine houses were bleak and stiffly formal. What a change overnight, with ottomans and draperies and frescoed ceilings and colored chandeliers and doors that were painted to look like marble or bronze.

The settings that Willis chose for his stories were sometimes parlors in New York, or dwellings of the "Knickerboocracy," as he called it, — perhaps some old house on

⁹ "Americans would be truly described as a hollow-chested, narrow-shouldered, ill-developed looking race. On the eye of the traveller, returning here from other countries (from England especially), the ill-assured gait and flimsy and unmanly figures of our men produce even a painful impression. A straight back and well-carried chest and shoulders single out a gentleman in Broadway, at once, as a foreigner or a military man." — Willis, *The Rag-Bag*.

the Hudson, clinging to a dell, — or one of the gayly painted steamers, long, shallow, graceful, and swift, with fringed white awnings and streaming flags, that sped towards Albany up the river. Albany was the point of departure for Saratoga and Sharon Springs, while for Lebanon one left the boat at the village of Hudson.

These spas and springs and watering-places were Willis's happy hunting grounds. He made an annual trip to Saratoga, while he celebrated Nahant, too, Ballston Spa and Rockaway and Harrodsburg Springs, near Lexington, in far-away Kentucky. Nahant, with its vast, unsheltered pagoda on the long, pointed, windy cape, was already the most fashionable resort near Boston, and Harrodsburg was the growing center for the Southern and the Western belles who had come in earlier times to Saratoga.

In his preface to *Tales of Glauber Spa*, which he wrote with Paulding and one or two others, Bryant had mildly satirized this rage for springs. An old farmer, Sharon Clapp, was supposed to have written this preface when his life had been turned upside down — a doctor discovered that his spring had "saline and gaseous properties" in it and the old farmer was obliged to find refuge in the barn. For his wife and daughters took up the cry, and Sheep's Neck became Glauber Spa, while the name of Ram's Alley was changed to Epsom Walk, and the girls reformed the house and added wings for the fashionable guests, along with at least one Congressman, who came to board there.

Many of the spas had begun, no doubt, in some such way as this, and even now the dim old wilderness stood looking down on most of them, and one drove to Saratoga through stump-thickets and clay-pits and mile after mile of woods that were still primeval. The dark forest at Lebanon Springs threw shadows over the colonnades. Three miles away the Lebanon Shakers worked in their fields in the summer months, and Indians camped in clearings around the springs, selling sweet-grass baskets, bows and arrows, while the devotees of gayety and mineral water dawdled about the porticoes and under the trees.

But Saratoga, the "Bath of America," was Willis's special delight, with its flaunting shops and sprawling hotels, riddled with windows like honeycombs, where swarms of fashionable idlers lounged in swings and piazza chairs and lovers philandered through the woods on horseback. Old ladies gathered on the steps, and dandies perched on the balustrades, and young men lay on the grass beside lovely young ladies with the laps of their flowing dresses full of flowers. They turned to look when some charming creature in a big straw picture-hat sped past with her two bay ponies in a phaeton, and there was a stir when the driver's horn announced the coming of the huge red coach and still more lovely young ladies emerged with green veils and parasols. There were fathers and mothers and uncles, too, and the halls were a-bustle with ladies' maids and bellboys running hither and thither and cries for mint juleps and sangarees and woodcocks to be dressed for dinner. Then the band broke into a polka or a gallopade.

For Willis there were amusing stories wherever one looked at Saratoga, and he observed the various types

one saw at Congress Hall and the new promiscuous hotel, the United States. There were aging bachelors, for instance, sighing for the Southern young ladies of old who talked so well on subjects that interested men, and there were Knickerbockian old maids who were foils for these Julias of long ago, for they seemed to be nothing but family noses walking about in petticoats. There were types of the plebeian million who were breaking into this upper ten thousand, and country girls who were eager to see the world, emulating the high-born creatures whose never varied face one saw in all the fashion plates, pale and disdainful. Sometimes they were much embellished, as if they wished to unite in one dress all the fashions of all the magazines, and their voices were like C-sharp on a new piano.

There were worldly uncles who advised their nieces about the sort of ammunition with which to enter the field at Saratoga, suggesting the charms of a leaning head, a voice that was pitched a few notes lower, and the value of ruining their fathers in gloves and shoes. "Primroses should not be fresher." Above all, there were belles in white dresses and rosebuds, "belles than the bluebell slighter and fairer," luxuriously flexible, graceful as a curl of smoke, — or perhaps "cool, dangerous and dressy," — with voices of clouded contralto and hair that was worn like the chains on the shoulders of hussars. There were moments in Willis's clever stories¹⁰ that suggested the younger Henry James, alike in their characters and settings and lightness of touch, while Willis conveyed, as no one else, the glamor of youth in this earlier time. He might have been described three generations later as the Scott Fitzgerald of the belles of Saratoga.

37

THE eighteen-forties were called in later times the "mad," the "roaring," the "fabulous" forties, and this was indeed a singular decade in which, as Cooper said, the nation was passing "from the gristle into the bone." It was unique as a time of reforms and razes, of Abolition and Fourierism, of "esoteric anthropology," of spiritualism, mesmerism, pathetism, phrenology, and what not. The nervous and mental interior turmoil implied in these various phrases — the battle-cries and banners of the forties — was matched by the turmoil of the outward life of this decade of "Manifest Destiny," the Mexican War, the Mormon trek, the settlement of Oregon. The most tumultuous years in the history of the country were those that led up to the climax of 1849; and yet their most notable aspect perhaps was the national mood of self-realization for which the American writers had prepared the way. For was it not largely thanks to these writers that Americans had become aware of their country, its woods and fields, its rivers and mountains, and its intellect and history too?

¹⁰ Perhaps the best of these were *Mabel Wynne*, *The Female Ward*, *The Widow by Brevet*, *The Ghost Ball at Congress Hall*, *The Power of an "Injured Look"*, *Those Ungrateful Blidgimses*, and *Born to Love Pigs and Chickens*.

Young as it was, American literature already had much to be proud of, though the most intelligent foreign visitors were scarcely aware that it even existed.¹¹ It was fulfilling a rule in the evolution of nations and peoples, that poets appear at the stage of progress following great struggles for the freedom and the shaping of the state. But men still living recollected the first American novel and the first American professional man of letters. They could almost recall the first American play. There had been many writers of verse in colonial New England especially, and who could have named the first American poem? But only one of two or three men whom everyone remembered could ever have been called the first of the American poets.

The relatively eminent writers, moreover, who had appeared in this first generation were still transitional figures in the American scene. They reflected and represented a world that had cut its political ties with England while retaining colonial modes of thinking and feeling, and Irving was virtually an English writer in every important characteristic as Cooper retained to the last the stamp of the Old World feudal order. Irving in his best-known tales embodied the lingering traces of European history and legend on American soil, while Bryant remained an English provincial poet.

In their political-mindedness these writers were typically American, however, immediate heirs as they were of the Revolution. They were closely connected with public life in their writings and as friends and associates of statesmen, and they were generally sympathetic, along with the lesser writers and artists, towards all the republican movements of their day abroad. They were all, at one time or another, soldiers, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and Poe (who stood alone in every other way), while the navy was all but a nursling of American letters: Cooper and Irving wrote ardently about it, and Kennedy, Paulding, and Bancroft were Secretaries of the Navy.

The atmosphere these writers breathed was leisurely and spacious. They had some of the breadth and simplicity of patriarchal times, and they were emotionally uncomplicated and seemed singularly happy in comparison with certain of the writers of the following age. For their minds were focused on the outer world and they were extroverts, generally speaking, at home with men of enterprise and action. Even the meditative Bryant was never introspective, and he too liked to think of adventures, explorers, sailors, pioneers, the Astorians, Captain Bonneville, Natty Bumppo, the figures of Cooper's novels and the heroes of Simms. Moreover, all these writers were happy in their country, for even the censorious Cooper never lost his deep belief that America, the young republic, was to lead the world.

For the forest-philosopher Audubon it was always fair weather — the world for him was ever fresh and blooming; and this, on the whole, was the frame of mind of the

¹¹ Harriet Martineau observed, as late as 1838: "If the national mind of America be judged of by its legislation, it is of a very high order. . . . If the American nation be judged by its literature, it may be pronounced to have no mind at all." Tocqueville expressed a similar opinion in *Democracy in America*, which appeared in 1835: "The inhabitants of the United States have then, at present, properly speaking, no literature."

first generation of American writers in their vast, new, undefeated virgin homeland. They shared the buoyant confidence of the expanding nation, with its Jeffersonian freight of morning dreams, and Washington Irving's life of Columbus was a symbol of this age, for most of these writers too were discoverers of the country. William Bartram, Timothy Dwight, and Lewis and Clark, the travelers, were only a few of the explorers of the American scene, while others, revealing aspects hitherto unknown, familiarized Americans with the land they lived in.

Thus Wilson and Audubon described the birds, and Catlin and Schoolcraft the Indians, while Bryant discovered for poetry the American flowers, and from Brockden Brown to Cooper and Simms the forest appeared in all these writers with its population of redmen, woodsmen, and scouts. Irving, Cooper, and Bryant alike celebrated the Western prairies and the pioneer types in whom Audubon also rejoiced, while Dunlap had shown that America had an art as well. Thanks to these writers, acting together, the nation awakened rapidly to a sense of its own imaginative and mental resources.

38

ALREADY, in the early forties, there was an eager movement of mind in virtually every corner of the country. This was especially marked in New England, in Boston, in Cambridge, in Concord, but Charleston had its flowering too, the mind of Virginia was astir, and Kentucky and Ohio were awake. In David Crockett's pioneer Tennessee the people were rapidly emerging from the "forest state." There was an interest in science at Nashville, in spite of the fundamentalists, who deplored this "prying into the Lord's secrets," while in the forties in Cincinnati there were three publishers of music who were prepared for the songs of Stephen Foster. As a bookkeeper there in the office of a steamboat agent, Foster heard the Negroes singing on the wharves, and he knew Kentucky across the river and the scenes of the plantation songs that were to follow "O, Susanna."

In the West there was music on every side, along the rivers, in pioneer cabins, where fiddles were sometimes played to scare off wolves, and the Apollonian Society at Pittsburgh had offered as early as 1800 the music of Handel and Haydn, Mozart and Bach. Stephen Foster was born at Pittsburgh on the day on which Thomas Jefferson died, while there Thomas Cole had lived and another artist, Chester Harding, a soldier of the War of 1812, had made a living as a painter of houses and signs. Thence he had set out in a skiff to Kentucky, where he painted William Clark and Daniel Boone.

As for writers, the wildest regions had them now — Arkansas, for instance, the birthplace of the bowie-knife, where Albert Pike lived at Little Rock. This adventurous Yankee, the author of "Dixie," had gone West on a trapping party and visited Santa Fe in 1831; then, setting up as an Arkansas lawyer, he let his hair grow loose and long and became the boldest of southrons and the most Byronic. He was one of those picturesque border char-

acters who were soldiers, planters, and statesmen at once, — as they were certainly actors all the time, — like the mighty duelist Sam Houston and Mirabeau Lamar, the poet, who was also president of Texas.

Pike was a friend of the Indians, another David Crockett who was even supposed to have been an Indian chief, and he wrote some of his poems in the saddle on the plains. Among these perhaps was "Isadore," which appeared two years before "The Raven" and may indeed have had its effect on Poe. He had been a teacher of Greek before he left New England, and as a former Confederate general he studied Sanskrit in later years and made a translation of the *Rig-Veda*, but he was best known for his *Hymns to the Gods*, the Greek and Roman deities, which were published in *Blackwood's* in 1839. These poems were greatly admired by Christopher North.

In writing and painting and music alike there were signs of life on every hand that were sometimes fresh, indigenous, and characteristic. They betokened something new under the sun. Cooper had written *Precaution* because it had never occurred to him that American readers would be interested in American life, in their own sailors and woodsmen, peddlers and scouts, as the poetasters had dwelt so long on the nightingales and the flowers of England, ignoring the trailing arbutus, the bobolink, the shadbush. But this interest was at last emerging, and Albert Pike's "The Fine Arkansas Gentleman," which might have appeared a hundred years later, — it served perhaps as a model for Ogden Nash, — expressed a feeling for the native American scene that Stephen Foster's songs presently matched.

The greatest discoverer of American life in all its unuttered abundance was soon to appear in the author of *Leaves of Grass*; and meanwhile a number of painters of the scenes and the types that delighted Walt Whitman were already at work in New York, in the country, in the West. William Sidney Mount was painting on Long Island in the manner of the little Dutch masters; at least, he believed he was following Teniers in his representations of rustic dances, banjo-players, horse-traders, the making of cider and the killing of hogs. What aspect of rural seaside life did one fail to find in these pictures of Mount, which united with an authentic charm the kind of faithful realism that seemed to be an American characteristic? They were sketches of haymaking, cornhusking, sleigh-riding, spearing for eels, fishing, the raffling of geese, drawing water, whetting a scythe, a breakdown in a barn, a farmhouse in a meadow, a shed in a cove.

At the same time, in and about St. Louis, where he fell in with Chester Harding, George Caleb Bingham, the Missouri artist, had also been painting since 1830. Born in Virginia, the son of a tobacco farmer, he had been taken West as a boy of eight and had learned to paint with axle grease and brick dust mixed with oil, vegetable dyes, and perhaps a little ochre. He had used linen sheets for canvas and boards that he prepared himself, beginning in the usual way as a portrait painter, and he had broken away from this to paint the lively Missouri scenes he had known as a backwoods frontier boy, flatboatmen dancing, shooting for a beef, raftsmen floating down the Ohio,

fur traders and trappers, and squatters building their cabins. His pictures might have been illustrations for the *Episodes* of Audubon, and they shared Audubon's happy zest for these incidents of the place and the moment. They had much in common too with Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* and Baldwin's *Flush Times of Alabama* and the growing body of stories and poems in which Americans everywhere were expressing a newborn interest in their own life.

39

IN AND about New York, meanwhile, two writers of genius were coming of age, Walt Whitman, a carpenter's son, and Herman Melville; and the greatest of American travel-writers, John Lloyd Stephens, was often in New York during these years. A small, wiry, nervous man, he was in fact a lawyer there, a graduate of Columbia, born in New Jersey, whose favorite rendezvous was the bookshop in the Astor House where other writers gathered to hear him talk. It was this renowned storyteller who had brought up from Yucatan the sculptures that now reposed on the island in the Hudson, for he had explored twice the teeming forests of Central America between 1839 and 1841. Several years before this in 1834, he had traveled through Egypt, the Holy Land, and Arabia Petraea.

His letters had been published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and Poe reviewed the book that made Stephens famous. He was the "wonderful Arabian traveller" whom Herman Melville saw in church and wished to follow home when he was a boy, for Melville too had read his book in its pale yellow cover and marveled over the author's strange adventures. Melville's own imagination was full of "remote and barbarous countries," and the big eyes of Stephens long haunted him. He dreamed of the wanderer in Stony Arabia, famishing in the desert there, who suddenly caught sight of the date tree with its ripe fruit.

Stephens's books passed rapidly through many editions. For this admirable writer was a popular writer as well, largely perhaps because of the contrast between the scenes that he portrayed and the nervous energy and bustle of American life. The people who liked the romantic effect of artificial ruins could scarcely hear enough of the ruined cities that Stephens's majestic descriptions brought before them — the ruins of the conquered nations that were buried in the Central American forests as in Greece, Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land. The Americans had loved Volney's *Ruins*, and as their cities multiplied, hopeful and busy and shining with fresh, bright paint, the more their imagination delighted in these desolate scenes of temples and tombs, lost in the deserts and jungles of the Old World and the New.

Besides, there was something extremely attractive in the character of John Lloyd Stephens, the frankness and manliness of feeling that one found in his books, traits that Poe noted in his review, together with the author's freshness of manner and his freedom and sound feeling and good sense. He had traveled through Egypt and Arabia alone with wild tribesmen, beyond the reach of any help,

well knowing that everything depended on his coolness and discretion, while he had an infectious feeling of awe, a sense of the sublime that made his account of these travels singularly impressive.

Thousands of years rolled through his mind as he gazed on the relics of faded kingdoms, recalling their mysterious uses and the men who built them and the poets, historians, and warriors who had looked upon them with a wonder like his own in ages past. First, however, he drove through Russia, in a traveling-carriage to Moscow, by way of Kiev, over the illimitable plains, where the road from Odessa was merely a track that was worn by caravans and long trains of wagons drawn by oxen. There were only occasional heaps of stones to guide the traveler along this road, which might almost have been the trail to Santa Fe, with a dusty village now and then consisting of a single street and a line of rude log-cabins on either side.

It was very like the prairies at home, as Odessa, where Stephens set out for Moscow, — and for Novgorod, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw later, — had grown more rapidly than Buffalo or Cincinnati; and Russia had its serfs too, as the Americans had their slaves, who were equally degraded, or seemed so, in mind and bearing. Stephens was convinced that this was wholly the result of circumstances, for he did not believe in the existence of inferior races. He had seen full-blooded African Negroes serving, in perfect equality, as officers in the Greek and Turkish armies. For he had visited Turkey before he entered Russia and had spent several weeks as well in Athens. Once more the capital of a kingdom, under a young Bavarian king, it was turning into a European city, with French and German restaurants flanking the bazaars. The busy talk about improvements, new streets, plans for railroads, carried one back to New York and its "up-town lots."

The only school in Athens, which had once led the world in learning, was the school of the American missionaries, opened in 1831 on the site of the agora of old and partly constructed from its ruins. There one found a little Miltiades, a Leonidas, an Aristides, even a son of the former Maid of Athens, and the girls' department was the first school for girls in Greece, established by women of Troy, not of Greece but New York. Emma Willard had labored for it, and in general the school expressed the sympathy that Americans felt with the Greeks in their war with the Turks. Stephens stopped at Missolonghi, where he talked with the widow of Marco Bozzaris, who, thanks to the poem of Fitz-Greene Halleck, was almost as famous in America as the heroes of its own Revolution.

Then he visited the ruins of Mycenae, which people had come to survey as ruins seventeen hundred years before him: Pausanias had beheld the Gate of Lions in the same state in which he saw it. His head hummed with Herodotus and Homer, and he saw the island of Scio and the Hellespont, which Leander swam for love and Byron for fun; and he spent further months in the valley of the Nile as well as among the ruins of Berenice. Arabs still rifled tombs and sold the mummies. They broke up

mummy cases and used them for firewood, and a traveler might cook his breakfast with the coffin of a king.

It was from Cairo that Stephens, dressed as a merchant of Egypt, set out on his expedition to the Holy Land. He wore a gown of red silk, with a green and yellow turban, and carried a sword and a pair of Turkish pistols, and he pitched his tent with the Bedouins and followed the steps of the Israelites when they fled from their land of bondage and the wrath of Pharaoh. With his own private caravan, striking south from Suez, he visited Mount Sinai and then moved northward to the stony mountains of Arabia Petraea, crossing the borders of the ancient land of Edom against which the prophets had set their faces.

This was the blighted land of which Isaiah said that "none shall pass through it for ever and ever," the dreary land, cursed by God, where only a few Bedouins roamed like Indians on the prairies of the American West. There were no trees in the desolate valley, but occasional relics of Arab villages were mingled with those of Roman towns. Beyond lay the city of Petra, with its amphitheater, triumphal arches, broken stairways, porticoes, and porches, and its splendid temples cut from the naked rock. Completely lost for a thousand years, it had only been rediscovered lately, and there were few records of any other travelers who had so much as entered the land of Edom.

Stephens's "route obscure and lonely" might well have inspired the phrase of Poe, who borrowed other images from this capital writer. For in style, in the quality of his imagination, in his somber sense of the flight of time, Stephens was one of the few great writers of travels, and he presently found his best account among the ruins of Central America, of which no drawings or plans had ever appeared. Little had ever been written about them, they had scarcely been explored, and even the names of some of the cities had never been uttered by modern men. Humboldt had seen the great temple of Cholula, but he had never heard of these lost cities that lay beyond the vale of Mexico, buried in forests, desolate, overgrown, and no one believed that any high civilization had existed in America before the coming of the whites.

Yet some of the cities were described by the conquistadors, and it was their account of the buildings and temples "shining like silver" along the coast that attracted Washington Irving to the theme of the conquest. He had magnanimously turned this over to Prescott, who was soon to throw light on this ancient American world. As for the skeptical Stephens, vague accounts of some of the less accessible cities had reached him. It was known that a few had been occupied at the time of the conquest, but Cortes had passed within a few miles of Palenque, and if it had been a living city he would have turned aside to lay it low. Even in those days all memory of it was probably lost, while only two modern men had seen Copán, a Spaniard in 1700 and a colonel in the army of the country who had written a report for the government about it.

The Indians were less accustomed to the sight of strangers and more suspicious than the Arabs around Mount Sinai, and they knew nothing of the history of the cities. They used them as quarries for building-stones, and one sometimes saw magnificent sculptures built into

walls or employed as the platforms of wells, while the ruins themselves were left to struggle with the rank tropical vegetation, abodes of lizards, snakes, vultures, jackals, and bats. Savages never reared these structures, savages never carved these stones, but the dull answer of the Indians was "Quien sabe?" when one tried to penetrate the mystery that surrounded them. Yet these Indians, degraded and miserable, were descended from this ancient race that had once been so obviously cultivated, powerful, and proud.

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WHEN Stephens traveled through them, the little republics of Central America were all in a state of anarchy and civil war, and he had to resort to threats and stratagems to make his way down the isthmus. He was dangerously ill with fever and had perilous adventures, but, used as he was to sleeping pellmell with Arabs, Greeks, and Turks, he was soon at home with the Indians in their forest hamlets. Following trails and bridle paths, he cut his way into the crowded ruins, among the sculptured stones that were strewn through the woods, stopping to remove the boughs and vines that concealed the face of a monument and digging out fragments that partly protruded from the earth.

He leaned over with breathless anxiety when the machete rang against chiseled stone and the Indians disinterred a foot, a hand, an ear, or a sculptured eye. There were monuments displaced from their pedestals by enormous roots or locked in the embrace of twisted branches or hurled to the ground and bound there by creepers and runners. Sometimes they still stood, with their altars before them, in the solemn stillness of the forest, rivaling in their beauty the finest sculpture of Egypt. Stephens and Catherwood¹² swung their hammocks in the palaces of unknown kings, on terraces, covered with alamos and century plants, that towered over the tops of the loftiest trees, reached by gigantic flights of steps and often with paintings in the halls, red and green figures still bright on the crumbling stucco. The chattering of the parrots broke the silence, and the monkeys suggested the spirits of the departed race, watching over the ruins of their old habitations.

One marveled at these remains of a people who had reached their golden age and perished, entirely unknown, for there were no associations connected with these cities like those that hallowed Greece and Rome. The links were severed and broken that related them to the human family, and these were the only monuments of their people on earth; yet, wherever one moved, one saw evidences of a taste and a skill that indicated one of the world's great races. Architecture, sculpture, and painting flourished in these forests, and orators, warriors, and statesmen, ambition and beauty, had once lived there and passed away, and one could imagine scenes of splendor there that realized the most brilliant visions of the Orient.

¹² Frederick Catherwood, an English artist who accompanied Stephens on these journeys and made the superb illustrations of ruins for his books that recalled the work of Piranesi.

tal poets. Nothing in all history could have impressed one more forcibly than the spectacle of these great cities, dismantled and lost, and the shrouding of the ruins by the forest created a wildness of interest in them that Stephens had never felt even in Petra.

In his own way, John Lloyd Stephens, like so many other artists and writers, was one of the discoverers, in the forties, of the American scene. He revealed, at least in part, the visible past of a Pan-America that was scarcely as yet aware of its own existence, although several writers had explored it in "America of the North."

Meanwhile, Walt Whitman was exploring the America of the present and Herman Melville, his fellow New Yorker, was voyaging in the South Seas and living among the cannibals in the Marquesas. Melville and Whitman had much in common, although, spending their lives in the region of New York, they left no record of having seen each other: born in the same year, both by descent half Dutch, half English, ruddy, hardy, powerful, big-shouldered men, they possessed an emotional amplitude that was wholly new in American letters and a similar admiration for the "kingly commons."

Melville, like Whitman, longed to see a "full-developed man," instead of the "parts of men" that humanity knew, and had even had a glimpse of him in the radiant sailor Jack Chase, the master of seamanship, poetry, love, and war. Like Fenimore Cooper, whom he admired, he had gone to school in Albany, where his mother's family, the Gansevoorts, were people of importance, and, like Cooper again, he had sailed as a boy to England, although Melville never stood on the quarter-deck. He shipped as an ordinary seaman both then and later, on a whaler and on the frigate *United States*, and he acquired in the fore-castle the tragic sense of life that later suffused and dominated his mind and his writings.

Whitman had lived as a boy in Brooklyn, a quiet country village, and he returned to edit a newspaper there, but his real home was "Mannahatta," where he worked as a journeyman printer and wandered, "amazed," as he said, at his "lightness and glee." He liked to join the pilots in their cabins on the ferry boats and sit beside the drivers on the Broadway stages, for the presence of the hurrying crowds elated him, while he also had a passion for the sea. He haunted the theaters, the police courts, political meetings, delighting in the actors Edwin Forrest and Booth, and the Italian operas too with their arias and recitatives that played a part in the shaping of Whitman's style. He had begun to write for George P. Morris's *Mirror*, for Bryant's *Evening Post* and Greeley's *Tribune*, and he felt for his predecessor Bryant the kind of admira-

tion that Melville felt and expressed for his predecessor Cooper. Whitman had written a paper in praise of loafing, and when he was working in Brooklyn, Bryant had several times come over in the ferry and joined him in the middle of the afternoon. They rambled for hours together in the country lanes.

Meanwhile, in Massachusetts, which Audubon called the "reading state," — especially in the capital Boston, in Cambridge, and in Concord, — a literary movement was under way that spread its influence far and wide and even swayed minds in every part of the country. For all Cooper's dislike of New England and Washington Irving's indifference to it, not to speak of Poe's hostility to "Frogpondium," his birthplace, New England writers had played a large role in New York — Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, N. P. Willis, and the founders of the *New York Tribune* and the *New York Times*, with Morse and John Trumbull, who established academies there; and now the Yankees on their home ground were already overshadowing the writers of all the other regions.

Whitman was to find in Emerson a master, as Melville found the mind he admired most in the author of *Twice-Told Tales* and *The Scarlet Letter*, while the appearance in 1840 of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* had perhaps been responsible for Melville's enlisting in a whaler. Melville was discharged from the navy in Boston in 1844, the year in which he seriously began to write, at a moment when Hawthorne was living in the manse at Concord and Henry Thoreau was planning to settle at Walden. Emerson's first little book had appeared in 1836, the year of McGuffey's *First Reader*, published in Ohio, and five years after Josiah Gregg set out for Santa Fe on the first of the treks he described in *Commerce of the Prairies*.

Brook Farm, which had just been opened when Stephens was in Yucatan, was flourishing in the months when Audubon ascended the Missouri. It was true that the *North American Review* preceded by ten years in Boston the founding of the *Southern Review* in Charleston, but Longstreet, David Crockett, and Catlin had published their distinctive work before Longfellow's poems appeared in *Voices of the Night*, and Simms had also appeared before Hawthorne, and typical books of Irving and Cooper had long preceded the important New England authors. Perhaps it was true, as Poe said, that New York was the "focus of American letters," as Philadelphia had been years before. There was to be no doubt about this in the future, but Boston had reasons at the moment for disputing the claim. Boston was unique indeed as a center of powerful minds in the generation that witnessed the flowering of New England.

(The End)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR